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Poetry.

A FINE OLD LILT.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her:
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her,
To dress her,
God bless her,
To dress her.

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her.
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.
God keep her,
To drink her,
God keep her,
And sleep her.

She grew like a target—he grew like a sword,
A sword, a sword, God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her.
God spare her,
To bear her,
God spare her,
To bear her.

She spread like a turtle, he shrunk like a pike,
A pike, a pike, God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him,
To shave him,
God save him,
To shave him.

She fattened away till she burst one day;
Exploded, blew up—God take her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre.
God take her—
An acre—
God take her—
An acre.

THE UNKNOWN.

There floweth once in the life of all
Some chancing streamlet full of glee,
Whose waters taken with the fall
Would lead us onward to the sea.
I plucked the blossoms change to brown,
The autumn leaves fall one by one;
Of withered chances flutter down
To vanish with each setting sun.
[illegible] are chords that would unfold
[illegible] music on the rolling air;
[illegible] the brightest gems of gold
[illegible] en round us everywhere.
[illegible] the golden way to win
[illegible] nigh, yet fading fast;
[illegible] thing that might have been
[illegible] rever on the past.
[illegible] rose that bloometh fair
[illegible] by beauty's smile, I trow—
[illegible] ne has for his share
[illegible] star upon the brow.
[illegible] uth that all should know:
There [illegible] honor for each state,
And should [illegible] of rule, or plow, or sow,
'Tis doing [illegible] sty makes us great.
—W. A. Havener.

HARVEST.

Beneath October's paling sun how fair
The wildwood flowers in harvest beauty wait;
The brier-rose berries hang in coral state,
The goldenrods their soft gray plumelets wear,
Clusters of down the meek immortelles bear,
The asters, bright with purple bloom so late,
To feathery stars have turned at touch of fate,
And all are winged and waiting for the air!

O soul! full swift thy earthly summer speeds;
On life's horizon dawn the harvest days;
How will they find thee? Are they thoughts and deeds
Meet to receive the Master's joyful praise?
All winged and waiting, like the wilding seeds,
To waft new cheer to lone and barren ways?
—Edna Dean Proctor.

IF YOU WERE HERE.

If you were here how pleasant life would be,
How sweet the twilight of the closing year;
The fire, how warm and bright, my heart, how free,
If you were here.

Whate'er befell, I would not shed a tear,
So I might spend my life in ministry
On you whom death has made so passing dear.

Do you e'er mourn the past, and think of me?
Alas! I would not need my heart to cheer
With hopes forlorn—nor from dark dreams to flee,
If you were here!
—The Academy.

A DAY OF GRACE.

Travel the way appointed,
But one day at a time,
"Give us this day our daily bread!"
Saith the prayer sublime.

Let go the hard to-morrows,
The yesterdays of pain,
And live a perfect life to-day
Without one sad refrain.

Like the Egyptian exiles,
Our past and future stopped
Upon us like a heavy dew
God's manna shall be dropped.
—Mrs. M. L. Rayne.

Our Story Teller.

THE GREAT SHADOW.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Micah Clarke," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE SHADOW ON THE WATERS.

It was not very long before Cousin Edie was queen of West Inch, and we all her devoted subjects from father down. She had money and to spare, though none of us knew how much. When my mother said that four shillings the week would cover all that she would cost, she fixed on seven shillings and sixpence of her own free will. The south room, which was the sunniest and had the honeysuckle round the window, was for her; and it was a marvel to see the things she brought from Berwick to put into it. Twice a week she would drive over. And the cart would not do for her; for she hired a gig from Angus Whitehead, whose farm lay over the hill. And it was seldom she went without bringing something back for one or other of us. It was a wooden pipe for my father, or a Shetland plaid for my mother, or a book for me, or a brass collar for Rob, the collie. There was never a woman more free-handed.

But the best thing that she gave us was just her own presence. To me it changed the whole country-side, and the sun was brighter and the braes greener and the air sweeter from the day she came. Our lives were common no longer, now that we spent them with such a one as she; and the old, dull, gray house was another place in my eyes. It was not her face, though that was winsome enough; nor her form, though I never saw the lass that could match her. But it was her spirit; her queer, mocking ways; her fresh, new fashion of talk; her proud whisk of the dress and toss of the head, which made one feel like the ground beneath her feet, and then the quick challenge in her eye and the kindly word that brought one up to her level again.

But never quite to her level either. To me she was always something above and beyond. I might brace myself and blame myself, and do what I would, but still I could not feel that the same blood ran in our veins, and that she was but a country lass as I was a country lad. The more I loved her the more frightened I was at her; and she could see the fright long before she knew the love. I was uneasy to be away from her; and yet, when I was with her, I was in a shiver all the time for fear my stumbling talk would weary her or give her offence. Had I known more of the ways of women I might have taken less pains.

"You're a deal changed from what you used to be, Jack," said she, looking at me sideways from under her dark lashes.

"You said that when first we met," said I.

"Ah, I was speaking of your looks then, and of your ways now. You used to be so rough with me, and so imperious, and would have your own way, like the little man that you were. I can see you now with your tangled brown hair and your mischievous eyes. And now you are so gentle and quiet and soft-spoken."

"One learns to behave," says I.

"Ah, but Jack, I liked you so much better as you were."

Well, when she said that I fairly stared at her, for I had thought that she could never have quite forgiven me for the way I used to carry on. I thought of how, when she was reading by the door, I would go up on the moor, with a hazel switch, and fix little clay balls at the end of it, and sling them at her until I made her cry. And then I thought of how I caught an eel in the Corriemair burn and chivied her about with it until she ran screaming under my mother's apron, half mad with fright, and my father gave me one on the ear-hole with the porridge-stick, which knocked me and my eel under the kitchen dresser. And these were the things that she missed? Well, she must miss them, for my hand would wither before I could do them now. But for the first time I began to understand the queerness that lies in a woman, and that a man must not reason about one, but just watch and try to learn.

We found our level after a time, when she found that she had just to do what she liked and how she liked, and that I was as much at her beck and call as old Rob was at mine. You'll think that I was a fool to have had my head so turned, and may be I was; but then you must think how little I was used to women, and how much we were thrown together. Besides she was a woman in a million, and I can tell you that it was a strong head that would not be turned by her.

Why, there was Major Elliott, a man that had buried three wives, and had twelve pitched battles to his name. Edie could have turned him round her finger like a damp rag—she, only new from the boarding school. I met him hobbling from West Inch, the first time after she came, with pink in his cheeks and a shine in his eye that took ten years from him. He was cocking up his gray mustaches at either end, and curling them into his eyes, and strutting out with his sound leg as proud as a piper. What she had said to him the Lord knows, but it was like old wine in his veins.

"I've been up to see you, laddie," said he, "but I must home again now. My visit has not been wasted, however, as I had an opportunity of seeing la belle cousine. A most charming and engaging young lady, laddie." He had a formal, stiff way of talking, and was fond of jerking in a bit of French, for he had picked some up in the Peninsula. He would have gone on talking of Cousin Edie, but I saw the corner of a newspaper thrusting out of his pocket, and I knew that he had come over, as was his way, to give me some news, for we heard little enough at West Inch.

"What is fresh, Major?" I asked.

He pulled the paper out with a flourish.

"The allies have won a great battle, my lad," says he. "I don't think 'Nap' can stand up so long against this. The Saxons have thrown him over, and he's been badly beat at Leipzig. Wellington is past the Pyrenees, and Graham's folk will be at Bayonne before long."

I chucked up my hat. "Then the war will come to an end at last," I cried.

"Aye, and time, too," said he, shaking his head gravely. "It's been a bloody business. But it is hardly worth while for me to say now what was in my mind about you."

"What was that?"

"Well, laddie, you are doing no good here; and, now that my knee is getting more limber, I was hoping that I might get on active service again. I wondered whether, maybe, you might like to do a little soldiering under me."

My heart jumped at the thought. "Aye, would I!" I cried.

"But it'll be clear six months before I'll be fit to pass a board, and it's long odds that 'Boney' will be under lock and key before that."

"And there's my mother," said I. "I doubt she'd never let me go."

"Ah, well, she'll never be asked to now," he answered, and hobbled on his way.

I sat down among the heather, with my chin on my hand, turning the thing over in my mind, and matching him in his old brown clothes, with the end of a gray plaid flapping over his shoulder, as he picked his way up the swell of the hill. It was a poor life this at West Inch, waiting to fill my father's shoes, with the same heath, and the same burn, and the same sheep, and the same gray house forever before me. But over there—over the blue sea—ah, there was the life fit for a man. There was the major, a man past his prime, wounded and spent, and yet planning to get to work again; whilst I, with all the strength of my youth, was wasting it upon the hill-sides. A hot wave of shame flushed over me, and I sprang up all in a tingle to be off and play a man's part in the world.

For two days I turned it over in my mind, and on the third there came a something which first brought my resolutions to a head, and then blew them all to nothing, like a puff of smoke in the wind.

I had strolled out in the afternoon with Cousin Edie and Rob, until we found ourselves on the brow of the slope which dips away down to the beach. It was late in the fall, and the links were bronzed and faded, but the sun shone warmly, and a south breeze came in little hot pants, rippling the broad blue sea with white, curling lines. I pulled an armful of bracken to make a couch for Edie, and there she lay in her listless fashion, happy and contented, for of all folk that I have ever met she had the most joy from warmth and light. I leaned on a tussock of grass, with Rob's head upon my knee, and there, as we sate alone in peace in the wilderness, even there we saw suddenly thrown upon the waters in front of us the shadow of that great man over yonder, who had scrawled his name in red letters across the map of Europe.

There was a ship coming up with the wind—a black, sedate old merchantman,—bound for Leith as likely as not. Her yards were square, and she was running with all sail set. On the other tack, coming from the Northeast, were two great, ugly, lugger-like craft, with one high mast each, and a big, square, brown sail. A prettier sight one would not wish than to see the three craft dipping along upon so fair a day, but of a sudden there came a spurt of flame and a whirl of blue smoke from one lugger, then the same from the second, and a rap-rap-rap from the ship. In a twinkling hell had elbowed out heaven, and there on the water were hatred and savagery and the lust for blood.

We had sprung to our feet at the outburst, and Edie put her hand, all of a tremble, upon my arm.

"They are fighting, Jack," she cried. "What are they? Who are they?"

My heart was thudding with the guns and it was all that I could do to answer her for the catch of my breath.

"It's two French privateers, Edie," said I. "Chasse-marees, they call them, and yon's one of our merchant ships, and they'll take her as sure as death, for the major says that they've always got heavy guns and are as full of men as an egg's full of meat. Why doesn't the fool make back for Tweedmouth bar?"

But not an inch of canvas did she lower, floundering on in her stolid fashion, while a little black ball ran up to her peak, and the rare old flag streamed suddenly out from the halliard. Then again came the rap-rap-rap of her little guns, and the boom-boom of the big carronades in the bows of the lugger. An instant later the three ships met, and the merchantman staggered on like a stag with two wolves hanging to its haunches. The three became but a dark blur amid the smoke, with the top spars thrusting out in a bristle, and from the heart of that cloud came the quick, red flashes of flame, and such a devil's racket of big guns and small, cheering and screaming, as was to din my head for many a week. For a stricken hour the hell-cloud moved slowly across the face of the water, and still, with our hearts in our mouths, we watched the flap of the flag, straining to see if it were yet there. And then suddenly the ship, as proud and black and high as ever, shot on upon her way, and as the smoke cleared we saw one of the luggers squattering like a broken-winged duck upon the water, and the other working hard to get the crew from her before she sank.

For all that hour I had lived for nothing but the fight. My cap had been whisked away by the wind, but I had never given it a thought. Now, with my heart full, I turned upon my Cousin Edie, and the sight of her took me back six years. There was the vacant, staring eye and the parted lips, just as I had seen them in her girlhood, and her little hands were clenched until the knuckles gleamed like ivory.

"Ah, that captain!" she said, talking to the heath and the whin-bushes. "There is a man—so strong, so resolute! What woman would not be proud of a man like that?"

"Aye, he did well!" I cried, with enthusiasm.

She looked at me as if she had forgotten my existence.

"I would give a year of my life to meet such a man," said she. "But that is what living in the country means. One never sees anybody but just those who are fit for nothing better."

I do not know that she meant to hurt me, though she was never very backward at that; but, whatever her intentions, her words seemed to strike straight upon a naked nerve.

"Very well, Cousin Edie," I said, trying to speak calmly. "That puts the cap on it. I'll take the bounty in Berwick to-night."

"What, Jack? You be a soldier?"

"Yes, if you think that every man that bides in the country must be a coward."

"Oh, you'd look so handsome in a red coat, Jack, and it improves you vastly when you are in a temper. I wish your eyes would always flash like that, for it looks so nice and manly. But I am sure that you are joking about the soldiering."

"I'll let you see if I'm joking." Then and there I set off running over the moor, until I burst into the kitchen where my father and mother were sitting on either side of the ingle.

"Mother," I cried, "I'm off for a soldier."

Had I said that I was off for a burglar they could not have looked worse over it, for in those days among the decent, canny country folks it was mostly the black sheep that were herded by the sergeant. But, my word, those same black sheep did their country some rare service, too! My mother put up her mittens to her eyes, and my father looked as black as a peathole.

"Hoots, Jock, you're daft," says he.

"Daft or no daft, I'm going."

"Then you'll have no blessing from me."

"Then I'll go without."

At this my mother gave a screech, and throws her arms about my neck. I saw her hand, all hard and worn and knuckly with the work that she had done for my upbringing, and it pleaded with me as words could not have done. My heart was soft for her, but my will was as hard as flint edge. I put her back in her chair with a kiss, and then ran to my room to pack my bundle. It was already growing dark, and I had a long walk before me, so I thrust a few things together and hastened out. As I came through the side door someone touched my shoulder, and there was Edie in the gloaming.

"Silly boy!" said she. "You are not really going?"

"Am I not? You'll see."

"But your father does not wish it, nor your mother."

"I know that."

"Then why go?"

"You ought to know."

"Why then?"

"Because you make me."

"I don't want you to go, Jack."

"You said it. You said that the folk in the country were fit for nothing better. You always speak like that. You think no more of me than of those doos in the cot. You think I'm nobody at all. I'll show you different." All my troubles came out in hot little spurts of speech. She colored up as I spoke, and looked at me in her queer, half-mocking, half-petting fashion.

"Oh, I think so little of you as that," said she. "And that is the reason why you are going away. Well then, Jack, will you stay if I am—if I am kind to you?"

We were face to face and close together, and in an instant the thing was done. My arms were around her, and I was kissing her and kissing her and kissing her on her mouth, her cheeks, her eyes, and pressing her to my heart and whispering to her that she was all, all, to me, and that I could not be without her. She said nothing, but it was long before she turned her face aside, and when she pushed me back it was not very hard.

"Why, you are quite your rude, old, impudent self," said she, patting her hair with her two hands. "You have tossed me, Jack. I had no idea you would be so forward."

But all my fear of her was gone, and a love tenfold hotter than ever was boiling in my veins. I took her up again, and kissed her, as if it were my right.

"You are my very own now," I cried. "I shall not go to Berwick, but I'll stay and marry you."

But she laughed when I spoke of marriage. "Silly boy! Silly boy!" said she, with her forefinger up, and then when I tried to lay hands on her again she gave a little dainty courtsey and was off into the house.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHOOSING OF JIM.

And then there came ten weeks which were like a dream, and are so now to look back upon. I would weary you were I to tell you what passed between us, but oh! how earnest and fateful and all-important it was at the time. Her waywardness, her ever-varying moods, now bright, now dark like a meadow under drifting clouds, her causeless angers, her sudden repentance, each in turn filling me with joy or sorrow—these were my life, and all the rest was but emptiness. But ever deep down behind all my other feelings was a vague disquiet—a fear that I was like the man who set forth to lay hands upon the rainbow, and that the real Edie Calder, however near she might seem, was, in truth, forever beyond my reach.

For she was so hard to understand—or, at least, she was so for a dull-witted country lad like me. For if I would talk to her of my real prospects, and how, by taking in the whole of Corriemuir, we might earn a hundred good pounds over the extra rent, and maybe be able to build out the parlor at West Inch, so as to make it fine for her when we married, she would pout her lip and droop her eyes, as though she scarce had patience to listen to me. But if I would let her build up dreams about what I might become, how I might find a paper which proved me to be the true heir of the laird, or how, without joining the army, which she would by no means hear of, I showed myself to be a great warrior until my name was in all folks' mouth, then she would be as blithe as the May. I would keep up the play as well as I could, but soon some luckless word would show that I was only plain Jock Calder of West Inch, and out would come her lip again in scorn of me. So we moved on, she in the air and I on the ground, and if the rift had not come in one way it must in another.

It was after Christmas, but the winter had been mild, with just frost enough to make it safe walking over the peat-bogs. One fresh morning Edie had been out early, and she came back to breakfast with a fleck of color on her cheeks.

"Has your friend, the doctor's son, come home, Jack?" says she.

"I heard that he was expected."

"Ah, then it must have been him that I met on the muir."

"What? You met Jim Horscroft?"

"I am sure it must be he. A splendid looking man, a hero, with curly black hair, a short, straight nose and gray eyes. He had shoulders like a statue, and as to height—why, I suppose that your head, Jack, would come up to his scarf-pin."

"Up to his ear, Edie," said I impatiently. "That is, if it was Jim. But tell me, had he a wooden pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth?"

"Yes, he was smoking. He was dressed in gray, and he has a grand, deep, strong voice."

"Ho, ho, you spoke to him?" said I.

She colored a little as if she had said more than she meant. "I was going where the ground was a little soft and he warned me of it," she said.

"Ah, it must have been dear old Jim," said I. "He should have been a doctor years back if his brain had been as strong as his arm. Why, heart alive! here is the very man himself!" I had seen him through the kitchen window, and now I rushed out with my half-eaten bannock in my hand to greet him. He ran forward, too, with his great hand out and his eyes shining.

"Ah, Jock!" he cried, "it's good to see you again. There are no friends like the old ones." Then suddenly he stuck in his speech, and stared, with his mouth open, over my shoulder. I turned, and there was Edie, with such a merry, roguish smile, standing in the door. How proud I felt of her, and of myself, too, as I looked at her.

"This is my cousin, Miss Edie Calder, Jim," said I.

"Do you often take walks before breakfast, Mr. Horscroft?" she asked, still with that roguish smile.

"Yes," said he, staring at her with all his eyes.

"So do I, and generally over yonder," said she; "but you are not very hospitable to your friend, Jack. If you do not do the honors I will have to take your place for the credit of West Inch."

Well, in another minute, we were in with the old folk, and Jim had his plate of porridge ladled out for him, but hardly a word would he speak, but sat, with his spoon in his hand, staring at Cousin Edie. She shot little twinkling glances across at him all the time, and it seemed to me that she was amused at his backwardness, and that she tried by what she said to give him heart.

"Jack was telling me that you were studying to be a doctor," said she. "But oh! how hard it must be, and how long it must take before one can gather so much learning as that."

"It takes me long enough," Jim answered, ruefully, "but I'll beat it yet."

"Ah, but you are brave. You are resolute. You fix your eyes on a point, and you move on toward it, and nothing can stop you."

"Indeed, I've little to boast of," said he. "Many a one who began with me has put up his plate years ago, and here am I but a student still."

"That is your modesty, Mr. Horscroft. They say that the bravest are always humble. But then, when you have gained your end, what a glorious career—to carry healing in your hands, to raise up the suffering, to have one's sole end the good of humanity."

Honest Jim wriggled in his chair at this. "I'm afraid I have no such very high motives, Miss Calder," said he. "It's to earn a living, and to take over my father's business, that I do it. If I carry healing in one hand I have the other out for a crown-piece."

"How candid and truthful you are!" she cried, and so they went on, she decking him with every virtue, and twisting his words to make him play the part, in the way I knew so well. Before she was done I could see that his head was buzzing with her beauty and her kindly words. I thrilled with pride to think that he should think so well of my kin.

"Isn't she fine, Jim?" I could not help saying when we stood alone outside the door, he lighting his pipe before setting off home.

"Fine!" he cried. "I never saw her match."

"We're going to be married," said I.

The pipe fell out of his mouth, and he stood staring at me. Then he picked it up, and walked off without a word. I thought that he would likely come back, but he never did, and I saw him far off walking up the brae with his chin on his chest.

But I was not to forget him, for Cousin Edie had a hundred questions to ask me about his boyhood, about his strength, about the women that he was likely to know; there was no satisfying her. And then again, later in the day, I heard of him, but in a less pleasant fashion.

It was my father who came home in the evening with his mouth full of poor Jim. He had been deadly drunk since mid-day, and had been down to Westhouse Links to fight the gypsy champion, and it was not certain that the man would live through the night. My father had met Jim on the high road, dark as a thunder cloud, and with an insult in his eye for every man that passed him. "Guid sakes!" said the old man. "He'll make a fine practice for himsel' if breaking bones will do it." Cousin Edie laughed at all this, and I laughed because she did, but I was not so sure that it was funny.

On the third day afterward I was going up Corriemuir by the sheep track when who should I see striding down but Jim himself. But he was another man from the big, kindly fellow who had supped his porridge with us the other morning. He had no collar or tie, his vest was open, his hair matted, and his face mottled, like a man who has drank heavily over night. He carried an oak stick, and he slashed at the whin bushes on either side of the path.

"Why, Jim!" said I.

But he looked at me in the way that I had often seen at school when the devil was strong in him, and when he knew that he was wrong, and yet set his will to brazen it out. Not a word did he say, but he brushed past me on the narrow path, and swaggered on still brandishing his ash plant and cutting at the bushes.

Ah well, I was not angry with him. I was sorry, very sorry, and that was all. Of course I was not so blind but that I could see how the matter stood. He was in love with Edie, and he could not bear to think that I should have her. Poor devil! how could he help it? Maybe I should have been the same. There was a time when I should have wondered that a girl could have turned a strong man's head like that, but I knew more about it now.

For a fortnight I saw nothing of Jim Horscroft, and then came the Thursday which was to change the whole current of my life.

I had woke early that day, and with a little thrill of joy, which is a rare thing to feel when a man first opens his eyes. Edie had been kinder than usual the night before, and I had fallen asleep with the thought that maybe at last I had caught the rainbow, and that, without any imaginings or make-believes, she was learning to love plain Jack Calder of West Inch. It was this thought, still at my heart, which had given me that little morning chirrup of joy. And then I remembered that if I hastened I might be in time for her, for it was her custom to go out with the sunrise.

But I was too late. When I came to her door it was half open and the room empty. Well, thought I, at least I may meet her, and have the homeward walk with her. From the top of the Corriemuir hill you may see all the country round; so, catching up my stick, I swung off in that direction. It was bright but cold, and the surf, I remember, was booming loudly, though there had been no wind in our parts for days. I zigzagged up the steep pathway, breathing in the thin, keen morning air, and humming a lilt as I went, until I came out, a little short of breath, among the whins upon the top. Looking down the long slope of the farther side, I saw Cousin Edie as I had expected, and I saw Jim Horscroft walking by her side.

They were not far away, but too taken up with each other to see me. She was walking slowly, with the little petulant cock of her dainty head which I knew so well, casting her eyes away from him, and shooting out a word from time to time. He paced along beside her, looking down at her, and bending his head in the eagerness of his talk. Then, as he said something, she placed her hand, with a caress, upon his arm, and he, carried off his feet, plucked her up and kissed her again and again. At the sight I could neither cry out nor move, but stood, with a heart of lead and the face of a dead man, staring down at them. I saw her hand passed over his shoulder, and that his kisses were as welcome to her as ever mine had been.

Then he set her down again, and I found that this had been their parting, for indeed in another hundred paces they would have come in view of the upper windows of the house. She walked slowly away with a wave back once or twice, and he stood looking after her. I waited until she was some way off, and then down I came, but so taken up was he that I was within a hand's touch of him before he whisked round upon me. He tried to smile as his eyes met mine.

"Ah, Jock," says he, "early afoot!"

"I saw you," I gasped, and my throat had turned so dry that I spoke like a man with a quinsy.

"Did you so?" said he, and he gave a little whistle. "Well, on my life, Jock, I'm not sorry. I was thinking of coming up to West Inch this very day and having it out with you. Maybe it's better as it is."

"You've been a fine friend," said I.

"Well, now, be reasonable, Jock," said he, sticking his hands into his pockets and rocking to and fro as he stood. "Let me show you how it stands. Look me in the eye, and you'll see that I don't lie. It's this way. I had met Edie—Miss Calder, that is—before I came that morning, and there were things that made me look upon her as free, and, thinking that, I let my mind dwell on her. Then you said she wasn't free, but was promised to you, and that was the worst knock I've had for a time. It clean put me off, and I made a fool of myself for some days, and its a mercy I'm not in Berwick jail. Then by chance I met her again—on my soul, Jock, it was chance for me—and when I spoke of you she laughed at the thought. It was cousin and cousin, she said, but as for her not being free, or you being more to her than a friend, it was fool's talk. So you see, Jock, I was not so much to blame, after all, the more so as she promised she would let you see by her conduct that you were mistaken in thinking that you had any claim upon her. You must have noticed that she has hardly had a word for you for these last two weeks."

I laughed bitterly. "It was only last night," said I, "that she told me that I was the only man on all this earth that she could ever bring herself to love."

Jim Horscroft put out a shaking hand and laid it on my shoulder, while he pushed his face forward to look into my eyes.

"Jock Calder," said he, "I never knew you to tell a lie. You are not trying to score trick against trick, are you? Honest, now, between man and man."

"It's God's truth," said I.

He stood looking at me, and his face had set like that of a man who is having a hard fight with himself. It was a long two minutes before he spoke.

"See here, Jock," said he, "this woman is fooling us both. D'you hear, man?—she's fooling us both. She loves you at West Inch and she loves me on the brae-side, and in her devil's heart she cares a whin-blossom for neither of us. Let's join hands, man, and send the woman to the right-about."

But this was too much. I could not curse her in my own heart, and still less could I stand by and hear another man do it, not though it was my oldest friend.

"Don't you call names," I cried.

"Ach! you sicken me with your soft talk. I'll call her what she should be called."

"Will you, though?" said I, lugging off my coat. "Look you here, Jim Horscroft, if you say another word against her I'll lick it down your throat, if you were as big as Berwick castle. Try me and see!"

He peeled off his coat down to the elbows, and then he slowly pulled it on again.

"Don't be such a fool, Jock," said he. "Four stone and five inches is more than mortal man can give. Two old friends mustn't fall out over such a—well, there, I won't say it. Well, by the Lord! if she hasn't nerve for ten!"

I looked round and there she was, not twenty yards from us, looking as cool and easy and placid as we were hot and fevered.

"I was nearly home," said she, "when I saw you two boys very busy talking, so I came all the way back to know what it was about."

Horscroft took a run forward and caught her by the wrist. She gave a little squeal at the sight of his face, but he pulled her towards where I was standing.

"Now, Jock, we've had tomfoolery enough," said he. "Here she is. Shall we take her word as to which she likes? She can't trick us now that we're both together."

"I am willing," said I.

"And so am I. If she goes for you I swear I'll never so much as turn an eye on her again. Will you do as much for me?"

"Yes, I will."

"Well, then, look here, you! We're both honest men and friends, and we tell each other no lies, and so we know your double ways. I know what you said last night. Jock knows what you said to-day. D'you see? Now, then, fair and square! Here we are before you, once and have done. Which is it to be, Jock or me?"

You would have thought that the woman would have been overwhelmed with shame, but, instead of that, her eyes were shining with delight, and I dare wager that it was the proudest moment of her life. As she looked from one to the other of us, with the cold morning sun glittering on her face, I have never seen her look so lovely. Jim felt it also, I am sure, for he dropped her wrist, and the harsh lines were softened upon his face.

"Come, Edie! Which is it to be?" he asked.

"Naughty boys! to fall out like this," she cried. "Cousin Jack, you know how fond I am of you."

"Oh, then, go to him!" said Horscroft.

"But I love nobody but Jim. There is nobody that I love like Jim." She snuggled up to him, and laid her cheek against his breast.

"You see, Jock," said he, looking over her shoulder.

I did see, and away I went for West Inch, another man from the time that I left it.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN FROM THE SEA.

Well, I was never one to sit groaning over a cracked pot; if it cannot be mended then it is the part of a man to say no more of it. For weeks I had an aching heart; indeed, it is a little sore now, after all these years and a happy marriage, when I think of it. But I kept a brave face on me, and above all I did as I had promised that day on the hillside. I was a brother to her and no more, though there were times when I had to put a hard curb upon myself; for even now she would come to me with her coaxing ways and with tales about how rough Jim was, and how happy she had been when I was kind to her, for it was in her blood to speak like that, and she could not help it.

But for the most part she and Jim were happy enough. It was all over the country-side that they were to be married when he had passed his degree, and he would come up to West Inch four nights a week to sit with us. My folks were pleased enough about it and I tried to be pleased too.

Maybe at first there was a little coolness between him and me. There was not quite the old school-boy trust between us. But then, when the first smart was passed, it seemed to me that he had acted openly, and that I had no just cause for complaint against him. So we were friendly enough, and as for her, he had forgotten all his anger, and would have kissed the print of her shoe in the mud. We used to take long rambles together, he and I, and it is about one of those that I now want to tell you.

We had passed over Bramston Heath and round the clump of firs which screens the house of Major Elliot from the sea-wind. It was spring now, so that the trees were well leaved by the end of April. It was as warm as a summer day, and we were the more surprised when we saw a huge fire roaring upon the grass plot before the major's door. There was half a fir tree in it, and the flames were spouting up as high as the bedroom windows. Jim and I stood staring, but we stared the more when out came the major, and at his heels his old sister, who kept house for him, and two of the maids, and all four began capering about the fire. He was a douce quiet man, as all the country knew; and here he was, like Old Nick at the carlins' dance, hobbling round and waving his drink above his head. We both set off running, and he waved the more when he saw us coming.

"Peace!" he roared. "Huzza, boys! Peace!"

And at that we both fell to dancing and shouting, too, for it had been such a weary war, as far back as we could remember, and the shadow had lain so long over us that it was wondrous to feel that it was lifted. Indeed, it was too much to believe, but the major laughed our doubts to scorn.

"Aye, aye, it is true," he cried, stopping with his hand to his side. "The Allies have got Paris, Boney has thrown up the sponge, and his people are all swearing allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth."

Well, we stayed some time with the major, and then away we went down to the beach, Jim and I, talking about this great news and all that would come of it. He knew a little and I knew less, but we pieced it all together and talked about how the prices would come down; how our brave fellows would return home; how the ships could go where they would in peace; and how we could pull all the coast beacons down, for there was now no enemy to fear. So we chatted as we walked along the clean, hard sand, and looked out at the old North sea. How little did Jim know at that moment, as he strode along by my side so full of health and of spirits, that he had reached the extreme summit of his life, and that from that hour all would, in truth, be upon the downward slope.

There was a little haze out to sea, for it had been very misty in the early morning, though the sun had thinned it. As we looked seaward we saw the sail of a small boat break out through the fog, and come bobbing along towards the land. A single man was seated in the sheets, and she yawed about as she ran, as though he were of two minds whether to beach her or not. At last, determined, it may be, by our presence, he made straight for us, and her keel grated upon the shingle at our very feet. He dropped his sail, climbed out, and pulled her bows up on the beach.

"Great Britain, I believe?" said he, turning round and facing us.

He was a man somewhat above middle height, but exceedingly thin. His eyes were piercing and set close together, a long, sharp nose jutted out from between them, and beneath was a bristle of brown mustache as wiry and stiff as a cat's whiskers. He was well dressed in a suit of brown, with brass buttons, and he wore high boots, which were all roughened and dulled by the sea water. His face and hands were so dark that he might have been a Spaniard, but as he raised his hat to us we saw that the upper part of his brow was quite white, and that it was from without that he had his swarthiness.

"Great Britain?" he asked again, with a quick tap of his foot on the shingle.

"Yes," said I, while Jim burst out laughing.

"England? Scotland?"

"Scotland. But it's England past yonder trees."

"Bon! I know where I am now. I've been in a fog without a compass for nearly three days, and I didn't thought I was ever to see land again." He spoke English glibly enough, but with some strange turn of speech from time to time.

"Where did you come from, then?" asked Jim.

"I was in a ship that was wrecked," said he shortly. "What is the town down yonder?"

"It is Berwick."

"Ah, well, I must get stronger before I can go further." He turned toward the boat, and as he did so he gave a lurch, and would have fallen had he not caught the prow. On this he seated himself, and looked round him with a face that was flushed and two eyes that blazed like a wild beast's.

"Voltigeurs de la Garde!" he roared, in a voice like a trumpet-call, and then again, "Voltigeurs de la Garde!" He waved his hat above his head, and suddenly pitching forward upon his face on the sand, he lay all huddled into a little brown heap.

Jim Horscroft and I stood and stared at each other. The coming of the man had been so strange, and his questions, and now this sudden turn. We took him by a shoulder each and turned him upon his back. There he lay, with his jutting nose and his cat's whiskers, but his lips were bloodless, and his breath would scarce shake a feather.

"He's dying, Jim," I cried.

"Aye, for want of food and water. There's not a drop or a crumb in the boat. Maybe there's something in the bag." He sprang in and brought out a black leather bag, which, with a large blue coat, was the only thing in the boat. It was locked, but Jim had it open in an instant. It was half full of gold pieces.

Neither of us had ever seen so much before—no, nor a tenth part of it. There must have been hundreds of them, all bright, new British sovereigns. Indeed, so taken up were we that we had forgotten all about their owner, until a groan took our thoughts back to him. His lips were bluer than ever, and his jaw had dropped. I can see his open mouth now, with its row of white, wolfish teeth.

"My God! he's off," cried Jim. "Here, run to the burn, Jock, for a hatful of water. Quick, man, or he's gone! I'll loosen his things the while."

Away I tore, and was back in a minute with as much water as would stay in my Glengarry. Jim had pulled open the man's coat and shirt, and we doused the water over him, and forced some between his lips. It had a good effect, for after a gasp or two he sat up and rubbed his eyes slowly, like a man who is waking from a deep sleep. But neither Jim nor I were looking at his face now, for our eyes were fixed on his uncovered chest.

There were two deep red puckers in it, one just below the collar-bone, and the other about half-way down on the right side. The skin of his body was extremely white up to the brown line of his neck, and the angry crinkled spots looked the more vivid against it. From above I could see that there was a corresponding pucker in the back at one place but not at the other. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell what that meant. Two bullets had pierced his chest—one had passed through it, and the other had remained inside.

But suddenly he staggered up to his feet, and pulled his shirt to, with a quick, suspicious glance at us.

"What have I been doing?" he asked. "I've been off my head. Take no notice of anything I may have said. Have I been shouting?"

"You shouted just before you fell."

"What did I shout?"

I told him, though it bore little meaning to my mind. He looked sharply at us, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It's the words of a song," he said. "Well, the question is, what am I to do now. I didn't thought I was so weak. Where did you get the water?"

I pointed towards the burn, and he staggered off to the bank. There he lay down upon his face, and he drank until I thought he would never have done. His long, skinny neck was outstretched like a horse's, and he made a loud supping noise with his lips. At last he got up, with a long sigh, and wiped his moustache with his sleeve.

"That's better," said he. "Have you any food?"

I had crammed two bits of oatcake into my pocket when I left home, and these he crushed into his mouth and swallowed. Then he squared his shoulders, puffed out his chest and patted his ribs with the flat of his hands.

"I am sure that I owe you exceedingly well," said he. "You have been very kind to a stranger. But I see that you have had occasion to open my bag."

"We hoped that we might find wine or brandy there when you fainted."

"Ah, I have nothing there but just my little—how do you say it?—my savings. They are not much, but I must live quietly upon them until I find something to do. Now, one could live very quietly here, I should say. I could not have come upon a more peaceful place, without, perhaps, so much as a gendarme nearer than that town."

"You haven't told us yet who you are, where you come from, nor what you have been," said Jim bluntly.

The stranger looked him up and down with a critical eye. "My word! but you would make a grenadier for a flank company," said he. As to what you ask, I might take offense at it from other lips, but you have a right to know, since you have received me with so great courtesy. My name is Bonaventure de Lapp. I am a soldier and a wanderer by trade, and I have come from Dunkirk, as you may see printed upon the boat."

"I thought that you had been shipwrecked?" said I.

But he looked at me with the straight gaze of an honest man.

"That is right," said he. "But the ship went from Dunkirk, and this is one of her boats. The crew got away in the long boat, and she went down so quickly that I had no time to put anything into her. That was on Monday."

"And to-day's Thursday. You have been three days without bite or sup."

"It is too long," said he. "Twice before I have been for two days, but never quite so long as this. Well, I shall leave my boat here, and see whether I can get lodgings in any of these little gray houses up on the hillsides. Why is that great fire burning over yonder?"

"It is one of our neighbors who has served against the French. He is rejoicing because peace has been declared."

"Oh! you have a neighbor who has served, then? I am glad, for I, too, have seen a little soldiering here and there." He did not look glad, but he drew his brows down over his keen eyes.

"You are French, are you not?" I asked, as we all walked up the hill together, he with his black bag in his hand, and his long blue coat slung over his shoulder.

"Well, I am of Alsace," said he. "And you know they are more German than French. For myself, I have been in so many lands that I feel at home in all. I have been a great traveler. And where do you think that I might find a lodging?"

I can scarcely tell now, on looking back with the great gap of five-and-thirty years between, what impression this singular man had made upon me. I distrusted him, I think, and yet I was fascinated by him also, for there was something in his bearing, in his look, and his whole fashion of speech which was entirely unlike anything that I had ever seen. Jim Horscroft was a fine man, and Major Elliott was a brave one, but they both lacked something that this wanderer had. It was the quick, alert look, the flash of the eye, the nameless distinction which is so hard to fix. And then, we had saved him when he lay gasping on the shingle, and one's heart always softens toward what one has once helped.

"If you will come with me," said I, "I have little doubt that I can find you a bed for a night or two, and by that time you will be better able to make your own arrangements."

He pulled off his hat and bowed with all the grace imaginable. But Jim Horscroft pulled me by the sleeve and led me aside.

"You're mad, Jock," he whispered. "The fellow's a common adventurer. What do you want to get mixed up with him for?"

But I was always as obstinate a man as ever laced his boots, and if you jerked me back it was the finest way of sending me to the front.

"He's a stranger, and it's our part to look after him," said I.

"You'll be sorry for it," said he.

"Maybe so."

"If you don't think of yourself you might think of your cousin."

"Edie can take very good care of herself."

"Well, then, the devil take you, and you may do what you like," he cried, in one of his sudden flashes of anger. Without a word of farewell to either of us he turned off upon the track that led up toward his father's house.

Bonaventure de Lapp smiled at me as we walked on together.

"I didn't thought he liked me very much," said he. "I can see very well that he has made a quarrel with you because you are taking me to your home. What does he think of me then? Does he think, perhaps, that I have stole the gold in my bag, or what is it that he fears?"

"Tut! I neither know nor care," said I. "No stranger shall pass our door without a crust and a bed." With my head cocked, and feeling as if I was doing something very fine, instead of being the most egregious fool south of Edinburgh, I marched on down the path with my new acquaintance at my elbow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A New Trick.

Old Fogy Proprietor—"Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?"

Sharp Clerk—"You noticed that I sold to her, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her."

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."—New York Weekly.

Husbands Can't Always be Trusted.

"I suppose when you marry the duke you will go at once to his home in England with him?"

"Dear me, no. I wouldn't trust myself away over there with a man I know so little about."

WITH THE FUNNY BOYS.

Too late.—She—Am I indeed your queen? He—You are, only—— She—Only what? He—I wish I had held you last night.—Brooklyn Life.

It was an agricultural editor who wrote: "Pumpkins are said to be fattening for hogs, but we have never tried them ourselves."—Boston Transcript.

At the menagerie.—Mr. Bolsover—Look at that snake who is tying himself into a knot!

Miss Vere—He probably has something he wants to remember.—Harper's Bazar.

A well-known New York lawyer declared one day at dinner, that the biggest thing he had ever done was to cross-examine a man until he did not know whether he was married or not.—Texas Siftings.

"'Er man has ter be smaht," said Uncle Eben, "ter make folks talk erbout him. But no man eber were smaht ernuff ter make em stop talkin' ef dey once tuk er notion."—Washington Star.

"Mrs. Neverlisten is a charming and fluent talker. Has she traveled a great deal?"

Mrs. Catchon—"No, but she has attended more musicales than any one in town."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

President (of Red Rhinoceros Mining company)—Gentlemen, I have called you together to lay a plain statement of the case before you. Work on the Red Rhinoceros mine has been suspended because of the inability of the miners, even with the best pumps money can buy, to keep the water out of the mine. It comes in faster than we can pump it out. The ore is there, but we can't get at it. The question is: "What are we going to do with that water?"

Directors (with one voice)—"Put it in the stock."—Chicago Tribune.

Miscellany.

BROOKLYN'S INFANT PRODIGY.

Eight-Year-Old Zelda Zanders Is Not Afraid of the Law.

Little Zelda Sanders, a Brooklyn infant phenomenon, treated the Supreme Court chambers, across the river, to a performance last week that was greatly enjoyed, says the New York Herald.

Zelda wishes to star in a Southern drama written by Alexander Hume

ZELDA SANDERS.

Ford, the dramatist, and so made application for permission. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, fearing that song or dance might be introduced, objected. M. J. Severance appeared for the child, and Mr. Gerry for himself.

The presence of the child in court created quite a sensation. She was attired in a long brown cloak, and a great plumed hat rested on her golden curls. Her remarkable beauty attracted all eyes, and when in the midst of Lawyer Severance's argument she clapped her tiny hands in approval, even the court smiled. But it was not until Mr. Gerry, arrayed in all his sternness, arose to present his side of the argument that the smile became a general titter. As Mr. Gerry warmed up and denounced singing and dancing, the face of the child flushed until, unable to contain her feelings any longer, she sprang to her feet, and shook her tiny fists at Mr. Gerry's broad back.

"Don't you mind what he says, Judge," piped a childish voice, and the clerk rapped for order. Still protesting, Miss Zelda was led from the court room, and when Mr. Gerry and his counsel passed her a few moments later, she looked up, and placing herself directly in front of Mr. Gerry, said: "You are a bad, bad man." Mr. Gerry smiled, and stepping back bowed so graciously that the child seemed puzzled, and then as every one burst out laughing she joined them, the last trace of tears disappeared from her eyes, and as she ran after her mother she turned to throw a kiss to her grim prosecutor.

Zelda is 8 years of age. She made her debut last month in Pygmalion and Galatea as played by the children at the Broadway theater for the benefit of the Press club. Manager Warde Bingley saw her there, and engaged her for the part of Elsie in Drayton Hall, which will be produced in New York city after election.

A BAD NEWSPAPER MAN.

He Scoops in a Detroit Crowd for Eight Hats and $30.

The crowd was discussing immigration and the bad result of its rapid growth in America, when a newspaper man whose parents were foreign born, chipped in.

"You're doing a good deal of talking about foreigners in Wisconsin and the Northwest," said he, "but I'll bet any man in this crowd a new hat that right here in Detroit there are at least 10,000 persons who can't speak a word of English."

The crowd was staggered at first, says the Detroit Free Press, but recovered in a moment, and hat bets were made.

Then it was suggested that some one go after the statistics.

"Before you do that," said the journalist very coolly, "I want to bet $5 apiece all around that there are twice that many who can't read and write."

Again the crowd felt the pressure of a bluff, but it rallied soon, and every man who had a V put it up.

The newspaper man stood to win eight hats and six V's.

The man to get the statistics was about to start.

"Hold on," said the man with the iron nerve, "I can tell you now who the first 10,000 are."

"Tell us," was the unanimous command.

"Babies under one year," was the reply, "and under four years for the other 20,000."

But the crowd kicked, and now eight men are out taking a census of the infant population.

AN "ELECTRICAL" SPRING.

Shrewd Device by Which the "Greenies" Were Gulled.

The Electrical Review publishes the following about a wonderful "electric spring."

It was but a plain mineral spring, but the cups that the patients drank from were fastened by a brass chain to an iron bar which inclosed the mouth of the bubbling spring.

You were prevented from coming too near by another circular iron railing, about eight feet across. The ground around the spring was naturally moist, and it was either this ground or the iron which was one of the ends of an open electric circuit.

The cup held by the chain was the other end.

The person drinking simply completed the circuit through the body, and when he had finished, the attendant kindly and immediately removed the cup from his hand.

The drinkers always felt that "delightful tingling sensation," and rejoiced that they had found the fountain of youth. Some imagined they even felt the new blood coursing through their veins. A small induction coil, ingeniously concealed and connected with the cup and railing was a cheap method for producing that "invigorating feeling."

She Had Him There.

He was a flirt and a male flirt never gets a lick amiss.

The harder you hit him the better.

He had asked the girl to marry him and she was onto his curves.

"No," she said promptly and firmly.

He became theatric.

"You have crushed my life at one blow," he murmured hoarsely.

"I guess not," she responded.

"Ah, but you do not know," he insisted. "You have killed me—killed me!"

"Well, if I have," she remarked coolly, "you must be a cat, for I know seven other girls who have done the same thing and you are not dead yet. You've got one more chance."

Then the iron entered his soul.—Chicago Journal.

No Wedding Tours.

The fashionable wedding tour is drifting into the past along with other relics of barbarism. In a few years more young couples who wish to place themselves on public exhibition will be advised to apply to a dime museum.—N. Y. Herald.

A Monumental Job.

"Who is that distinguished looking man? What does he do?"

"Oh, his name is John Smith, and all the rest of the family pay him to look well and keep up the credit and prestige of the name.—N. Y. Herald.

Popular Prices.

Summer Boarder—"Your charges are exorbitant."

Landlord—"Jes' so."

"But you advertised popular prices."

"Yes, they seem to be popular. The house is full."—Exchange.

"TIPPECANOE'S" ANTIQUE CANE

It Was Made from the Old Constitution and Given to Mrs. Moore.

Mrs. Moore, of 337 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, possesses a cane made from a piece of wood taken from the old warship Constitution. It was presented to her father, George P. Williamson, at the time of the Whig national convention in 1840, by William Henry Harrison, the grandfather of the present President of the United States.

At that time national conventions were held in small towns instead of large cities as now, and as there were no meeting houses large enough to accommodate the crowds, they assembled in the open air.

The convention of 1840, which nominated William Henry Harrison for President, was held a short distance from the town of Lebanon, Ohio, in a grove. Gen. Harrison attended the convention in person, and after finishing an address, a slight rain began to fall, and Gen. Harrison caught a severe cold. Afterwards he accepted an invitation to dine with his old friend and schoolmate, George P. Williamson, where he was taken ill, and remained so for a week.

During his illness he and Mr. Williamson's daughter, who was then 13 years old, became greatly attached to each other, and when the time came for his departure, the general gave his cane to Mr. Williamson, saying: "George, here is a stick which I have carried for a long time. I give it to you that you may have something to remember our friendship by. It was made from the old man-of-war Constitution, and is one

THE "HARRISON" CANE-HEAD.

which I value highly." Turning to the daughter, he continued: "When your father is gone, keep the cane always as a token of the many pleasant days we passed together."

The cane is heavy and antique in appearance. It has on it this inscription: "Presented to G. P. Williamson by William Henry Harrison in 1840."

DO LIARS ALWAYS YAWN?

A Peculiar Trait That Seems to Need Explanation.

A few evenings ago half a dozen men were sitting out in front of the Capital Hotel discussing various topics, when Judge Yost, of the Supreme court, in telling an anecdote of a trial, remarked that the witness yawned and he knew he was lying, says the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"How do you know?" was asked.

"Well, sir, I have seen witnesses lie and not yawn, but I never knew one to yawn that he was not telling a lie."

Judge Sims, the member of the legislature from Trigg, remarked: "Yes, I always know a witness is lying when he yawns."

Senator Dave Smith said: "It is almost invariably the case."

Judge Wall, the Senator from Mason, came up and corroborated the statements of the others, and just then Judge Brent, of the Superior court, joined the group. "Yes," he chimed in, "when a witness yawns he is telling a lie and he knows it."

Several other lawyers were appealed to and all bore out the statements made. None, however, could explain the phenomenon. Judge Yost was the only one who had a theory, and that was that when a fellow was swearing to a lie he could not face the music and his embarrassment found expression in yawns.

Here is a pointer to the legal fraternity of the state. Two of the judges of the Superior court are committed, and all that is necessary to impeach the evidence of a witness in their minds is to show that while giving it he yawned. The parenthetical yawn may be occasionally interspersed with effect in evidence submitted to them.

HE TOOK HER IN.

For She Readily Believed Dreams Go By Contraries.

He was in love with the girl and she was not unwilling, but she had given no sign.

He was so diffident that really she had had no opportunity.

One evening they sat alone in a little bower of roses.

"I dreamed of you last night," he said tenderly.

"How nice," she responded in that exasperating way which is so inexpressive.

"Yes?" he faltered questioningly.

"Tell me what you dreamed," she prettily commanded.

"I thought we were sitting together on the banks of a beautiful stream," he said low and murmurously, "as the sun was sinking away to rest in the purpling stars, and we talked of birds, of music, of flowers and of love. Your face glowed as if a great light shone in it, but when I spoke of love you grew cold and distant, and I could feel the chill air touching my heart, and see the buds of my hope wither in the frost of your disapproval. I knew then how useless was all I could do; how futile was effort, but urged on by that mysterious power no man can explain and none resist, I cast the fatal die and asked you to be mine."

He stopped a moment, trembling.

"And what did I say?" she asked.

"No," and his voice grew husky and his lips quivered.

She put out her hand to him softly.

"Dreams go by contraries, dear," she murmured, and he took her in.

Mothers-in-Law Are Valuable.

That abused creature, the mother-in-law, comes out strong when occasion requires. One of them, who lives on Michigan avenue, honors with her presence the household of her daughter's husband. The other evening the young wife came in tears to her mother and sobbed piteously on the ample maternal bosom. With infinite tact the old lady soothed her, and presently discovered the cause of her sorrow. It appeared that for the first time since the marriage the husband had reached home cross and avoided the regular marital kiss. Of course the simple young thing imagined he no longer loved her. Now mark the conduct of that mother-in-law. Did she clothe herself with wrath and demand an explanation? Not she. She knew better.

"Don't you worry," she said, stroking the ruffled tresses and kissing the dewy eyes. "He's had a drink. After dinner, when he's had his coffee, he'll be more affectionate than ever."

And he was.—Chicago Journal.

Anxious to Please.

He—You dance like an angel.

She—Pshaw! Can't you say anything prettier than that? The people from the other place are supposed to be the better dancers.

He—Well, you dance like the devil, then.—Truth.

A COWBOY LOCHINVAR.

The Eastern idea of a Texas horse is a ewe-necked, low-headed, narrow-shouldered, shallow-chested, cat-hammed little beggar, with blood in his eye, and as many devils in his disposition as there are cockle burrs in his tail, says a Red Blanket ,Texas, writer in the New York Herald.

I wish some of the people who imagine that droves of such little beasts are the horses generally raised on Texas ranches could see Jim McQueen's Cinco. His sire was a four-year-old horse whose ancestry ran vaguely back toward Kentucky; and he unites with the beauty, speed, smooth coat, good temper and larger size of this stock, the indomitable pluck and hardihood and the inexhaustible bottom of his native Texas blood. Jim traded five ponies for him when he was a raw, slim-legged yearling, and called him Cinco in commemoration.

He is six years old now, and has never known the feeling of a collar. It is true that if some uninstructed outsider should insist on putting him into harness, Cinco would probably end by kicking the vehicle into kindling wood, and himself clean of every scrap of harness, but this would be simply a contemptuous protest—a forcible explanation of the fact that he wasn't built to haul loads.

Cinco is the best horse in this, a county of good horses. His qualifications and accomplishments are varied. He is an unapproachable cow horse, a finished expert in all the horse maneuvers incident to rounding up, roping and cutting out; a perfect mine of endurance and good spirits on the trail, and always wins all the long-distance and handicap races at the county fair.

He won his last handicap about a month ago under circumstances of thrilling interest to a romance loving frontier society.

Jim is the junior partner at the bachelor Gillespie & McQueen sheep and cattle ranch on Boggy Run. Their nearest neighbor, five miles above, is the

HE FELT HER BODY THRILL.

Austell ranch, at Crockett's Well. Miss Chummie Austell, when she came out to the ranch a year ago from some East Texas school, had as easy a walk-over of the undisputed belleship of the whole county as Cinco would have in an open race against a field of cow ponies, and without an ounce of handicap. It was Jim, with his good looks, boyish spirits and what Wade Keener bitterly styled "his blame winnin' ways," who first gained her maiden preference and held it so long, in the face of so much and such spirited, not to say desperate rivalry, that it looked as though the course of true love might be going to run smooth once more, just to show its West Texas originality.

But now came upon the scene the cause of discord, misunderstanding, jealousy and reproaches, spirited retorts and secret tears and final angry separation, in the person of a sheepman, a "drifter," from somewhere up in the Panhandle.

Spurr was a most unromantic figure, about five feet in height and three feet across, with a sort of air of good fellowship about him, and giving a vague impression, somehow, of great and abounding wealth.

Now a "drifting" sheepman is, generally speaking, not very kindly taken to by cattlemen, or even by sheep ranchers. He is a man who may have ten, fifteen or twenty thousand sheep, and grow rich off the wool and mutton, without ever owning a foot of land. While the cattleman, of any size and account, must have a ranch, and (in this dry section) wells and windmills, and probably watering tanks, all of which represent much outlay, the drifter parcels out his sheep into flocks, under Mexican herders, drifts all summer in the northern part of the state, and winters down here in this warm, sheltered country, running more or less over other people's ranges, and making money on smaller investment than the ranchman.

But old man Austell and Mrs. Austell were undeniably impressed by the atmosphere of wealth that went about with Spurr, and when he laid violent siege to Chummie's affections, he got more or less support from the family—even the boys, who were Jim's special friends, standing off neutral. Jim, hurt and angry, rode over to see Chummie, and demanded that she give that chump his vamos, right straight.

It is hard for a pretty girl who knows her power to accede gracefully and promptly to an order like that, even from the man she loves, and the result was an angry rupture.

For some weeks they never met, and all this time Spurr was staying at the Austell ranch, or camping close to it, pushing his suit with Chummie; and Chummie, with the indirection of the weaker sex—thinking to scare Jim into repentance—allowed herself to be drawn into a sort of promise, which Spurr immediately fastened upon, sent to San Antonio for an immense diamond solitaire, and, with the support of the old people, hurried on the marriage, so that, before she realized where she stood, the frightened and unhappy girl was actually putting on her wedding dress.

And Jim?

The season was bad, there had been no rain for long, Boggy Run was run out, the grass was dry as tinder and the stock was beginning to suffer. The sheep could do where they were—a well-regulated Texas sheep can come as near dispensing with drinking water as a Kentucky colonel—but the cattle were rounded up and started out on the trail for "the territory." Jim, who usually stayed with the sheep, took charge of the cattle this year. There was a most uncomfortable soreness in the region of his heart, which it seemed somehow to him might be more or less worked off in the toil of managing a herd of trail cattle, lamming recalcitrant steers, fighting to keep the bunch to the trail in the face of a norther, or struggling to prevent or to quell an incipient stampede.

They had been out on the trail nearly a week and were pretty well up toward the state line, when Bob English rode into their camp one evening. After supper, when Jim's two cowboys were out riding round the herd, getting them bedded down for the night, Bob remarked confidentially to Jim:

"The weddin's a-comin' off next Thursday. You did the very thing to jest skip. She's sorry enough—Good God, Jim! I thought you knew all about it!"

In two hours' time Jim was far from his camp and Bob's, headed for Boggy Run, on the best pony in the saddle band and leading another, cursing his folly for thinking Cinco too good for so hard a trip. Four days later, on a Thursday, he rode up to the ranch house door at Boggy Run about noon, and threw himself upon the bed without a word, while Gillespie, equally speechless with amazement, arose from his solitary dinner and attended to the used-up horses. That evening Jim was saying to Gillespie (an older man and a hard-headed Scotchman), while he blacked his boots vigorously, turned the bare little ranch upside down and dragged out all his own and Gillespie's entire wardrobe to make a suitable full dress toilet, "Let up, John. There's no use talking. I'm going over there and look at her—that's all. If this is her own deal and she's satisfied, why, I'm bound to be. If it isn't—if that little old swelled up prairie dog and the old folks have sort of rushed it in on her—No, you can't go, nor Billy. I'm just going by myself, all peaceable and natural."

They were waiting for the preacher at the Austell ranch—he was an hour overdue. There was a sort of strained uneasiness in the air since Jim's unexpected arrival, despite his quiet manner and friendly greeting.

He only needed one glance at Chummie's little face, and her look of half-terrified delight would have melted a more obdurate and injured lover. Presently some lively young spirit out on a porch exclaimed, "Oh, let's play hide and seek; the moon's bright as day."

Jim watched Chummie, and, as she crossed a darkened entry, caught her in his arms an instant, whispering, "Hide out at the far side of the corral—Cinco's there, hitched." She slipped around a back way unseen, while Jim walked boldly over in front, and there, behind the eight-foot stockade, they met at Cinco's head.

"You don't want him, do you, darling?"

"Oh, no! Oh, no, Jim."

"Will you risk it with me and Cinco?"

"Oh, yes! Quick!"

"They'll follow. Where's the saddles and bridles? I'll put you on Rascal."

"All on the back porch—there isn't time, anyhow—oh, listen!"

Jim lifted the little figure on Cinco, behind the saddle, swept the bridle rein up from the snag over which it hung, and sprang into the saddle in front of her; and her arms were round him. Even while he wheeled Cinco at the corral gate, jerked it open, dashed in, and, circling once round it, drove the horses snorting out before them with swinging quirt, Jim thrilled within that encircling girdle, and remembered how once, riding over from Boggy Run, he had found her afoot at the far end of the ranch, Rascal having given her the slip; how he had taken her up behind him on Cinco, and how he had grievously spurred and mistreated that unoffending and astonished friend, and put him into a dead run, for the rare delight of feeling those shy arms around him.

It would have been prudent to start north and circle round to the trail, avoiding the house. But it wouldn't have been Jim—nor it wouldn't have been Texas. When he felt himself in that sweet clasp, so long desired, so barely snatched and won at last, when it seemed lost for good, with those frightened arms clinging about him, the small hands locking themselves together below his heart, Jim felt like a warrior god. Touching Cinco with the spurs, he sprang forward and dashed down the trail close behind the string of clattering, snorting saddle ponies, right past the open front door, and the whole assembled company in the clear white of a Texas full moon. As they came up to the group, Jim, in a reckless burst of unrestrainable delight and triumph, rose in his stirrups, and swinging his hat, remarked in the tone of the intoxicated steam whistle, "Whirr-oo-oo-irp! Whoooirp! Whoo-oo-ooey!"

Translated freely, this reads: "Go to Halifax! I've got you now! Let's see you help yourselves!" And so the gentlemen to whom it was addressed received it. But Cinco accepted it as only regular straightout horse talk—the most pressing form of exhortation to "git" known to his tribe, and he "got" forthwith.

The ponies scattered out and let them pass. Several of the older and soberer ones, pausing to question and debate a little, were caught and saddled, and the Austell boys and some others followed over to Boggy Run. Gillespie came out and told them, with the grim, chuckling enjoyment of a sober old fellow over a beloved youngster's dashing prank, that Jim and Chummie, on Cinco and Gillespie's best pony, had ridden down to be married at Del Rio and take the morning train to Uvalde, where Jim's people live.

Jim and Chummie could afford to be magnanimous and say nothing to the old folks, when we heard last week that Spurr was living meekly at Dallas, with a very aggressive wife and four children that came out from the East somewhere and rounded up and corralled that gay butterfly.

Railroads in Siberia.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts which fiction and the drama have pictured it. The building of the Trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization. The railroad from Vladivostok to the Ural mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunties for new and striking development.

Russia's enterprise stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive ambition, but for strategic reasons. The railways now being surveyed and completed within the Celestial Empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible.—Hartford Globe.

Love's Test.

Jack—I would do anything for you, darling.

Jess—Would you?

Jack—Indeed I would.

Jess—All right. Go and make love to that Allbright girl, and then let me cut her out.—N. Y. Herald.

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AMERICA'S FIRST FLAG

THE STORY ACCURATELY TOLD.

Mrs. Betsy Ross and the House in Which She Lived—How the First Stars and Stripes Was Made.

The story of the origin of the first American flag has been told a great many times, but is curiously subject to variations. Some of the facts here set forth have never before been stated accurately. There seems to be no question but that the Stars and Stripes adopted by this government as a national emblem had birth in the colonial house now standing in Philadelphia, 239 Arch street. Mrs. Betsy Ross was the maker. The War department, state and colonial records from Maine to California fully confirm this. The number of stars and stripes was fixed by an act of Congress at thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, representing the thirteen states in the Union.

MRS. BETSY ROSS.

History tells us that Mrs. Ross received the contract for making all the government flags, but after the design was heralded over the country people seized upon it and applied it in every conceivable fashion, even taking to red, white and blue shirts and all manner of patriotic garments. The makers, of course, were not all artists, and the loss of one or more stars or a stripe was not noticed. In this way many misstatements have been made honestly about the original standard.

In the first days of the Revolution each state or colony had its own banner and at every battle fought under it, perhaps added to it a motto. At Bunker Hill, "Come if you dare," was the watchword. Massachusetts marched under a green pine on a white ground, with the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." Connecticut troops adopted for their motto, "Qui transtullit sustinet" (translated, "God, who brought us here, will sustain us").

In July, 1775, Gen. Putnam displayed a red flag on Prospect hill, with the mottoes of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

It is not fully known what inspiration blended the stars and stripes. The Philadelphia Ledger in June, 1877, in an article on the flag, said that, as a whole, it was the same, or nearly the same, as that of the East India company, but it has been held that the new flag may have been suggested to Washington by the banner of the Philadelphia Light Horse, the first city troop which escorted him on the way to Cambridge. That ensign had a canton of thirteen stripes of blue and silver.

Mrs. Ross's grandchildren—George Canby, Mary Canby Culin and Mary Sidney Garrett—authorize the statement that the picture here published of the house, 239 Arch street, correctly represents the building in which the first United States flag was made. The picture of Mrs. Ross is from the only photograph of her in existence, and is loaned the Recorder by C. W. Smith, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Ross worked under the direction of a committee of the Continental Congress, of which her husband's uncle, Col. George Ross (one of the signers of

THE ROSS HOUSE.

the Declaration of Independence) was chairman. The design was furnished by Gen. Washington in person, and Mrs. Ross modified it by changing the form and arrangement of the stars and the general proportion of the flag.

Mrs. Ross was assisted in her work by her eldest daughter, Mrs. Clarissa S. Wilson, who afterward succeeded her in the flag-making business.—N. Y. Recorder.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

The Average Woman Weakens Before a Dressmaker.

"I am not particularly vain," said a New York belle, "but when I leave the average dressmaker I am a mere abject smudge of myself. I know many a woman will lift up her voice with me over the way we are treated by the average dressmaker. We protest faintly about a wrinkle around the shoulder. 'Well, you see, madam, your left shoulder is so much higher than your right, it is almost impos——' We flush and say never mind. 'Then, of course, that style of sleeve needs a full arm. I should not have chosen that sleeve for you myself,' and 'a person with round shoulders can't expect her back to set real straight,' or 'the present style is trying to a person of long neck, like yours.' She admits that the general effect of the gown is 'dumpy,' but then you do decline to that build, and, of course, it can't be blamed on the dressmaker.

"If your chest was fuller your dress would button more even. If the hips were regular the skirt wouldn't sag. You walk home wondering how you can get along without crutches, and thinking what a bad job nature made of you anyhow."

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Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

The Coinage Law of 1873.

F. V., Loveland, Colo.: The old lie about the demonetization of silver in 1873 being done "by stealth," that there was a "conspiracy," etc., has been shown up so often that we are surprised to learn from your letter that any intelligent person can believe it. Here are the facts in the case:

The bill was first reported to the House on January 9, 1872, by Hon. W. D. Kelly, chairman of the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, with the recommendation that it pass. Mr. Kelly, said. in his report, that the bill "received as careful attention as I have ever known a committee to bestow on any measure." He also said:

"I wish to ask the gentleman who has has just spoken if he knows of any government in the world that makes its subsidiary coin of full value? The silver coin of England is 10 per cent below the value of gold coin, and, acting under the advice of the experts of this country and of England and of France, Japan has made her silver coinage within the last year 12 per cent below the value of gold coin, and for this reason: It is impossible to retain the double standard. The values of gold and silver constantly fluctuate. You can not determine this year what will be the relative values of gold and silver next year."

Nothing can be further from the truth than that the coinage of the silver dollar was discontinued surreptitiously. That discontinuance was recommended by the secretary of the Treasury in his reports for 1870, 1871 and 1872. The coinage bill was elaborated by Hon. John Jay Knox, comptroller of the currency, and submitted by him to Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell, and by him sent to John Sherman, chairman of the Senate Finance committee, on April 25, 1870. It was sent out, in printed form, for criticism and suggestions, to persons familiar with mint operations and coinage matters; it was printed THIRTEEN times by order of Congress, at various stages of its progress; it was considered during FIVE different sessions of the Senate and House; it was first reported in the House on January 9, 1872, and not finally enacted into law until February 12, 1873. The debates on the bill in the Senate occupy 66 columns in the Congressional Globe, and those in the House, 78 columns, all told. Could anything be more public?

The simple fact is, that the masses of the people pay very little attention to general legislation. We doubt if to-day the reader can even name twelve bills passed by the Fifty-first Congress at its two sessions, out of the total number that were made laws. In 1873 popular attention directed itself to other questions. We had no coin in circulation, the currency being all paper. Hence the people paid no attention to the coinage legislation, because they felt no particular interest in it. It was only when the near approach of resumption, and the debate on the Bland bill, roused public attention, that the matter was fully undersood.

Probably the reason so many people assume the discontinuance of the coinage of the silver dollar to have been "surreptitious," is because it is not mentioned in the law of 1873. This simply shows their own ignorance of the ordinary mode of repealing former legislation. It is never specified what things are to be abolished; all that is ever done is to put in a clause naming the act or section of it which is repealed; or else a general clause is inserted, declaring that "all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this bill" are repealed. If any member of Congress now says he did not understand what the coinage law of 1873 meant, it is a confession that either he shamefully neglected his duties, or that he was too much of an idiot to perform them.

Free Sugar.

J. D. B., Waverly, Ill., asks: "At a political discussion lately, between a Republican and a Democrat, the latter said the tariff is a tax paid by the consumer, and in proof referred to the cheapening of sugar under the new law. As he could not agree with the reasons given, I ask how you account for the same?"

Because the duty on sugar was not a protective one. A duty is only protective where it fosters a home industry, and enables us to produce enough to supply our wants. This home production increases the competition, and prevents the foreigner from running up the price on us. There is such a small area that will produce sugar cane in the United States that it is impossible to grow all that we consume. Our production is only about one-tenth of the sugar we consume; hence the sugar duty was not a protective one, but a revenue duty, paid by the consumer—which a protective duty never is after the home production is sufficient to supply the wants of our people. Protection reduced the price of steel rails from about $165 per ton in 1872, to about $30 per ton which has been the average price for several years. To adopt free trade would merely give foreign makers an opportunity to rush in rails, which they would sell even below cost, in order to break down our manufacturers. When this was done, and no rails were made in America, then they would put the price up and get back all they had lost and a great deal more. We would pay more for rails than we now do. The same would be true of any other great manufactured staple.

Or, to state the same thing in another way: Our output of sugar is so small that the foreign sugar made the price here. The duty was added to the price, because the home product is not large enough to control prices. This is not true of any other staple article on which a duty is now charged. The tariff fosters home competition, and the foreign goods must meet the price made by our own competition, or abandon our market.

That "Foreign Price."

C. D. P., Waverly, N. Y.: Governor Boies most certainly knew that he was telling a falsehood when he said that a certain agricultural implement company sells its machines 20 to 50 per cent cheaper in Spain than in the United States, for that company, so long ago as last winter, explicitly denied the statement. The prices Boies quoted are the RETAIL price as the American price, and the WHOLESALE price as the Spanish price. American price lists go abroad only to men who deal in such machines. The price lists sent out in this country, which are of course often seen by men who need such machinery, invariably give the retail price. This is done, so that dealers can not overcharge buyers. The dealers are given a discount from these figures. The margin given the dealer is a very large one, because such machinery is generally sold on long time. The wholesale price to the American dealer is exactly the same as the so-called "foreign price" quoted by Boies. It should be clear to you, with the intense competition between American agricultural implement makers, that such profits as Boies indicated can not be made. If the business were so profitable, why do not the Democrats go into it at once? Ask any man who owns stock of an agricultural implement company what rate per cent his investment pays him, and you will see at once the falsehood of the Boies story.

Political Lies.

L. S. T., Red Boiling Spring, Tenn.: If Hon. Benton McMillen made the statements you give, he not only knew them to be false, but uttered them with wilful intent to deceive. The McKinley tariff law reduced the revenue over $60,000,000 a year, instead of increasing it. That law put all grades of sugar below No. 16 Dutch standard of color on the free list. That is, it lets in all raw sugars free, so that the refining may be done in this in this country instead of abroad. The result is, that refined sugars are so cheap here as they are anywhere else in the world, and cheaper than in England. No refined sugars are imported, because there is no profit in so doing. As for the statement that the "Sugar trust" takes a half cent a pound improperly is simply a downright lie. So is the statement that the Mills bill would reduce the revenue more than the present law reduced it. The revenue can not be reduced any lower without making it too small for the government's necessary expenses. As for the average rate of duty, Mr. McMillen is utterly wrong. The average rate of duty under the McKinley law is only a little over 20 per cent. The Democrats of your state must be dreadfully behind the times to believe such stuff.

Araunah's Threshing Floor.

S. R., Shumway, Ill., wants to know how to reconcile 2d Samuel, xxiv, 24, and 1st Chronicles, xxi, 25. The former says King David paid Araunah "50 shekels of silver" for the threshing floor on which Solomon's temple was afterwards built. The second says David gave Ornan 600 shekels of gold for it. The common sense view is this: The books of Chronicles are of much later date than the books of Samuel. There are several instances, of which the above is one, in which the number of men or sums of money are stated as much larger in Chronicles than they are stated in Samuel. The probability is that they are correct in Samuel, and have been enlarged, in order to magnify the importance of the event or grandeur of the king or whoever was the actor. The name is the same, only differently spelled.

National Poles.

N. M., Annapolis, Ind.: "Liberty poles" were frequently erected during the troubles that preceded the Revolution, and have been used for political purposes ever since. No one knows where and when the first one was erected, nor of what wood. Any timber suitable for the purpose was used. There never was any significance attached to the wood of which they are composed until the Jackson campaign. Gen. Jackson had been nicknamed "Old Hickory" by his soldiers, in 1813. He was a man of great physical endurance, and his soldiers remarked that he was "as tough as hickory." From this he was called "Hickory," and afterward "Old Hickory." Hickory poles were used by his partisans when he was a candidate for President, and the Democrats have used this wood for their poles to some extent since that, but only in those parts of the country in which that wood grows. You did not give your state nor your full name. This required us to send to the mail-room to search, and it took nearly an hour to find your name and state. Why could you not save us that inconvenience, by complying with the reasonable rule above—No. 1?

The Word "Kill."

C. B. P., Blooming Prairie, Minn.: The word "kill," used in such names as Catskill, Schuylkill, Coblekill, Peekskill, etc., is of Dutch origin. It means a river, a stream, or an arm of the sea. Thus the channel between Staten Island and the New Jersey shore is called the "Kill von Kull," or Von Kull's creek. We presume the words with which it is found compounded were originally proper names. If any one can give the meaning of the first half of Coblekill, Schuylkill and Peekskill, we shall be obliged. The word "Catskill" is from the Danish word "katz," meaning a cat. The lynx or wildcat was called this by the Dutch settlers; the stream on which they were found was called Catskill, and the name then given to the mountains.

Merchant Ships.

J. M. S., Winfield, Kan.: It is a lie, of course, that "Great Britain has a hundred merchant ships to one of ours," and you ought to know it. The official figures of merchant tonnage for 1891 are:

	Tons.
Great Britain	11,928,624
United States	4,684,759
France	1,082,764
Norway	1,665,477
Germany	1,678,446

All other nations have total tonnages of less than a million. Read, also, answer in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of Oct. 20, headed "American Shipping."

Polygamy.

W. C. P., Blufkin, Ind.: The Mormon religion allows a man to have as many wives as he pleases. Congress has passed laws against the practice of polygamy, the one now in force being called the Edmunds law, because it was drafted by Senator Edmunds. It is enforced as strictly as possible, and a number of Mormons have been sent to the penitentiary for violating it. The difficulty is to get proof of plural marriages in court. The women will swear they are not married to the accused. The law is as hard to enforce as is a prohibitory law in a community where every man drinks.

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

E. M. B., Fairfield, Iowa: Elizabeth Akers Allen was born in Strong, Maine, in 1892. Her maiden name was Chase. She married Paul Akers, the sculptor, who died in 1861, and in 1865 she married E. M. Allen, of New York. She began to write poems at the age of 15, under the pen name of "Florence Percy." She wrote "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," in 1859. The dispute as to the authorship of this poem attracted wide attention. We do not know whether Mr. Allen is living.

Planetary Transits.

J. H. N., Bloomingdale, Ind.: The transits of planets have no effect or influence whatever upon the earth. Suppose you were looking at a wagon a half-mile off, and another wagon would pass between you and the first one; would its passing exert any influence upon you? The cases are parallel. The existence of Vulcan is not more than a supposifion. Astronomers do not concede that it exists at all. The moon has no influence on vegetation. The idea that it has is a relic of the superstitions of the Dark Ages.

Prince Nicholas's Sons.

D., Dell Roy, O.: Nicholas I., prince of Montenegro, was married in 1860. He has seven daughters and two sons. We have not the dates of birth of the daughters. The sons are: Danilo Alexander, heir apparent, born June 29, 1871, Mirko, born April 17, 1879.

Miscellaneous.

C. K., Promise City, Iowa: We have not the facts at hand.

L. W. Z., Leiters, Ind.: See the Farmstead for your answer.

G. J. V., Hartford, Mich.: We do not know where you can get it.

J. G., Sea Bright, N. J.: The Finance Primer has never been published in book form.

C. P. E., Canton, Mo.: See answer headed, "American Shipping," in Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of October 20.

G. E. F., Stanberry, Mo.: There is no way of telling what proportion of Catholics are Democrats and Republicans respectively.

M. B., Plimpton, O.: The best way is to have the children use copy-books with printed copies. Any bookseller can get them for you.

C. H. T., Robinson, Ill.: See Weekly Blade of October 13, paragraphs on 4th page, near bottom of 1st column, and near bottom of 8th column.

J. B. A., Birmingham, Mich.: For the Republican Campaign Text-book address "Republican National committee, 518 Fifth avenue, New York city, N. Y."

W. H. H., Huntsville, Kan.: Your question has been handed the editor of the Farmstead. Look there for reply. Don't send such questions to any other department.

Subscriber, Cainsville, Tenn.: Send 4 cents in stamps and we will send you a copy of the present tariff law (the "McKinley bill.") Address "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

Reader, Toledo, O.: In the question "if a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half," it ought to be plain to you that it simply means that one hen lays one egg in one day.

R. M. C., Barnegat, N. J.: A man can vote when he is 21 years old. As election day comes on November 8 this year, a person who is 21 on that day can vote; but not, if his 21st birthday is November 9.

E. G. W., Erie, Ind.: A man can advertise and sell a medicine without any permission from the government. It is usual to get the name copyrighted, as, unless this is done, any one else could put up a medicine under the same name.

B. L. H., Syracuse, O.: We do not know that any state refuses to allow women to practice law. Consult any lawyer as to the conditions of admission to the bar. Dont use the word ladies when you mean "women." It is a bit of affectation.

G. B. S., Wilkes Barre, Pa.: The People's Palace in London, originated from the description of an imaginary structure designed for the same purposes, in Walter Besant's novel, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Read the story and you have the idea exactly. It was carried out after the novel was published.

W. F. G., San Antonio, Tex., asks: "Is not Australia mostly crown lands? A friend says an English general, after subduing the island, ascended a mountain and thus proclaimed: 'All that I see is mine, and all that I do not see is my son John's,' and that any one taking land there pays tribute to the heirs of this general." This story is utterly untrue. What land has not been sold to settlers belongs to the government.

AUTUMN AND THE AFTER-GLOW.

When the far woods a misty veil assume
The sun being gone, and stand in solemn hush,
To the pale heavens come a heightened bloom;
Slowly it gathers, an ethereal flush,
Blending the summer rose—the oriole's breast—
Wine—fruit—and leafage touched to various flame—
The candle-light of home far seen and blest,
And flower-like, gem-like splendors without name.
This is the reminiscent after-glow,
Day's riches told upon the bourn of Night;
So I, Life's pilgrim, ere from hence I go,
Resigning the sweet heritage of light,
Would view in the soul's west the pageant train
Of what hath been, but shall not be again.

As dies the Day, so dies the blessed Year,
Through dreamful languishment and mystic trance,
With murmur-voiced adieu, and wistful glance
Still deepening as the shadows draw more near.
What is it wanders with the thistle's sphere,
Or darts before the gossamer's shimmering lance,
Or mingles with the lost leaves' elfins dance,
Or, birdlike, flutes along the upland sear?
The host of those departing. Yet a while
They linger, and with sweet remembering
Catch back the tender prattle of the spring,
The full heart-throb of Summer and her smile.
Good-by, fond Day, good-by, regretful Year!
Ye go—the Night and Winter tarry here!
—Edith M. Thomas in Scribner.

A Remarkable Cheese.

At Marseilles:—

"This is terrible hot weather to be exhibiting cheeses. Why, they are actually walking about."

"Don't talk of it. Why, my best cheese went up to the judges' stand yesterday and looked around for the medal that was awarded to it."—European Exchange.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to Be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"Money," by Emile Zola, treats of money and its votaries. It is, as its name implies, a record of the effect produced upon the human race by its greed for gold. Published by Worthington Co., 747 Broadway, New York.

"Alaska in Descriptive and Legendary Poems," by Prof. Bushrod W. James is beautifully written. The vein of each legend is followed strictly in accordance with the native legends, though where there are more versions than one the author has chosen the most poetic for his poem. Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia.

"Polly Button's New Year," by Mrs. C. F. Wilder, is a character sketch of unusual merit, and the reader, on laying it down, feels that he has made some new and desirable acquaintances which certainly ought to have a good effect upon him. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

"A By-way in Fiction," "Conversation in Novels," "The Oppression of Notes," and "Children in Fiction," are among the titles in "Essays in Miniature" that will at once arrest the interest of book-lovers, while a further acquaintance with the work is sure to please by reason of Miss Repplier's humanness and grace. "Essays in Miniature," published by C. L. Webster & Co., 67 Fifth avenue, New York city.

The same publishers also bring out in their "Fiction, Fact and Fancy" series a very charming little volume, the "Writings of Christopher Columbus," edited with an introduction, by Paul Leicester Ford.

"Roland Blake," by S. Weir Mitchell, is written in Mr. Mitchell's usual easy and fascinating style, the characters finely drawn, the scenes laid at the time of our recent war. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston and New York.

"Messages from Mars, by the Aid of the Telescope Plant," is written by Robert D. Braine, and published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York.

"Phantom Days," by George T. Welch, is a clever and brightly written story published by J. S. Ogilvie, 57 Rose street, New York.

"Lorelei and Other Stories," by Mary J. Safford, is a collection of the author's stories formerly published in the Harper's Bazar, the Home Journal, and other New York and Philadelphia magazines. The Price-McGill Co., publishers, St. Paul, Minn.

"Philip Meyer's Scheme, a Story of Trades' Unionism," by Luke A. Hedd, is a strong, well written novel upon an important question of the present. J. S. Ogilvie, publisher, 57 Rose street, New York.

"The Woman Who Dares," is a very well written novel, pure and healthful in its teachings, inasmuch as it portrays the character of a noble woman. The book, most prettily and daintily bound, is published by Lovell, Gesterfeld & Co., 125 East Twenty-third street, New York.

WORLD'S FAIR WOMEN'S BADGE.

Miss Martha D. Bessey, of New York, Makes the Successful Design.

At the last meeting of the national board of the World's Fair held in Chicago, a resolution was offered by Mrs. Ralph Trautmann that the women of the board have a badge, one which in design would be symbolic of the World's Fair, and the wearing of which would represent their authority. A badge committee was formed. Mrs. Trautmann was appointed chairman. The following women were the members: Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Portland, Me.;

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.

Mrs. Ellen M. Chandler, Pomfret, Vt.; Mrs. Frances E. Hale, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Mrs. John S. Wise, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Melissa D. Owings, Olympia, Wash.; Mrs. Vie S. R. Thomson, Spartanburg, S. C.; Mrs. Martha B. Stevens, Hoboken, N. J.

Soon after the organization of the committee a circular was issued stating that a prize of $50 would be given for the best design and motto made by an American woman for the badge to be worn by the lady managers of the national board.

Two hundred and forty-seven sketches were received by Mrs. Trautmann, many of them designs which speak well for the talent of the American girl. Out of the 247 sketches the committee selected ten which seemed especially desirable. These were sent to Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, of New York. The design shown in the illustration is the one he selected as the winner of the $50 prize. Mr. St. Gaudens has spoken very highly of its merit.

The design was made by a young New York girl, who first took drawing lessons at a New York grammar school, and then atwo years' course in drawing and designing at the Cooper Insitute. She is Miss Martha D. Bessey, of No. 549 East Eighty-sixth street. Miss Bessey is a tall, slender girl, with brown hair and large brown eyes. She is modest and unassuming; but noticeably conscientious and enthusiastic over her work. For a number of years she has been employed in the designing department of Tiffany's, where she is the only woman designer.

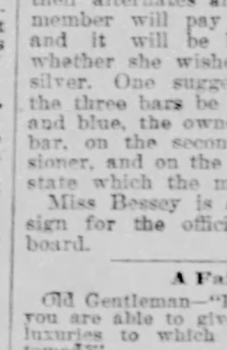
Different badge manufacturers are now estimating on the cost of the badges. Two hundred and thirty will be ordered, as there are 114 members, their alternates and two officers. Each member will pay for her own badge, and it will be let to her discretion whether she wishes it made in gold or silver. One suggestion offered is that the three bars be of enamel, red, white and blue, the owner's name on the first bar, on the second the word Commissioner, and on the third the name of the state which the manager represents.

Miss Bessey is also to make the design for the official seal of the state board.

A Fair Offer.

Old Gentleman—"Do you think, sir, that you are able to give my daughter all the luxuries to which she has been accustomed?"

Suitor (a practical man)—"Well, you have been paying for her board and clothes, and I have been paying for concerts, theaters, operas and so on. No; I'll pay for the board and clothes, and if you foot the amusement bills I don't think she'll miss anything."—New York Weekly.


It's money thrown away when a medicine doesn't help you. It's your risk and your loss. But that's the way you have to buy every medicine for woman's ailments, except Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

With that, there's no risk—it's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in all the chronic weaknesses, painful disorders and functional disturbances that afflict womankind, you have your money back. But you won't ask it—you'll be cured.

Give it time, if your case is obstinate. The troubles that come slowly, have to go slowly. The surest and speediest remedy is the "Favorite Prescription." It builds up and invigorates the system, regulates and promotes the proper functions, and restores health and strength.

For everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's a positive specific.

If you're an overworked or suffering woman, it's a medicine that's made especially to help you—but you pay only for the help that you get.

On these terms it's the cheapest sold.

FREE EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENT FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS.
OUR FREE GIFT.
1st. Any one of McCall's Celebrated Bazar Glove-fitting Patterns. Value 25 to 40 cents—say .40
2d. Any novel (Sea Side Library Series) Selected from a list of 190 which we will forward. Price .20
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An order for the above, good at any time, will be mailed to you if you send us 30 cents for one year's subscription to
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I HAVE A SECRET IT HAS NOT FAILED. Every woman over twenty ought to get it. "HOW TO TREAT IRREGULARITY AT HOME." I'll send sealed particulars. You send a two-cent stamp with full address to "NURSE," c/ Box 137, Detroit, Mich. WOMEN

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Apples Rot and Fall Off.

P. H. L., White county, Arkansas: Did you ever examine your apples to learn if they had been attacked by the codlin moth. This moth flies at night, and lays its eggs in the calyx or blossom end of the apple, when the fruit develops to about half an inch in diameter. The egg hatches, and when the worm reaches a certain age it leaves the apple and forms its cocoon under the bark of the tree and various other places. It is exceedingly destructive, as the apples are destroyed. There is a spot on the apple on the part from which the worm escapes. It is recommended to destroy the fruit as soon as it falls from the tree; also to pasture the orchard with swine or fowls. The apple maggot is another insect that is very destructive in some sections. A small fly, similar to a house fly, but smaller, punctures the fruit when near maturity, and deposits its eggs. The larvae or maggot (sometimes several in an apple) burrows in all directions and destroys the fruit. Putting cattle or swine in the orchard is recommended. If neither of these insects are depredating upon your fruit, the fact of specking and rotting may be traced to lack of vitality. The soil becomes exhausted, and must be vitalized by stirring the ground about the roots, and applying wood ashes, lime, bone-dust or phosphates generally, with a moderate quantity of barnyard manure. If the trees be old ones, they should be attended to at once. A young orchard will not be productive without proper sustaining element in the soil.

Weevil in Wheat.

"Western Correspondent," Kansas: The editor does not know of a certain remedy that will rid weevil from wheat when it is in the bin. Bi-sulphite of carbon is recommended by some people. This is volatile and exceedingly inflammable, so that it must not be placed near a flame. The mode of using is to place it in a saucer, and as it is heavy, it will penetrate through the wheat, killing the insects. The sure way is to get rid of the wheat, clean the bin thoroughly. Close the bin after placing a saucer of the bi-sulphite of carbon in it, and let it evaporate. It will kill insect life, and when grain free from the weevil is put in the bin there will be no danger of the grain becoming infested.

Insects on Grape Leaves.

M. M. H., Ohio: The leaves in your letter (mislaid) were much wilted, and it was impossible to judge correctly the nature of the insect by which they were attacked; but it would seem that they were attacked by insects of the aphidiae family. Spraying with eau celeste or Bordeaux mixture would clear them out.

Red Cedar Fungi.

J. R. G., Barton county, Missouri: The small branches of red cedar enclosed in your letter showed no indications of having insects upon them. They were brown, and indicated the presence of a fungus known to mycologists as Roestelia pirata. It attacks fruit trees. On fruit trees it manifests itself in the form of small yellowish spots on the leaves and rarely on the fruit, these gradually spreading until the whole tree presents a sickly appearance. The fruit on such trees seldom matures. One stage of the fungus appears on the common red cedar, forming masses called cedar balls. The sprigs attacked are made up of innumerable spores, bodies analagous to seed, which, if they fall upon young apple trees, will germinate and cause the leaves to change color with rust spots. In regions where the malady prevails, the loss is considerable to fruit trees at times. No certain remedy has been found to destroy the fungus. If the apple orchard is at a distance from the cedar trees there is not much danger of the trees being attacked. The fungus will communicate itself from apple to cedar trees.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Preserving Fence Posts.

Editor Blade Farmstead: I. W. Zuch, Indiana, asks, in Weekly Blade of October 20, how to preserve fence posts. The following is said to be a good way, it is certainly a cheap one and worth trying: Take ordinary powdered charcoal, mix with best boiled linseed oil (or, better still, grind in oil, if practicable) to the consistency of paint, and apply in usual manner once or twice. Use judgment. A. R. Leonard, Brooklyn, L. I.

Received.

"Dairying For Profit; or, the Poor Man's Cow," by Mrs. E. M. Jones, Brockville, Ont., is a book of 68 pages, issued by Orange Judd Co., New York, illustrated. The object of the book is to offer to hard-working practical farmers some suggestions by which they may increase their incomes. It tells how to choose a cow, how to care for her, which is the best butter grade, the breed which suits best, milking, skimming, setting the milk, churning, salting, preparing for market, and various other subjects.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Despised Guinea.

Let us see about this. I will give some good points from long and practical experience: 1. The guinea is an inveterate watch-dog for man, beast or vermin. He is the alarm for hawks as well. 2. They incubate wonderfully. From one cock and two hens when I started, after robbing them twice of nearly five dozen eggs, they came home in August with 37 young ones. 3. Their eggs are far superior to any hen's egg, a great deal better and more healthful. 4. They are much cleaner in their habits than chickens, etc. Their flesh, though dark, will suit the most fastidious; try it, and you will agree with me. 5. They do not hang around the door-yard or well-curb, and scratch and dirty up everything as common fowls do. 6. They need no more attention than a covey of quail down on the farm, and do better by inattention. 7. If you study them carefully and go about quietly, you will want nothing prettier or more profitable than a large flock of guineas. They have no bad habits. There are people of my acquaintance who run them down, who actually never owned a guinea, but simply did not like them. Cor. Country Gentleman.

Breeding Hogs.

Few branches of the stock business demand more care and skill than the raising of hogs, but to such as can supply these they are as generally certain to return profit as in any other kind of stock. It is a fact, well understood, that a pig makes more meat in proportion to waste matter, and more also in proportion to food consumed (when properly fed) than any other domestic animal. They also mature so early and are so prolific that they commend themselves to farmers who have not much capital with which to begin the stock business. The very fact that a start can be made with so small an expenditure should be enough to induce all who go into the business to begin with good stock, but some who are particular about the breeding of their cattle, and even of sheep, seem to think that one hog is as good as another, but there is as much difference between the growth and profit from a high-grade and a scrub pig as between a good and bad steer. One great drawback to profitable hog-raising has been too great dependence upon corn for feeding. Provide a good clover pasture in summer, and supplement this in the early fall with ground oats and middlings, with corn only to finish off, and good pork can be produced at a good profit.—Colman's Rural World.

Raising Geese for Profit.

What will the men who run chicken ranches in Montana think of a new scheme to make money out of the feathered tribe when they read this? The figures show that the hen industry is "not in it." One thousand geese, according to the law of progeny in t[illegible] goose family, will rear 6,000 goslings [illegible] year. At the end of the first year t[illegible] goose-farmer will find himself the luc[illegible] owner of 7,000 geese; the second y[illegible] the number will be increased to 4[illegible] in the same ratio. At the end [illegible] third year he will have 252,00[illegible] at the end of the fourth year [illegible] will have increased to 1,512,0[illegible] end of the fifth year the lucky [illegible] be the owner in fee simple of 9[illegible] on New Year's Day of the si[illegible] there will be 54,432,000 geese [illegible] boldly around the premises. A[illegible] close of the decade he will fi[illegible] in possession of a sufficient [illegible] geese to save Rome over and [illegible] Then, geese can be picked tw[illegible] A pound of "down" sells fo[illegible] pound of coarse feathers a[illegible] Each goose is warranted [illegible] yield a half-pound of each annu[illegible], netting thereby to the owner in round figures the sum of $1. It would take but a short time to reach the wealth of Croesus with a prosperous goose ranch at one's back.

Goose farming is now the popular fad in Washington. Men are awakening from their slumbers to realize that herding geese may be more profitable than selling liquor to Indians in some back country, staking out mining claims or raising No. 1 wheat. The only wonder is that men have been so long in discovering the untold wealth of "down" and goslings. This, the latest of Washington's industries, bids fair to eclipse all efforts heretofore tried of amassing a fortune in a few years from a quarter section of land.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

Future Hog Supply.

The markets at the stock yards during the past three months have indicated by a good advance that the pork supply in this country is deficient. The question has arisen from time to time whether this is spasmodic or liable to continue several months. Several weeks ago the writer suggested that the supply was surely short for this season. Having watched the situation critically from week to week, talking with representative stock men from all parts of the country, at this time, there is still greater evidence of the shortage predicted. Swine, however, may be speedily produced, if there is plenty of cheap feed to encourage it.

One month ago farmers were reluctant to think of breeding hogs in view of the unfavorable prospects for corn and oats. The hot, dry weather of the past few weeks in parts of the corn belt adds much encouragement to the expectation of a bountiful supply of grain. It is not claimed that corn will be as abundant as one year ago, but the amount of corn in proportion to the live stock now in the country is probably as great, and will continue so for the next three months, as during autumn of last year. In this estimate is included the large store of old corn yet in the cribs and elevators. If killing frosts do not occur before October 10th in Northern Iowa and Illinois, stockmen need not be alarmed about high prices for stock feed.—Cor. Orange Judd Farmer.

Objectionable Phrases.

"Lady friend" and gentleman friend" are phrases than which there are few more grating, and few more strictly tabooed by well-spoken people. If you want to express the facts it must be done in separate phrases, as "I have a friend, a gentleman," or "a friend of mine, a lady;" of course, unless you feel that it is necessary to state that your friend is a lady or gentleman, you can use "man" or "woman." In fact, it has become the practice to use these titles in preference to the former almost entirely. The most perfect lady does not object to being called a woman—she glories in it rather. As for the men—well, they are just called men. How ridiculous it would be if they insisted on being called gentlemen whenever one spoke of them. It would be like Thackeray's valet in "Pendennis," who was a "gentleman's gentleman."

Spoiled His Romance.

George—I see nothing but for us to elope; do you think your father would forgive us?

Ethel—I'm sure he would.

George—How can you be sure?

Ethel—I felt a little nervous on that score, and—and I asked him.—N. Y. Herald.

WHEN NATURE

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Not Complimentary.

They are driving from the church just after the ceremony.

She—It's all over, are you glad?

He (sighing)—Exceedingly. I wouldn't go through it again for a million.—N. Y. Herald.

Public Spirit.

"Why do you call him a public-spirited man?"

"Why? Great Caesar, man, he's all the time giving away drinks."—N. Y. Herald.

—To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

Must Allow for a Sleepy City.

"Isn't there a saying, doctor, that eight hours' sleep is enough for a man, ten for a woman and twelve for a child?"

"Yes, and sixteen for a Philadelphian."

Well Occupied.

He—Er, are you married?

She (from Chicago)—Yes, most of the time.—Truth.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

OMNIPOTENT IS ITS SKILL.

Follow the Finger of God and Though Man Deride There Is No Danger of Mistakes.

This week Dr. Talmage's sermon was on the text Exodus viii: 19, "The Finger of God."

Pharaoh was sulking in his marble throne room at Memphis. Plague after plague had come, and sometimes the Egyptian monarch was disposed to do better, but at the lifting of each plague, he was as bad as before. The necromancers of the place, however, were compelled to recognize the divine movement, and after one of the most exasperating plagues of all the series, they cried out in the words of my text: "This is the finger of God"—not the first nor the last time when bad people said a good thing. An old Philadelphia friend visiting me the other day, asked me if I had ever noticed this passage of Scripture from which I today speak. I told him no, and I said right away, "That is a good text for a sermon."

We all recognize the hand of God and know it is a mighty hand. You have seen a man keep two or three rubber balls flying in the air, catching and pitching them so that none of them fell to the floor, and do this for several minutes, and you have admired his dexterity. But have you thought how the hand of God keeps millions and millions of round worlds vastly larger than our world flying for centuries without letting one fall? Wondrous power and skill of God's hand! But about that I am not to discourse. My text leads me to speak of less than a fifth of the divine hand. "This is the finger of God." Only in two other places does the Bible refer to this division of the Omnipotent hand. The rocks on Mount Sinai are basalt and very hard stone. Do you imagine it was a chisel that put the ten commandments in that basalt? No; in Exodus we read that the tables of stone were "written with the finger of God." Christ says that he cast out devils with "the finger of God." The only instance that Christ wrote a word, he wrote not with pen on parchment, but with his finger on the ground. Yet though so seldom reference is made in the Bible to a part of God's hand, if you and I keep our eyes open and our heart right, we will be compelled often to cry out: "This is the finger of God." It is my intention before long to begin a series of sermons on the Astronomy of the Bible, or God among the stars; the Ornithology of the Bible, or God among the Birds; the Pomology of the Bible, or God among the Orchards; the Ichthyology of the Bible, or God among the Fishes; the Geology of the Bible, or God among the Rocks; the Waters of the Bible, or God among the Seas; the Conchology of the Bible, or God among the Shells; the Botany of the Bible, or God among the Flowers; the Zoology of the Bible, or God among the Cattle; the Precious Stones of the Bible, or God among the Amethysts; and I want this coming winter to get you and get myself into the habit of seeing the finger of God everywhere and in everything; but this morning I want to induce you to look for the finger of God in your personal affairs.

To most of us gesticulation is natural. If a stranger accosts you on the street and ask the way to some place, it is as natural as to breathe for you to level your forefinger this way or that. Not one out of a thousand of you will stand with your hands by your side and make no motion with your finger. Whatever you may say with your lips is emphasized and reinforced and translated by your finger. Now God, in the dear old book, says to us innumerable things by the way of direction. He plainly tells us the way to go. But in every exigency of our life, if we will only look, we will find a providential gesture and a providential pointing, so that we may confidently say, "This is the finger of God." Two or three times in my life, when perplexed on questions of duty after earnest prayer, I have cast lots as to what I should do. In olden times the Lord's people cast lots. The Land of Canaan was divided by lot. The cities were divided among the priests and Levites by lot. Matthias was chosen to the apostleship by lot. Now, casting lots is about the most solemn thing you can do. It should never be done except with a solemnity like that of the last judgment. It is a direct appeal to the Almighty. If, after earnest prayer, you do not seem to get the divine direction, I think you might without sin, write upon one slip of paper "Yes," and upon another "No," or some other decisive words appropriate to the case, and then obliterating from your mind the identity of the slips of paper, draw the decision, and act upon it. In that case I think you have a right to take that indication as the finger of God. But do not do that except as the last resort and with a devoutness that leaves absolutely all with God.

It is a remarkable thing that sometimes no one can see that finger but yourself. A year before Abraham Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation, the White House was thronged with committees and associations, ministers and laymen, advising the President to make that proclamation. But he waited and waited, amid scoff and anathema, because he did not himself see the finger of God. After awhile and at just the right time, he saw the divine pointing and signed the proclamation. The distinguished Confederates, Mason and Slidell, were taken off an English vessel by the United States government. "Don't give them up," shouted all the Northern states. "Let us have war with England rather than surrender them," was the almost unanimous cry of the North. But William Seward saw the finger of God leading in just the opposite direction, and the Confederates were given up, and we avoided a war with England, which at that time would have been the demolition of the United States government. In other words, the finger of God as it directs you may be invisible to everybody else. Follow the divine pointing, as you see it, although the world may call you a fool.

There has never been a man or a woman who amounted to anything, that has not sometimes been called a fool. Nearly all the mistakes that you and I have made have come from our following the pointing of some other finger, instead of the finger of God. But, now, suppose all forms of disaster close in upon a man. Suppose his business collapses. Suppose he buys goods and cannot sell them. Suppose by a new invention others can furnish the same goods at less price. Suppose a cold spring or a late autumn or the coming of an epidemic corners a man, and his notes come due and he cannot meet them, and his rent must be paid and there is nothing with which to pay it, and the wages of the employes are due and there is nothing with which to meet that obligation, and the bank will not discount, and the business friends to whom he goes for accommodation are in the same predicament, and he bears up and struggles on, until, after awhile, crash goes the whole concern. He stands wondering and saying: "I do not see the meaning of all this. I have done the best I could. God knows I would pay my debts if I could, but here I am hedged in and stopped." What should that man do in that case?

Go to the Scriptures and read the promise about all things working together for good and kindred passages? That is well. But he needs to do something besides reading the Scriptures. He needs to look for the finger of God that is pointing toward eternal release, that is urging him to higher realms. No human finger ever pointed to the East, or West, or North, or South so certainly as the finger of God is pointing that troubled man to higher and better spiritual resources than he has ever enjoyed. There are men of vast wealth who are as rich for heaven as they are for this world, but they are exceptions. If a man grows in grace, it is generally before he gets $100,000 or after he loses it. If a man has plenty of railroad securities and has applied to his banker for more; if the lots he bought have gone up 50 per cent in value; if he had hard work to get the door of his fireproof safe shut because of a new roll of securities he put in there just before locking up at night; if he be speculating in a falling market or a rising market and things take for him a right turn, he does not grow in grace very much that week.

Nations also would do well to watch for the finger of God. What does the cholera scare in America mean? Some say it means that the plague will sweep our land next summer. I do not believe a word of it. There will be no cholera here next summer. Four or five summers ago there were those who said it would surely be here the following summer because it was on the way. But it did not come. The sanitary precautions established here will make next summer unusually healthful. Cholera never starts from where it stopped the season before, but always starts in the filth of Asia, and if it starts next summer, it will start there again—it will not start from New York quarantine. But it is evident to me that the finger of God is in this cholera scare, and that he is pointing this nation to something higher and better. It has been demonstrated as never before that we are in the hands of God. He allowed the plague to come to our very gates and then halted it. The quarantine was right and necessary, but oh how easy the plague could have leaped the barriers lifted against it. Thanks to the President of the United States, and thanks to the health officers, and thanks to the Thirteenth regiment, and thanks to all who stood between this evil and our national health, but more than all, and higher than all, thanks to God! Out of that solemnity we ought to pass up to something better than anything that has ever yet characterized us as a nation. We ought to quit our national sins, our Sabbath breaking, and our drunkenness, and our impurities and our corruptions of all sorts as a people. The tendency is in self-gratulation at our prosperity to forget the mercy of God that has kept us from being blotted out for our crimes, and that still multiplies our temporal prosperities. Forward, and upward! See you not the finger of God in this protecting mercy?

I rejoice that there are many encouraging signs for our nation, and one is that this Presidential campaign has less malignity and abuse than any Presidential campaign since we have been a nation. Turn over to the pictorials, and the columns of the political sheets of the Presidential excitements all the way back and see what contumely Washington and Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Jackson went through. Now see the almost entire absence of all that. The political orators I notice this year are apt to begin by eulogizing the honesty and good intentions of the opposing candidate, and say that he is better than his party. Instead of vitriol, camomile flowers. That we seem to have escaped the degradation of the usual quadrennial billingsgate is an encouraging fact. Perhaps this betterment may have somewhat resulted from the sadness hovering over the home of one of the candidates, a sadness in which the whole nation sympathizes. Perhaps we have been so absorbed in paying honors to Christopher Columbus that we have forgotten to anathematize the prominent men of the present. No man in this country is fully honored until he is dead. Whatever be the reason, this nation has escaped many of the horrors that ordinarily accompany the Presidential contest. But let us not pause too long in hilarity about the present and forget the fact that there are not only temporal possibilities far greater than those attained, but higher moral and religious possibilities. The God of our fathers is the God of their children, and his finger points us to a higher national career than many have yet suspected. For our churches, our schools, our colleges, our institutions of mercy, the best days are yet to come.

We sit here in church, and by hymn and prayer and sermon and Christian association we try to get into a frame of mind that will be acceptable to God and pleasant to ourselves. But what a stupid thing it all is compared with what it will be when we have gone beyond psalm book and sermon and Bible, and we stand, our last imperfection gone, in the presence of that charm of the universe—the blessed Christ—and have him look in our face and say: "I have been watching you and sympathizing with you and helping you all these years, and now you are here. Go where you please and never know a sorrow and never shed a tear. There is your mother now—she is coming to greet you—and there is your father, and there are your children. Sit down under this tree of life, and on the banks of this river talk it all over." I tell you there will be more joy in one minute of that than in fifty years of earthly exultation. Look ahead! Look at the finest house on earth and know that you will have a finer one in heaven. Look up the healthiest person you can find and know you will yet be healthier. Look up the one who has the best eyesight of anyone you have ever heard of, and know you will have better vision. Listen to the sweetest prima donna that ever trod the platform, and know that in heaven you will lift a more enrapturing song than ever enchanted earthly auditorium.

My friends, I do not know how we are going to stand it—I mean the full inrush of that splendor. Last summer I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. The emperor afterward asked me if I had seen it, for Moscow is the pride of Russia. I told him yes, and that I had seen Moscow burn. I will tell you what I meant. After examining nine hundred brass cannons which were picked out of the snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating, and they seem to wreathe, and whirl, and rise, and sing, and burst, and roll, and mount, and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows and the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven aringing, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship responding to the trumpets that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones! Thrones! The finger of God points that way. Stop not until you reach that place. Through the atoning of Christ, all I speak of and more may be yours and mine. Do you not now hear the chime of the bells of the metropolis of the universe? Do you not see the shimmering of the towers? Good morning.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE
After Her Husband
HAD SPENT ALL HE WAS WORTH.

GADSDEN, ALA., Dec. 21, 1890.

DR. MARCHISI. Dear Sir: One year ago I was near my grave with nervous debility, caused by Ulcer of the Womb. My husband spent all he was worth and all he could make for doctors' bills, and I continued to weaken until my physician told me I could not live sixty days. A friend persuaded me to try Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. I have taken three bottles and am now as stout as ever and perfectly well. Mrs. AMELIA H. BOX.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon and Cleansing Wash cures all Female Complaints no matter how long standing. For sale by all Druggists. I send FREE two bottles and thus prove it does do what I claim for it. Dr. I. B. Marchisi, 35 Genesse St. Utica, N.Y.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is superior to all other preparations claiming to be blood-purifiers. First of all, because the principal ingredient used in it is the extract of genuine Honduras sarsaparilla root, the variety richest in medicinal properties. Also, because the yellow dock, being raised expressly for the Company, is always fresh and of the very best kind. With equal discrimination and care, each of the other ingredients are selected and compounded. It is

Cures Catarrh

THE Superior Medicine

because it is always the same in appearance, flavor, and effect, and, being highly concentrated, only small doses are needed. It is, therefore, the most economical blood-purifier in existence. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It searches out all impurities in the system and expels them harmlessly by the natural channels. AYER'S Sarsaparilla gives elasticity to the step, and imparts to the aged and infirm, renewed health, strength, and vitality.

Cures SCROFULA

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Cures others, will cure you

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

The 21st Missouri.

The following was written by Comrade A. W. Harlan, Co. F, 21st Missouri, on the occasion of the regimental reunion at Edina, Mo., recently:

As we grasp old comrades by the hand,
The tears unbidden flow,
And memory swiftly calls us back
To some thirty years ago.

When with but one blanket to our back,
As we lay upon the snow,
And slowly munched our last hard tack
Near thirty years ago.

And talked of scenes of mortal strife
Through which we've had to go,
Thinking of home and the dear wife,
While time moved on so slow.

And as we pass the lone graveyards,
Where all in time must go,
We often think of lonely graves
Made some thirty years ago.

Think of the breast works we have charged,
Where the dead so thickly lay,
And how we tumbled them into the trench
The blue as well as the gray.

We seem to hear the long roll beat,
That warns us of the foe;
Then hear them sound their own retreat,
And its all peace here below.

And when we've heard the last roll call,
Saw our last of earthly scenes,
With our old blue coat for a pall,
We'll lay down to pleasant dreams.

And with our flag still waving o'er us,
That blessed emblem of the free,
We'll join in that immortal chorus,
And help sound the jubilee.

How Gen. Farnsworth Died.

Editor Camp Fire:—I heard two men talking together on the floor of the House of Representatives at Washington, as the daily session closed, one day last spring. The big colonel with the drooping mustache was Col. Oates, of Alabama, one of the terrors of the Confederate service, who cut his way through 27 battles and left his right arm in front of Richmond. The little man with long gray whiskers was Representative Clinton Babbitt, of Wisconsin, who, although a new man in the House, had made himself felt at the last session. They had chanced to speak of Gen. Elon Farnsworth, whose name is remembered by every veteran in the West. Babbitt had explained to a little circle of listeners that Farnsworth lived only a few miles outside Beloit; his brother had married so-and-so; his cousin went out West and did so-and-so; his sister used to come over to Beloit every Saturday, and the general himself married the Congressman's daughter. He had read somewhere in the war histories that Alabama troops had killed Farnsworth, and here was the bluff old colonel of the 47th Alabama, who had seen Farnsworth die.

"It was this way," said Col. Oates. "You Northern fellows had your forces in a long line. There had been bloody fighting all day. I was ordered to take my men around and turn the right flank of your fellows. Well, we did it, and got into a little clump of woods, which gave us pretty fair protection. That left your men pretty near surrounded, for your right wing, with Gen. Farnsworth in command, had to fight our main force in front and my Alabama men behind. Pretty soon your people saw they were in a fix, and they tried to get out of it. Farnsworth wheeled his men around and tried to come through my lines. It was a regular pitched battle. We were fighting hand to hand with sabers and bayonets. Then there was the lull which always follows a big charge. Most of his command had been cut to pieces. A few of them had cut their way through our line and got away. One of my men came up to me and says: 'Colonel, see what I have found.'

"He showed me a shoulder strap. He said it was the straps of a 'Yankee lieutenant' who was lying yonder. But I knew it wasn't a lieutenant's strap, but a commanding officer's. You see, our lower officers wore the same kind of shoulder straps that your higher officers did.

"'Show me that man,' says I.

"He led me through a tangle of bodies and pointed out one which was lying face down just at the edge of the woods. I saw from his equipment that it was an officer. His slouch hat had fallen off. He wore a light gray linen coat, for it was a very hot day. I turned the body over and saw from the buttons and spurs and straps that it was a commanding general. Then I unbuttoned the coat and examined the pockets. There was one letter."

"Who was it from?" interrupted Babbitt intently.

"From his wife," responded Oates with the same calmness. "I glanced through the letter merely to see who he was, and it let me know that he was Gen. Elon Farnsworth."

"What did you do with the letter?" asked Babbitt.

"Oh, I destroyed it as soon as it served to identify him. It was merely an affectionate letter just received from his wife. My soldier was with me when I looked at the body, and told me how Farnsworth had been killed. It seems that when the dash was made by your Northern men to get out of the pocket they were in, Farnsworth reined his horse through a line of my men and then came upon a number of detached men. My soldier told me that Farnsworth bore down upon him, and, as he approached, shouted 'throw up your hands and surrender.' But with that the soldier leveled his musket and brought him down at short range. He pitched headlong off his horse and dug his head in the sand. I had heard a good deal of Gen. Farnsworth and his bravery, but this was the first time—and the last time—that I ever saw him."—Thompson.

After the Soldier Vote.

Editor Camp Fire:—The National Veterans' Tariff Reform League, an organization manufactured by the Democratic national committee to stem, if possible, the tide of defection among Democratic veterans, has been flooding New York and other states with letters asking the co-operation of all ex-soldiers, formerly Democrats, in securing "tariff reform" by the election of Cleveland and Stevenson. What success the league, which is operated from Chairman Harrity's headquarters, is having in holding Democratic veterans in line, can easily be imagined. Following is a letter recently sent to the secretary of the league by a veteran of Warsaw, N. Y., whose name was given in as a wavering Democrat, and a good subject for the league to labor with:

Comrade:—I have your letter of 1st inst., in which you say my name has been handed you as one who favors "tariff reform" and the election of Cleveland and Stevenson. You say that you hope to hear from me often, and courtesy demands a reply. Who handed you my name is not disclosed, and it is immaterial.

I see no significance in a "National Veteran's Tariff Reform League." It was the protective tariff, framed, enacted and executed by the party of Abraham Lincoln, that alone enabled the government to feed, equip and maintain its armies from 1861 to 1865—that made their valor and their victory possible—that blotted out the Free Trade constitution framed by the Rebels, and preserved the constitution of the Union. Veterans have reason for keeping our tariff legislation true to the principles of Washington and Lincoln in preference to those of Davis and Calhoun.

Beyond this, their interest in this question is the same as that of other citizens. All good citizens should favor their own nation and help shape its economic policy in the interest of its people. No other nation, ancient or modern, has attained such prosperity, accumulated such wealth or enabled the mass of its citizens to live in such comfort; no other nation has been without a ranking few and an oppressed many, without peasant and proprietary classes. In no other country, in any age or clime, has honest labor been so well paid as under this American system. Three times in our history it has been denounced as unconstitutional. South Carolina first took this position in 1832; the Confederate Constitution asserted it in 1861; and the Chicago platform repeats the old lie in 1892.

Observation teaches me that the periods of protection have been periods of national prosperity. From Washington to Harrison, nineteen Presidents, including Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln, have favored protection to our industries; only Polk, Pierce and Cleveland have opposed it. Reason and authority indorse the American system. Salisbury says the modern English system "may be noble, but it is not business." Bismarck declares that "the prosperity of America is mainly due to its system of protective laws." George Ticknor Curtis, a profound constitutional lawyer, a patriotic citizen, a Democrat of Democrats, repudiates Cleveland, and he will vote for Harrison on this issue.

Veterans realize the cost of preserving the Union. This cost is one measure of its value to them. Sacrifice has made them sensitive. They remember that Cleveland wrote a letter to be read in Charleston, exhorting American youth to study the doctrines of the man who was logically responsible for the war of the rebellion, and who must stand for all time as the typical disunionist, John C. Calhoun. They do not forget that he ordered and the American people would not permit, the return of battle-flags, whose capture cost the blood of myriads of their comrades—those sacred trophies of the loyalty and patriotism of the boys in blue. Yet you urge veterans to desert Comrade Harrison after four years of unchallenged administration and vote for Cleveland.

With Comrade Slocum, a veteran Democrat, "I would like to know how any soldier can vote for two men, both drafted on the same day, against a man who served his country as loyally as Harrison did in the time of peril." With Comrade Sickles, whose Democracy certainly goes unchallenged, I trust that "no man will ever be elected to the Presidency of this country who has insulted the soldiers when speaking of the subject of pensions." It is not the fact that Cleveland vetoed pension bills; it is the spirit that dictated, the manifest inspiration of his vetoes that is justly offensive; this is the "damned spot" that will not wash out of the veterans' memory.

From your signature as its secretary, I assume that there is a "Veterans' League" that favors the election of Cleveland and Stevenson; there was a colored Democratic club on parade in New York last week; there are white blackbirds.

No, no, my comrades, this will not do. When the hero of Gettysburg waved his crutch in the Chicago wigwam and declared that the soldiers would "never, never" vote for Cleveland, the people believed he spoke truth. You have a right to vote for him. You have no right to delude yourself or to deceive your comrades into the belief that the dictates of patriotism, the cause for which the veterans fought or the prosperity of the American people demand the election of Cleveland and Stevenson.

Soldiers demand a free ballot and a fair count wherever our flag floats and our laws prevail; freedom from competition with pauper labor beyond the seas and protection to home industries; the integrity of the poor man's dollar; the sanctity of the poor man's ballot and the reward of the poor man's toil; they believe that the men who represent these ideas are Benjamin Harrison and Whitelaw Reid.—Augustus Harrington.

Attention Comrades!

We want more contributions for the Camp Fire from you. During the winter, we get more letters than we can possibly print, and during the season of active farm work we do not get as many as we should like. Let us have some of them now, when we can use them promptly. Do not wait until winter, when we can not possibly use all that we get.—Editor Camp Fire.

"Wild Bill" Talks.

Editor Camp Fire:—After my regiment, the 2d Tenn. Cav., followed and captured about 100 of Hood's wagon train on the first day at Nashville, we were recalled and deployed around a temporary work, of which Hood's men were then in possession, there being 200 men, with a major in command. And the way those poor Johnnies did fight! It would have been amusing to one at a safe distance to have looked on. However, it was somewhat amusing to one that was pretty deeply concerned. Though they dealt out death and destruction for a long while, they had to succumb, with their major minus one leg. Finally night came on, and the order was, "Boys, you must all sleep with your horses tied to one foot." Well, that tickled me, for I knew that somebody was going to have rough sailing, and that it would not be me. Sure enough, it was not long until I heard the distress yell commence; and all night long it was kept up.

The second day the fight opened with renewed courage. Our regiment was ordered to dismount, and No. 4 to hold horses while Nos. 1, 2 and 3 fought on foot. I was No. 2, and started in. Sergeant Ledsinger called to me and said: "Wild Bill, if you will hold horses I will take your place." But seeing my bunk-mate, another 15-year-old boy, going to the front, I could not stay back. We had not gone far when the boys began to fall on my right and left, and I remembered what Ledsinger said about holding horses. About 6 o'clock p. m. the order came to re-mount and charge, which was readily obeyed. In that charge my bunk-mate was killed. A minie ball hit him in the eye, and went squarely through his head. That desperate charge I never can forget. It makes me shudder when I think what we soldiers had to undergo, and all brought about by a set of men who today are striving to bring on another rebellion or something worse. I live in the South, among those very men; therefore I know whereof I speak. The same sentiment still exists down here that ruled during the '60s. Boys, you who wore the blue in those trying days, I wish to say to those of you who claim to be Democrats, that I do not see just how you can forget those trying days, when we had to give up our dear comrades for the Republican cause—the dear ones who now sleep the sleep of the just. It is just as fresh in your humble servant's mind as it was in 1865. So let us show our colors this November by casting our votes for Ben, who still remembers war times and never turns his back against the old soldiers.—William Stewart, or "Wild Bill," Co. L, 12th Tenn. Cav.

A Michigan Comrade.

Editor Camp Fire:—I want to say a few words to the sons of veterans, and to the veterans as well. How many of you are going to vote for Cleveland and Stevenson this fall? Brothers, can you vote for a man who was a coward and did not dare to face the battle? One who received (according to The Blade) arms to kill or try to kill your fathers, or are you going to vote for the man who went at his country's call? Look in the Weekly Blade of October 13, page 4, column 4, and see if you can vote for and uphold such a party.—H. T., Pentwater, Mich.

The 157th Ohio.

The editor of the United States Army and Navy Journal, Bennett Building, New York city, writes to the Camp Fire, in answer to a question concerning the above regiment, asked by "Soldier," Barnesville, Ohio, as follows:

"The 157th Ohio was formed at Camp Chase, Columbus, O., May 16, 1864, and was mustered out September 2, 1864. It served with Gens. Wallace and Tyler, in Baltimore, Md., and was in the Eighth corps. It also served under Gen. Schoef, at Fort Delaware, Dela.

—The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Not to be Outdone.

"Fred, can hug delightfully when he is waltzing," she boasted.

"Well, he ought to," responded her dearest friend, "for he goes to the conservatory with me to practice between times."—N. Y. Herald.

Verbum Sap.

The wintry days are coming on
And soon stentorian lungs will roar
——! —— —— ——! —— ——! ——!
Why don't you SHUT THAT DOOR?

Vile cod-liver oil has lost its vileness in Scott's Emulsion and gained a good deal in efficiency.

It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda add their tonic effect to that of the half-digested cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING—free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1. 23

CERTAIN ADVERTISEMENTS FROM TRADE RIVALS who fear the phenomenal success of

Van Houten's Cocoa

in America, contain innuendoes against it, and appeal to the authority of Dr. SYDNEY RINGER, Prof. of Medicine at University College, London, Author of the Standard "Handbook of Therapeutics," who actually writes as follows: "From the careful analyses of Prof. ATTFIELD and others I am satisfied that Messrs. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is in no way injurious to health, and that it is decidedly more nutritious than other Cocoas. — It is certainly "Pure" and highly digestible. — The quotations in certain advertisements from my book on Therapeutics are quite misleading, and cannot possibly apply to VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA." — The false reflection on VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA is thus effectually repelled, and the very authority cited to injure it, has thereby been prompted to give it a very handsome testimonial. b

The Sunday School.

LESSON VI., SUNDAY, NOV. 6, 1892.

Peter Delivered From Prison.

Golden text: So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.—Acts 19:20.

LESSON TEXT.
(Acts 12:1-17.)

1. Now about that time Herod the king stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the church.
2. And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.
3. And because he saw it pleased the Jews, he proceeded further to take Peter also. (Then were the days of unleavened bread.)
4. And when he had apprehended him, he put him in prison, and delivered him to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him; intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people.
5. Peter therefore was kept in prison: but prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him.
6. And when Herod would have brought him forth, the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains: and the keepers before the door kept the prison.
7. And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison: and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands.
8. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals: and so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me.
9. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not that it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision.
10. When they were past the first and second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him.
11. And when Peter was come to himself, he said, Now I know of a surety, that the Lord hath sent his angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews.
12. And when he had considered the thing, he came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark; where many were gathered together praying.
13. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda.
14. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate.
15. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, It is his angel.
16. But Peter continued knocking: and when they had opened the door and saw him, they were astonished.
17. But he, beckoning unto them with the hand to hold their peace, declared unto them how the Lord had brought him out of the prison. And he said, Go shew these things unto James, and to the brethren. And he departed and went into another place.

Illustrative Applications.

Herod the king put forth his hands to afflict certain of the church. And he killed James (v. 1, 2). The hand of the Lord was with the early church. The hand of Herod the king was against that church. Herod thought that his hand was a strong one. So thought those whom he persecuted. But God's hand was the stronger then, as it has been in every conflict since. Herod could put an end to the earthly life of a saint. God could give that saint the enjoyment of an endless life. Herod could, at the worst, do no more than God permitted. God could make the worst doing of Herod tend to the highest good of the children of God. It matters little to God's people what is done by the hand of the enemies of God. It matters much to God's people, that God's hand is extended for their guarding and guiding.

When he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also (v. 3). There were unprincipled politicians in power in the days of the Roman empire. Subordinate rulers were then commonly ready to adopt such measures of public policy as would have favor either with the rulers above them, or with the people below them. If there were such men in power nowadays, you would see them taking ground against the Chinese, because that course would please the voters of the Pacific coast; or taking ground against the Indians, because that course would be popular in the New West; or taking ground against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, because that course would delight the rum sellers, and the rum drinkers, and the rum sympathizers; or taking ground against the Sabbath laws, to curry favor with the irreligious element; or saying an excusing word for "dynamite-reform," to avoid offending the anarchist. What a good thing it is that we have no such politicians now as were abundant eighteen centuries ago.

Intending after the Passover to bring him forth to the people (v. 4). What a pious regard they had for times and seasons in those days! Herod wouldn't offend the religious prejudices of the community by a display of the persecution of Peter in Passover time. He would only get Peter well in hand, and make ready for a show of him as soon as the orthodox regulations would allow it. If Herod were alive in our day he wouldn't have showy performances in the theater during Lent. He would only spend that forty days in preparation for the performance afterwards. Or he would stay quietly at home Sundays, posting his books, or looking over his accounts, or writing up his correspondence, so as to be fresh for new business on Monday, because it doesn't look well to disregard Sunday. How good it is that Herod isn't alive in our day!

Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains, and guards before the door (v. 6). It makes no difference how many chains and doors and armed men are combined for the imprisoning of those whom God would help. The chains will fall off; the doors will fly open; the armed men will sleep, or lie in helplessness, at the word of the Lord. What if the double or triple chains of some evil habit bind you down? What if the closed doors of a bitterly repented past now shut you in? What if you are held as by armed men on either side, by some enforced unworthy companionships or associations? What if you are jealously watched and painfully hedged in by bad neighbors and hostile fellows, outside of your immediate home and business sphere? It is enough for you that God is God, and that God is your God. He who gave his only Son to be your Saviour, will willingly send his angel to bring you out of your present troubles, if only you call upon him in need and confidence. And when the angel comes to you, chains of habit, and closed doors of lost opportunities, and armed enemies of every sort, will be of no account in holding you back from freedom in the service of Christ. When you find yourself in Peter's plight, you have but to exercise Peter's faith, and you will have as real help as God vouchsafed to Peter.

The angel said, gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And he did so. And he saith, cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed; and he wist not that it was true, but thought he saw a vision (vs. 8, 9). Peter wasn't sure that it was all real; but he was sure that it was safe to do as God's angel bade him, even though in a vision. That is the way to obey God; to do it without stopping to ask questions, or to solve doubts, or even to see clearly the how and the why of the transaction. It is always safe to shake off chains of evil, when God gives the word. It is always safe to quit bad companions, when God says we may. It is always safe to go out from the devil's prison-house into the free air of the city beyond, when God's angel leads the way. If we cannot do these things in reality, it is well to try to do them even as in a vision. And it is well for us to be so in the habit of heeding God's word, and doing just as God commands, and following just as God leads, that we shall do these things instinctively, even when we are not more than half awake, and when we are less than half convinced whether we are sleeping or waking.

He came to the house, where many were gathered together praying. A maid came to answer. When she knew Peter's voice, she ran in, and told. They said, Thou art mad (vs. 12-15). There were many who were ready to pray just then that God would release Peter; but there doesn't seem to have been a single one who was ready to believe that God had released Peter. Even when the maid's testimony was added to help their faith, they would sooner believe that she was crazy than their prayers were answered. How much like those early disciples many of us modern Christians are—in this way of doubting God! Christians who pray daily for all sorts of things, are inclined to call other Christians crazy when those other Christians tell of having received special answers to prayer. And when any one speaks out enthusiastically about God's having healed the sick, or fed the hungry, or guided the ignorant, or ministered to any needy one, in answer to particular prayer, with that apostolic heartiness the response comes back from praying brother or sister, "Thou art mad!" There is a good deal of human nature still left among Christians; isn't there?

But Peter continued knocking (v. 16). That's right. Bang away! If Christians won't bestir themselves at your first call, hammer at them until they do. There is nothing like persistency, for overcoming the sluggishness and sloth of half-hearted faith. The preacher, or the teacher, or the parent, or the Christian worker in any sphere, who turns away from the door of a heart he wants to enter, simply because it isn't opened at first call, isn't really deserving of success in his mission. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." If it isn't opened the first time, knock again. If it isn't opened after ten times knocking—continue knocking until it is opened. When the door is opened, you can enter in. But until it is opened, your duty is to keep up a knocking.—H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

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"No."

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Of New York.

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER.

We lay before our readers, on the fifth page of this issue, the best offer, in connection with their subscriptions, ever offered by any newspaper in the world. A careful reading of the advertisement will pay you. It will be noticed that every subscriber has two opportunities:

First—He may have the Weekly Blade for two years for $1. We say "may have," but practically this means "will have," because what subscriber to the Weekly Blade cannot guess who will be the next President?

Second—He has opportunity of competing for one among over two hundred premiums, amounting to over $4,000. Every subscriber has a chance of obtaining one of them.

This plan has been carefully worked out, and we are prepared to receive over 250,000 orders during the next six weeks. We confidently expect more than 100,000 of our regular subscribers to renew on this basis at once; and just how many new subscribers will take advantage of this plan, depends upon how well our readers will circulate this annoucement to their neighbors and friends.

To avoid confusion, and to facilitate the work in the counting-room, we suggest the following:

Notice there will be seven coupons published, one week apart, each week being numbered. This week's coupon is No. 6. We ask every subscriber who has not sent in his renewal, to do so at once upon Coupon No. 6, no matter when your subscription expires. It will be advanced one year from date of expiration. We wish to enter all renewals at once.

Furthermore, we ask every subscriber to see that all other coupons that you have and will receive, are used by some one of your neighbors. And please see that every coupon you receive is used by some one.

Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

The Democratic free trade theorists are circulating a document among the farmers, which tells a lamentable tale of how they hitch a taxed horse to a taxed wagon by means of taxed harness and drive it to town, where they buy such and such, taxed so and so. They omit to say, however, that the wagon now costs $50 instead of $125, as it did a few years ago; that the lumber it brings back from town costs $12 where then it cost $30; that it is put together with nails costing $2.75 a keg, instead of $7; that it is painted with paint costing $7 per 100 pounds instead of $11, and mixed with linseed oil costing 45 cents a gallon where then it cost $1. These phases of Republican taxation do not get into Democratic documents.

The Memphis Appeal-Avalanche, referring to the old soldiers whose pension bills Cleveland vetoed, says that they were "dead beats who could not secure pensions through the Pension bureau, and who had special bills introduced into Congress to give them relief." This is the usual style of the soldier-hating element of Democracy. There must necessarily be many cases in which, for one cause or another, the applicant is deserving, but which are not covered by the general pension law. A special bill is needed for every such case. To stigmatize such applicants as "dead beats" is not only false, but brutal.

Tammany has done a most significant thing in the nomination of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles for Congress. This nomination was a bitter disappointment to Gen. Martin T. McMahon, who roundly denounced Gen. Sickles as a bolter a few days ago in an interview with the New York Herald. Gen. Sickles's opinion of Cleveland is well known, and it would seem that it coincides very accurately with that of Tammany, otherwise the General would not be endorsed. The regular Democratic nominee against Sickles is Dewitt C. Warner.

THE PROHIBITIONIST VOTE.

We observe that the Prohibitionist party organs are making frantic appeals to voters to stand by their party, to "vote as they pray," to "vote for principle," and so on. All that would be good advice if there were really anything to be gained for the cause of morality and of temperance by men throwing away their votes in a great national contest, in which the Presidency and control of the law-making department of the government are at issue. Unfortunately for them, there is nothing to be gained—for temperance cannot be made a political issue, nor can it be furthered by voting in the air.

Some months ago an effort was begun—and we believe it was pushed vigorously—to get one million voters to pledge themselves to vote the Prohibition ticket on November 8—the pledge not to be binding unless one million actual voters signed it. We have heard nothing of it lately, and presume that the hoped for million voters did not materialize. But had they done so, and all voted the Bidwell ticket, it would really not have helped the temperance cause one iota. The highest court in the land, the court of last resort—the Supreme court of the United States—decided, in the California cases, that the liquor traffic is not a matter under the control of the federal government; that it belongs entirely to the states, which may tax, regulate, license or prohibit, as they shall see fit.

Do our friends realize what that decision means? It means just this: that so long as the federal constitution remains as it is, Congress can do nothing to suppress the liquor traffic. It has not the constitutional power to do so for the whole country. It may do so in the few territories left, and in the District of Columbia, but it can not legislate in this matter for the states.

"But," says the enthusiastic political Prohibitionist, "we will amend the constitution of the United States; we will put prohibition into it." Yes, but how is the constitution amended? Any amendment has to receive the affirmative vote of the legislatures of three-fourths of the whole number of states. As these now number 44, it would require the assent of 33 state legislatures. Not even the most sanguine political Prohibitionist imagines that such an amendment could pass the legislatures of 33 states. The individual states must first be won for Prohibition; hence it comes back to a state issue again; and the absolute hopelessness and nonsense of trying to make it a national issue is apparent.

Another argument used in the endeavor to hold voters in line for the political Prohibitionist ticket, is that "the party is growing." So it is; but the whole voting population of the country is growing; the Republican and the Democratic parties are growing—and faster than the political Prohibition party. Let us look at the figures. The four years from 1884 to 1888 were those of greatest activity in political Prohibition. The vote of that party in 1888 for Fisk was 98,098 more than that for St. John in 1884. But the Republican vote increased 591,882 in the same time, and the Democratic vote increased 527,216. The political Prohibition party is not growing in relative size. It will never be more than a minority faction.

The reason is, that it attempts a moral reform by political methods. Temperance and prohibition must come through education and moral growth, not through political action. The political Prohibitionist vote by no means represents the strength of the sentiment in favor of Prohibition. It has not one-tenth the supporters that the latter has. The men who vote its ticket this year are simply wasting their votes. The issue to be decided is the tariff question, and the only way to make a vote count on that issue is to vote either the Republican or the Democratic electoral and Congressional tickets. The effort that is wasted in trying to build up a party on the prohibition issue should be spent in educational, not political, channels. You can not legislate humanity into morality. The enlightenment of the people, the lifting them to a higher moral plane, must be the means whereby to abolish the liquor traffic and *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

Representative Tom Watson, of Georgia, discusses "The Negro Question in the South" in a paper published in the October Arena, and thus pays his respects to the silly bugaboo of the "force bill:"

> To the emasculated individual who cries "negro supremacy!" there is little to be said. His cowardice shows him to be a degeneration from the race which has never yet feared any other race. Existing under such conditions as they now do in this country, there is no earthly chance for negro domination, unless we are ready to admit that the colored man is our superior in will power, courage and intellect. Not being prepared to make any such admission in favor of any race the sun ever shone on. I have no words which can portray my contempt for the white men, Anglo-Saxons, who can knock their knees together and through their chattering teeth and pale lips admit that they are afraid the negroes will "dominate us."
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> The question of social equality does not enter into the calculation at all. That is a thing each citizen decides for himself. No statute ever yet drew the latch of the humblest home—or ever will. Each citizen regulates his own visiting list, and always will.

In his recent speech at Philadelphia, Senator Sherman said: "They tell us also that protection is a fraud upon the labor of the American people for the benefit of the few. What right has the Democratic party to-day to speak for the laboring men of this country? What measure has it adopted or proposed to advance their interests to promote their comfort or increase their pay?" This is an awkward question for the Democrats. They can not point to a single one.

In the Memphis, Tenn., Congressional district the People's party managers are holding night schools at which the negroes are being instructed how to cast their votes by the Australian ballot for that party's candidate. The old Bourbon element is terribly exercised over the matter, but they are powerless to help themselves. The men now managing the new party are familiar with the tricks by which frauds are perpetrated, and do not propose to allow them this year.

A vote for Weaver is a vote for Cleveland. It was only in the solid, Bourbon South that a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the nation was ever rotten-egged, and that was done by leading Democrats. Will the people of the North allow such insults to pass unnoticed? We do not believe they will.

And now Judge Gresham says the statement that he will vote for Cleveland was and is unauthorized. This, following Judge Cooley's denial that he is for Cleveland shows how rapidly the Democratic liar is being denounced.

Mr. Harrity seems to be troubled with too many smart men about him. Roosevelt's insult to the Irishmen is enough to drive every Irish-American from Cleveland.

WHAT WILL BE THE TOTAL VOTE THIS YEAR?

There is much speculation as to the dimensions of the total vote which will be cast for the Presidency on November 8 in the whole United States. Few people stop to realize how enormous the total voting population of this country has become; and fewer still have ever considered its rate of growth. It may be of interest to consider some facts relating to this, and to calculate, as nearly as possible with the data at the command of all, what the figure this year will be. The total vote cast at each Presidential election for the past sixteen years is given in the following table:

Year.	Total vote.
1876	8,412,733
1880	9,209,406
1884	10,044,985
1888	11,380,860

The increase in the total vote, from 1876 to 1880, was 10.5 per cent; from 1880 to 1884, it was 9 per cent; and from 1884 to 1888, it was 13.2 per cent. There were no new states admitted during this time, but five states have been admitted since 1888, whose vote will increase the total this year.

Suppose the ratio of increase for the states which voted in 1888 be the same as it was from 1884 to 1888—that is, 13.2 per cent. Take 13.2 per cent of the total vote of 1888, and we have 1,501,274 increase.

The five new states, at the state elections of 1890, cast an aggregate vote of 234,231. As these states are all filling up more rapidly than the older states, we can not be far wrong in estimating that the vote this year—as a Presidential vote is always larger than that at a state election—will show an increase of 10 per cent over their total vote in 1890. Then we shall have:

Total vote in 1890	234,231
10 per cent increase	23,423
Estimated vote, 1892	257,654

Now let us add these together, and get an estimate on the total vote of the entire Union this year:

Total vote, 1888	11,380,860
13-2 per cent increase	1,501,274
Estimated vote, new states	257,654
Probable total	13,139,788

If the ratio of increase is only 12 per cent, the total vote, on the above basis, would be 13,004,317; if it is only 11 per cent, the total vote will be 12,890,508; if it is 10 per cent, the total vote will be 12,776,600; if 9 per cent, the total will be 12,662,891.

If there is great apathy over the result, the vote will likely be less than this; it may be slightly greater. At any rate, it is safe to say that the total vote of the United States on the Presidency on November 8 next will probably not be less than 12,500,000, and probably not over 13,250,000. It may be that the ratio of increase will not be so great as 13.2 per cent; it may be as low as 10 per cent.

When the official vote of all the states is reported to the State department, it will be interesting to compare the actual figures with this estimate, and see how near the actual result this comes.

COOLEY, GRESHAM ET AL.

We do not suppose there is a Democratic paper in the United States which has not announced in a spirit of glee that Judge Cooley, Judge Gresham, and Wayne MacVeagh and Carl Schurz would vote for Cleveland. There appears to have been a concerted effort to make it appear that four very prominent Republicans have gone over this year to the free trade and "red-dog currency" Democracy. Let us examine the facts a little.

William H. Calkins, formerly a Representative in Congress from the state of Indiana, is now a citizen of the state of Washington. When the statement that Judge Gresham would vote the Democratic ticket was published, Mr. Calkins, who is an old personal friend, wrote to inquire if it were true. Judge Gresham replied that the statement was made without his authority and was "unauthorized and purely gratuitous." So that disposes of the lie as to Judge Gresham.

A Minneapolis newspaper man wrote to Edgar A. Cooley, who is a son of the distinguished Judge Cooley, asking him what truth there was in the report that his father would vote for Cleveland. The prompt reply was: "There is absolutely no truth in the story. I have it in writing from father." The judge himself has written a letter concerning the matter, in which he says:

> I am too old and too feeble a man to take any active part in politics, and while I have great personal regard for the Democratic nominee, I can't say that I am ready to indorse all the principles of the platform for which he stands by casting my vote for him. More than this I do not think it necessary for me to say.

We think these statements will settle the Democratic claims with regard to Judges Gresham and Cooley. There is no truth in either. As to Wayne MacVeagh, he has not acted with the Republicans since he left Garfield's Cabinet. Here is his record:

> Has not voted the Republican ticket for ten years.
> Mugwump member of Garfield's cabinet in 1881.
> Supported John Stewart, Democrat, for governor of Pennsylvania, in 1882.
> Refused to support Blaine in 1884.
> Did not vote at all, so far as known, in 1886.
> Supported Cleveland in 1888.
> Supported Pattison, Democrat, for governor of Pennsylvania, in 1890.

Hence the parade made of MacVeagh is a case of false pretenses. He is not a Republican, nor can he pose as one. As to Carl Schurz, he stumped the country for Cleveland in 1884, again in 1888, and has no more title to fellowship in the Republican party than has Cleveland himself. He is a Democrat, and the Republican party is glad of it. We prefer to have him on the other side, as he is a detriment to any party with which he affiliates.

The following paragraph, from a Washington special in the Atlanta Constitution, shows the astonishing depths to which partisan animosity will stoop to obtain a little political advantage. It need hardly be said that it is a lie from beginning to end. President Harrison, as we happen to know personally, entertains no such sentiments as are these attributed to him concerning federal elections:

> President Harrison has been in a furious rage since the result of the gubernatorial election in Georgia was known here Thursday morning. "I have washed my hands of the South," the President said, with considerable temper. "It is a land of rebels and traitors, who care nothing for the sanctity of the ballot, and I will never be in favor of making an active campaign down there until we can place bayonets at the polls. I am now more than ever in favor of ramming a force bill down their throats."

The Democrats are on the anxious seat concerning a number of Congressional districts in the South. Quite a number of Bourbon candidates are in jeopardy in districts that have hitherto been safely Democratic, and the combination of People's partyites and Republicans is being practiced in certain localities with sufficient strength to warrant a possibility of success.

Those who believe that it is the duty of the governemnt to raise revenue by taxing tea, coffee and sugar should vote for Grover Cleveland.

CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON.

For the second time in our history, Death has entered the White House, to find a victim in the wife of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The blow did not fall without warning, as it has been known for weeks that Mrs. Harrison was the victim of that fell destroyer, consumption, and that all the most loving care could do would be to smooth the pathway to the grave. But the blow is none the less severe to President Harrison. His domestic life was an extremely happy one, and the light of his home is extinguished forever.

Caroline Scott Harrison was in all respects a typical American woman. In every station in life to which she was called, she was a true, self-respecting woman, an example and an inspiration to her sex. She was a loyal, loving wife, a kind and careful mother, and found her greatest pleasures in domestic life. She married Benjamin Harrison when he was a young and struggling lawyer, with but little save his own indomitable will and perseverance, an honored historic name, and a determination to succeed. She was his inspiration and his helpmate, and as he rose by his talents she rose with him. An earnest and sincere Christian, her gracious sweetness charmed all, and endeared her to those privileged to admission to the circle of her friendship.

In this great sorrow which has come upon the President, he has the kindly sympathy of every one. The voice of political detraction is silenced in the presence of this great grief. The people mourn with him in the irreparable loss he has sustained. And they sorrow, too, over the passing away of one who was the incarnation of true womanhood, and who honored the nation by the manner in which she fulfilled her duties as the wife of the nation's Chief Executive.

STEVENSON AND LABOR.

It may be well for the Democratic voters who belong to labor organizations to review the attitude of the candidate of that party, Adlai Stevenson, toward organized labor. We give, for their edification, the main points of a letter written by Patrick M. McCall, of Streator, Ill., under date of August 5 of this year, and published in the Streator Free Press:

> I worked for his company from the time the bottom vein was reached in 1870 until Adlai pulled the union out root and branch in 1873. I can truly say I never met a greater tyrant, nor a man with less humanity during my life as a coal miner. In 1873 a contract was agreed between Adlai and the miners. He prepared it and one clause provided that it should remain in force one year, and no one should be discharged without good cause. Not many weeks after the contract was agreed to one of the ropes broke in the shaft, leaving but one to hoist and lower the men, and raise the coal. At that time the shaft was also in a very dangerous condition. The timbers were bulging and breaking, and the free passage of the cage was frequently obstructed. One afternoon the remaining cage, loaded with men, stuck in the shaft. From 4 o'clock until 10 at night it was suspended in the most perilous position between top and bottom, while the men below having no other means of escape, became alarmed for their own safety. There was no escapement shaft, no means of egress, and coming from the bowels of the earth 550 feet below could be heard the execrations of the men and pleadings for prompt relief. At any moment the unusual strain upon the rope might have precipitated the cage of human occupants to the bottom of the shaft, several hundred feet below. Women and children gathered around the top, screaming and praying for the safety of their husbands and fathers. Next morning, yielding to the prayers of their families, the men refused to work until the shaft was put in a safe condition. Adlai gave orders to discharge every man who did not report for duty. Realizing their extreme danger not a man reported, and all were discharged in face of a contract drawn up for one year. Adlai would listen to no reason, but said he had done with the union, and would get new men. In a short time the company's agent brought in 90 scabs, only one of whom could speak a word of English. The union miners called a meeting, and a committee was appointed to wait upon the scabs, acquaint them with the situation, and induce them to return whence they came. I was chairman of that committee, and was talking with the leading scab, when Adlai and another member of the company approached. Listening a moment he ordered us to leave the premises double-quick, threatening if we did not he would have us all in jail in less than an hour. This ended the interview, as the scab could not be seen afterward.
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> Union miners were defeated in that inhuman lockout in 1873 for simply demanding that their lives be not unnecessarily jeopardized. Such is the character of Adlai Stevenson, the scab employer and boss political headsman.

NEW LINE TO ARGENTINA.

On Saturday, the first steamships of the new American line to the Argentine Republic sailed from the port of New York. This is the first time we have had arrangements for regular communication direct with that country; and the fact is significant that the offerings of freight were so great that when she had her full cargo several hundred tons remained behind, which she was unable to take. Her load is said to have comprised a vast variety of manufactured articles, the larger bulk being of agricultural implements, binding twine, barbed wire and telegraph wire. The trip to Buenos Ayres will be made by the steamers of this line in 28 days, instead of three months, via Liverpool, which has hitherto been the only means whereby American goods could be sent there.

The establishment of the new line was rendered practicable by the postal aid law of the last Republican Congress, giving a subsidy for carrying our outward-bound mails. France established a similar line twelve years ago, by offering a liberal subsidy. As a result, her exports to the Argentine Republic increased from $8,000,000 in 1880 to $27,000,000 in 1888.

Germany followed the same policy, and her exports to Argentine rose from $2,000,000 in 1880 to $29,000,000 in 1888.

Now the United States has adopted the policy which has become the rule with all great commercial nations, including Great Britain, and we may expect to see our trade with Argentine grow as has the commerce of Germany and France. "Trade follows the Flag."

The phenomenal dcline in British trade is vividly shown by a recent paragraph in a British paper, which states that a splendid four-mast iron bark, of 2,000 tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her. And why? Because every Australian colony now has a protective tariff, and they are manufacturing their own goods instead of buying them from England. And that's what's the matter with free trade Great Britain.

The bunting in the American flag is "tariff taxed 22 cents a yard," says the Democratic orator, and yet it costs in the United States only 20 cents a yard. The American Economist on this point pertinently remarks: "Every patriotic American from ocean to ocean can thrill at the sight of our starry flag made of bunting that costs exactly 2 cents per yard less than this imaginary 'tax.' Do American citizens want their country's banner made of foreign bunting to advertise the factories and mills of the British? For such would be the ultimate result of free trade."

There is free trade in anthracite coal. And yet the greatest combine in the world is in anthracite coal. Free trade makes combines and trusts.

FREE TRADE FALLACIES.

Our free trade friends have been for years talking about "the markets of the world," and telling the people that all we need do in order to possess them is to adopt free trade. Where are those markets? Will some free trader tell us? Every civilized nation in the world has a tariff more or less protective, except Great Britain alone. She buys our breadstuffs, our cotton, our petroleum, and free trade would not increase our sales of these things, unless it closed our cotton factories and compelled us to buy British cotton goods, in which case the cotton our mills now work up would be sent across the sea; but no greater market for cotton would be created. The decrease in the amount manufactured here would balance the increase in exports to England, and the planters get no benefit.

The adoption of free trade by us would not increase our exports to any protected country. How could it? Tariffs are imposed to obtain money to meet governmental expenses. Would the establishment of free trade by us cause other countries to repeal their tariffs? Does any man of common sense believe it? Certainly not. Then where are the "markets of the world," of which free traders so glibly prate? They must exist, if at all, among the savages of Africa, the natives of the islands of the Pacific, and half-civilized peoples in general. Let us look at the facts in the case, and see whether we have a fair chance at even their trade.

Russia and England have appropriated practically the whole continent of Asia, except China (and Japan), wherein we may buy, if we will, but we can sell nothing. Holland owns the great islands adjacent to the Asian coast, and England possesses the remainder, being in absolute control of their commerce. What is there for us in Asia or the adjacent islands that would make it worth the giving up of the very largest market in the world—the home market of the United States—to England?

Africa is no better for us than Asia. The great powers of Europe have, within the past few years, divided that vast continent among themselves. Great Britain has commercial control of Egypt; France has all northern Africa from Egypt west to the Atlantic. Russia is taking the first steps toward establishing a protectorate over Abyssinia, the Congo Free State is under the control of Belgium, anb the vast region of equatorial Africa is divided among Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy. Southern Africa is in England's grasp. What is there for us in Africa?

Australia and New Zealand are parts of the British Empire. Great Britain, Germany and France have, within the past ten years, seized every island or island group in the Pacific not already under some European flag. The Sandwich Islands are independent, but Great Britain would establish a "protectorate" over them to-day were she not afraid that the United States would resist such aggression, even by a resort to arms. What is there among the islands of the sea for the United States?

Let us now look at what remains. It is all of the American continents south of the Dominion of Canada—ourselves, Mexico, the Central and South American republics. Under the masterly and far seeing statesmanship of James G. Blaine, our new tariff law had sections inserted making provision for reciprocity. Under these provisions, we have succeeded in getting an exchange of commercial advantages that puts us ahead of our European competitors. These reciprocity treaties have aroused the opposition of Great Britain and other European commercial nations. The Chilean trouble was aggravated by English interference against our commerce. Great Britain has attempted to seize that portion of Venezuela adjoining her colony of Guiana, and a squadron of our war vessels has been sent there to protect our own interests. The insurrections and troubles in Honduras and British Colombia were fomented by British commercial interests, to maintain English monopoly of their trade, as against us. In Canada the Tory element is trying to prevent our goods from finding sale there. They wish us to buy of them, but do not wish to buy in return. Look the world over, and say if Blaine's master mind did not reach the wise conclusion that the only markets we could hope to obtain that are worth the effort, are those of our sister republics of this continent?

That is the situation. Now comes the Democratic party, demanding that we shall adopt free trade, throw our own markets open to our commercial competitors, on the moonshine plea that we will thus obtain "the markets of the world." Let them show us where those markets are that we can obtain, other than what we have obtained by that reciprocity they falsely call a "sham." Let them drop theory and face the hard facts of the situation, the world over, as it really is. There are no "world's markets." Those worth having are fenced in by tariffs, and reciprocity has enabled us to abrogate these as to certain articles with advantage to us and our reciprocity neighbors. To give up protection is to throw away the advantage whereby we gained what we have.

THEN AND NOW.

In 1856 the Michigan Central, Chicago & Burlington and Illinois Central roads refused to take any more bills purporting to be issued by banks in Georgia and Tennessee. They added, "We believe the bills are good and will ultimately be paid, but they form part of an illegitimate system of banking." This stirred the business men of Chicago to action, and immediately after the promulgation of it, they prepared a memorial to the banks of the city, soliciting their aid in "suppressing and driving out of circulation all Georgia and Tennessee money," believing it to be, as they said, "highly injurious to the interests of their community and unworthy of a longer credit." As a result the banks of Chicago agreed not to receive the specified notes on deposit, and a desperate effort was made to rid the currency of their presence. This is only a bit of history liable to happen again should the Democratic idea of wild-cat currency, as embodied in the platform adopted at Chicago, go into effect.

The mortality in official families during the present administration has been remarkably great. President Harrison's wife has joined the silent majority; ex-Secretary of State Blaine lost two sons and a daughter; Secretary of the Navy Tracy his wife and a daughter, and Secretary of the Treasury Windom, Supreme Court Justices Stanley Matthews, Samuel F. Miller and Joseph P. Bradley have all died.

The new German military bill contemplates a peace establishment for the army of 492,000. The term for infantry service is two years. **This is a part of the price people pay for allowing kings to rule them.**

OUR OFFER EXPLAINED.

We tried to make our great offer, given in the first two columns of the 5th page of this issue of The Blade, as plain and clear as possible; but there are a few persons who have written to us, who seem not to understand it clearly. Let us try to make it plain:

You fill out the coupon according to your best judgment, inclose it in a letter with $1, and send it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

As soon as we receive your letter, you will be credited with one full year's subscription to the Weekly Blade.

Immediately after the Presidential election, on November 8, if the candidate is elected whose name you wrote in the first blank on the coupon, you will have a second year's subscription credited to you on our books.

Then, as soon as the total vote of each state is reported to the state department at Washington, and the total vote of the whole country for President is officially ascertained, we shall award the premiums to those who came nearest that total. To the one who guesses the total vote, we will give $500 in cash; to the one coming nearest to it, $100; and so on down the entire list.

Understand, if you name the man who is elected President, you get an additional year's subscription, whether you get one of the premiums or not.

That is to say—for the $1 you send us, you get—

First—A year's subscription to The Blade;

Second—Another year's subscription, if you guess who will be elected President;

Third—A chance to receive the $500 or some other of the premiums.

Meantime, rush in your coupons! The time is getting very short, and no coupon will be in the contest which is not received by the time specified in the offer.

CLEVELAND AND LABOR.

It is a singular fact that Grover Cleveland has always, when in a position to do so effectively, placed himself in opposition to any measure which is really of benefit to the workingmen of this country. His advocacy of free trade is a case in point. Nothing possible in the way of legislation could so injure the wage-workers of the country as a "tariff for revenue only" law. But, aside from this, his official record as the opponent of measures for the benefit of the working classes is a long one. Read it carefully:

> While Governor of New York Grover Cleveland was opposed to the following labor measures:
> He vetoed the mechanics' lien law bill, making the wages of workmen engaged in the constructions of buildings a first mortgage on the property.
> He vetoed the life and limb bill, making employers responsible for accidents happening from imperfect machinery or inferior contruction of building.
> He vetoed the tenement house cigar bill, forbidding the manufacture of cigars in tenement houses.
> He vetoed the bill compelling elevated roads of New York to charge only five cents fare.
> He vetoed the printer's bill, requiring all the state work to be done by union workmen.
> He vetoed the bill making ten hours a legal day's work for all street car employes.
> He vetoed the bill abolishing convict labor in prisons, although this proposition, when submitted to the popular vote of the people, was carried by a majority of 60,000.
> He vetoed the child labor bill, providing for the inspection of factories where children were employed, and prohibiting the employment of children under 14 years of age.
> He signed a bill compelling the stationary engineers of New York city to pay a tax of $2 per year to the police pension fund or be debarred from following their vocation.
> He signed the bill reducing the fees of the New York harbor pilots, which will benefit only the foreign steamship moopolies.
> In addition to these, while President, he refused his approval to a bill, passed unanimously by both houses of Congress to prevent the employment of alien or convict labor on government work.
> He vetoed the bill establishing a department of labor and making the secretary of said department a cabinet officer.

THE MONETARY CONFERENCE.

On November 22, the international monetary conference, called by the United States, will meet at Brussels. There will be eighteen nations represented—our own, and seventeen countries of Europe. The leading ones of these are Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and France. The latter is accompanied by all the other countries of the Latin Union—Belgium, Italy, Spain, Greece and Switzerland. Then comes the Scandinavian countries—Denmark, and Sweden and Norway. To these are added Portugal, Servia, Roumania and Holland.

What the outcome of the deliberations of this conference will be, it is impossidle to forecast. All depends upon the attitude of these four countries toward silver—Great Britain, Germany, France and Austria-Hungary. The countries of the Latin Union will follow France. The Scandinavian countries will follow Germany and Great Britain. And these great countries will be swayed largely by what they deem their own best interests. Meanwhile, there is no solution to the silver problem possible other than an union of all the great commercial nations of the world in an agreement upon a new ratio of silver to gold, and the opening of all their mints to the free coinage of silver at that ratio. No one country, no combination of our own with the small European countries, can do this. The great commercial nations — Great Britain, Germany and France—must join with us to make it effective.

Not one fact or figure has yet been adduced by the Democrats to discredit Peck's statistics. The proof is all the other way. The preliminary report of the mechanical and manufacturing industries of New York city and Brooklyn, which was prepared under the direction of Frank Williams, the special agent in charge of statistics of manufactures of the eleventh census, coming as it does upon a similar statement of the New York manufacturers, which showed an increase of 127 89-100 per cent in wages, proves conclusively that Mr. Peck was accurate in his figures. The New York bulletin also showed an increase in the number of hands employed. The Brooklyn report does the same thing, and also shows an increase in wages paid from $4.73 per hand paid in 1880 to $6.05 in 1890, or 27 91-100 per cent. These things make the free traders squirm, but they are helpless. Facts, not theories, are what the people want.

Here is an illustration of the fact that free trade theories do not "work out" in practice, which we find in the Chicago Journal: The proprietors of a carriage factory in Fairfield, Iowa, became frightened at the increased duty in the new tariff law on linseed oil, and as soon as the bill passed bought it by the car load at 61 cents per gallon, expecting that the price would go much higher; but, instead of that, it soon began to decline, until now the proprietors are buying it at 39 cents. The reason is very simple. The enhanced duty decreased imports; our home linseed oil mills went energetically to work to supply the increased demand thus created, and competition among them put the price down.

SOETBEER'S SILVER PLAN.

One plan which will be submitted to the coming international monetary conference at Brussels is that of Dr. Soetbeer, which, from its author's deservedly high position as an authority on financial statistics, will certainly receive careful consideration. Dr. Soetbeer is a bimetallist, but he by no means is indifferent to the grave difficulties surrounding a return, by the great commercial nations of the world, to practical bimetallism. His object has been to overcome them to some degree, and give to silver a larger monetary use without endangering the existing standards of value in any country. It is to be remembered that the monetary conference is called to discuss methods for giving silver a larger use as a money metal. To do this, Dr. Soetbeer proposes to give it a larger place to fill; and if this can be done by substituting it in certain directions for gold or paper, there is a double gain—the increase in the total amount of money in circulation, and the release of gold from hand-to-hand circulation, allowing its fuller use as the world's international money metal.

Dr. Soetbeer's scheme is complicated as to details, which need not be considered at present; but its main feature is simple enough. It is, that all small gold coins and paper notes shall be retired from circulation, and coined silver be used entrely in ther stead. The gold would be recoined into larger coins, and the paper be called in and reissued in notes of higher denominations. For instance, if the limit were fixed at $10 then no smaller gold coins nor paper notes for less than $10 would be issued, and silver would be exclusively used in the payment of smaller amounts. The plan suggested would not make very much difference to us in the United States, where no gold is now coined of less value than $5—and it is not probable the limit would be fixed any higher than that. All the $1 and $2 notes now in circulation would have to be called in and their place filled by the silver dollars. It would make far more difference with France and Germany, where small gold coins are far more largely used than with us.

Dr. Soetbeer also proposes to change the coinage ratio of silver to gold. This will be the most difficult matter the monetary conference will have to consider. Every intelligent man knows full well that, if the world is to have real bimetallism, the ratio will have to be readjusted. Probably every member of the conference admits it; but the great cost of calling in the silver coins now in circulation, and recoining them, with a considerable addition to the silver in each, will be a step which the continental nations of Europe will be slow to take. They recognize its justice, but demur at the cost.

Dr. Soetbeer proposes the ratio of 20 to 1. It is difficult to see why he proposes to supplant a false ratio by another also false. The ratio of 16 to 1 was the real ratio existing between the market values of silver and gold at the time it was established. The market ratio is now nearly 25 to 1. The value of silver is undoubtedly going to go still lower than it now is. Even the much larger use of silver that would come by the extension of its use as money by all the great nations of the world, could not prevent its decline. It would make it slower, that is all. The ratio should anticipate this rather than anything else; for it is impossible to fix on a compromise between the market price to-day and that which existed in the past, but will never exist again.

INSULTING IRISHMEN.

The Hon. Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, treasurer of the National Democratic committee, and formerly minister to Holland under Cleveland, has written a book. It is on the subject of farming. The title is "Five Acres Too Much," and is after the style of Thoreau and his "Walden." Yet it contains language insulting to every Irishman in this country.

On page 50 is the following:

> The inhabitants of the Emerald Isle are certainly a magnificent race, especially when their biographer does not happen to own a house which has strayed on their land, and does not want to run for alderman; and if they did not lie, steal, cheat, rob, murder, get drunk, perjure themselves, quarrel, fight, and insist upon damages unreasonably, they would be almost as good as other nations.

It may be said by way of explanation that the writer on establishing his farm of "Five Acres Too Much," had occasion to move the materials for a house from Nantucket to Flushing. At the latter place they were landed on a wharf where an Irishman, named Barney, claimed that they had no right to be landed, and as he held a lease of the property, he wanted damages. The writer reviews the incident and supplements it with his apostrophe of the Irish people, as cited. In another paragraph he likens the Irishmen to monkeys. Here is what Grover Cleveland's right hand man says:

> My five acres at Flushing were located on the top of a hill called Monkey Hill; why so called I cannot imagine. To be sure there was a settlement of Irish on one declivity near a salt meadow, but even supposing that, by a stretch of the imagination, Irishmen can be converted into monkeys, that is of comparatively modern date, whereas our Dutch ancestry named the hill generations back. I wander through Monkey Town occasionally, admiring the originality of its Celtic architecture, puzzling myself over the buildings to find out which are pig pens and which houses, for the pig pens are so like houses and the houses so like pig pens, that it is hard to tell them apart.

The Democracy, and especially that portion close to Cleveland, the mugwump importer and free trader, loves England and hates Ireland. To these close friends of Cleveland the Irishman is a drunkard, and a thief and a monkey. Read Roosevelt's language. President Harrison kept Patrick Egan in office when the Democratic press was howling with one voice for his removal, and Egan, not scared by the Chilean mobs, did not run cowardly away.

The Irishmen of this country will not forget this action and will remember their friends on election day.

Four Presidents have died in office, and in three of them the Vice President who succeeded to the Presidency was a dire failure—the exception being Chester A. Arthur. There is more attention being given in the East among sound money Democrats, and especially among the Democratic business men of New York city, to the status of Adlai Stevenson on political questions, than a Vice Presidential candidate ever elicited before. Mr. Cleveland's life is not a good "risk," in life insurance parlance. There is much chance of his dying in office, if elected. Then what of Stevenson? He is a greenbacker and free silver man; and there are many sound money Democrats who will quietly vote for Harrison on this account alone.

Why should Democrats object to the establishment of the tin plate industry in the United States? Is it because it will injure their British allies?

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

DOES YOUR TIME EXPIRE IN NOVEMBER?

We have in store for our readers next year many things of great value and importance, not only in the line of department features, bright serials, and other literary improvements, but announcements of importance to those who desire articles of worth and utility in connection with the paper.

The majority of those of our subscribers whose time expires in November have already renewed under our coupon offer. To all others, we make the following offer, for the month of November only. We have just secured a few hundred copies of two elegant pictures, which we shall offer free to those subscribers who renew during November. These pictures are true copies of:

First, "The Landing of Columbus," the original of which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Second, "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," the original of which is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city.

The copies which we offer are printed on plate paper, size 17 by 24 inches. In detail of execution, they are wonderfully correct, and in color are exact reproductions of the originals. These two pictures should be in the homes of every American citizen. There is just now a wonderful interest in the history of the times of Columbus, and these two pictures are copies of the only paintings in America of those historic times. They would retail in any art store at one dollar each. Buying them in quantities, as we do, at 25 cents each, either one of them would be an elegant premium in connection with the Weekly Blade at one dollar.

But we propose, during the month of November, to present a copy of both of these pictures to every subscriber whose time expires in November, who sends us $1, for his renewal.

No other paper in the United States will this season make so good a premium offer as ours. We do not promise to extend this offer beyond November, because it is uncertain whether we can obtain these pictures for any length of time. One reason for making this offer is that we are determined to secure the renewal of every Blade subscriber whose time expires in November.

In addition to this, we have just printed and bound a THIRD ED[illegible] of the premium book, "Nasby in [illegible]," announced in another column, [illegible] already exhausted 10,000 cop[illegible] newals for the past three [illegible] Those of our November subsc[illegible] do not care for the coupon [illegible] the above picture offer, m[illegible] a copy of "Nasby in Exile" i[illegible] connection with their renewal at $1 during November.

Or, during the month of November only, those who will send us $1.25 for their renewal of the subscription to The Blade, may have BOTH the above pictures, AND ALSO a copy of "Nasby in Exile," as well as the Weekly Blade for one year.

Please bear in mind that these offers are for November only. What we shall do beyond November, depends entirely upon our arrangements for supplies. We are quite certain November will exhaust our stock of pictures, and we shall be unlikely to print another edition of "Nasby in Exile." It would be very remarkable, we think, if as many as a dozen of our subscribers whose time expires in November should refuse to renew their subscriptions under one of the various remarkable offers for renewal that appear in this week's paper; and, as a matter of curiosity, we should be glad to have a postal card from the very few who may decide not to renew in November, giving their reasons for not doing so.

A BIT OF TARIFF EXPERIENCE.

The McKinley bill increased the duty on scissors ten per cent. We had handled one German manufacturer's goods for many years. After the McKinley bill was in force, his son called upon us for our regular importation order. I said to him: "I am afraid that I can not buy of you hereafter; I see that the duty has been increased ten per cent. What are you going to do about it?"

"I shall take your order at the old prices," said he.

"Then you must have been making a large profit off us before," I said, "if you can pay ten per cent more duty and yet sell at old prices."

"No," said he, "we did not have a large profit, for you know that the competition in these goods among German manufacturers is very sharp; but we have had to re-arrange things for the new condition, and we shall divide this ten per cent duty among three of us. The steel manufacturers have agreed to reduce their price a trifle; our workmen must work for a little less wages, and we must accept a smaller profit. But you get your goods at old prices."

Yet the college-bred youth informs us that the consumer always pays the tariff.

One more.

There isn't a gun-barrel made in the United States, or wasn't two years ago. There was a tariff of 10 per cent upon them. A great many were brought here and used in our gun factories. They cost $2.50 each in New York, duty paid. McKinley was on the lookout for everything that would help an American workman. He fancied it would be of benefit to admit gun-barrels duty free, and they were put on the free list.

Our college professors teach that to take off the duty means a reduction in price, but the ignorant Belgian manufacturers are not college-taught. They understand that a tariff is a tax, for they had been paying it, and when they learned that the duty was removed they promptly advanced their prices 10 per cent. So gun-barrels remained at the old price, and Uncle Sam lost the duty.

Still another.

Just after the McKinley bill was passed, two years ago, a gun dealer told The Blade that prices would advance, and that the poor man was discriminated against. William had put a heavy tax on revolvers and made life a burden to the tender-hearted dealer. At that time we were paying $1.45 for an excellent self-cocking revolver. McKinley added a dollar duty, and, of course, the price ought to have climbed up that much. But I am sure you will be pained to know that the jobbing price of that revolver to-day is $1—and even a silver dollar, worth only 65 cents, buys one!

I trust example is better than precept. But every one who has been to college knows that the tariff is a tax—on somebody. WM. H. MAHER.

A Republican exchange pertinently remarks that, judging from Cleveland's letter of acceptance, he is in exact harmony with his party platform upon only a single point, namely, that free and fair elections are essentially un-Democratic, and that there must be no interference with the machinery of fraud, false counting, violence and blood, which keeps the South solidly Democratic.

DO YOU WANT $500

And a Chance to Get the Weekly Blade FREE for One Year?---If So, Read This Announcement.

THE BEST OFFER WE EVER MADE!

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the one nearest.
3—$50 to the next
4—$25 to the next
5—$20 to the next
6—One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7—One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8—One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
9—One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
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16—$19 to the next
17—$18 to the next
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55—$10 to the next
56—$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out, write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places; then cut the coupon from the paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed.

Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890)	36,489
South Dakota (governor, 1890.)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890.)	31,090
Washington (congress 1890.)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890.)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890.)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 3. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can influence your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blank. This Coupon is worth $1 if accompanied by $1.50 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe ______________ will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.

This is a ______________ Subscription.

If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be ______________

Name ______________

Post Office ______________

County ______________

State ______________

Date ______________ 1892.

No. 6.

Read it carefully; fill in the blank, cut it out and send it with one dollar to

"THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

A NEW SERIAL.

A Story by an Able Eastern Writer, Fresh and Unhackneyed in Plot, and Extremely Interesting.

In the issue of The Weekly Blade of November 10, we shall begin the serial publication of a new story by Irving Bacheller, a rising New York author. It is entitled

"THE UNBIDDEN GUEST,"

and several well-known critics who have read it express themselves regarding it with much enthusiasm. One of these is from Howard Fielding, the noted litterateur, who says:

My Dear Sir:—I congratulate you heartily upon your story, "The Unbidden Guest." Its action passes in the midst of a dark subject, and bears its own illumination. The merit of a story is, unhappily, not a guarantee of its success; but in this case I feel sure that the excellence of the work will not be overlooked. That actor who is felt but not seen has impressed me deeply; and I know that his invisible hand will lead every other reader, as it led me, irresistibly from scene to scene, to the end. Yours sincerely,

HOWARD FIELDING.

"The Unbidden Guest" presents a new mystery to the reading world. One of the characters is simply a voice, whose owner is not revealed until the last chapter, when it points a moral with very telling effect.

We have read the story, and have no hesitancy in saying that The Blade's readers will be charmed with it. It is written in an entirely different vein from any serial we have published for a long time, and will afford an agreeable variation. Don't fail to read it.

CURRENT EVENTS

Russia invented wood paving.

England is as large as Iowa.

The photograph was made in July, 1839.

Kansas is said to have seven negro editors.

Steam first applied to sewing machines in 1873.

Yale college has about thirty female students.

There are 1,000 men to every 706 women in Greece.

Great Britain is reported to have 16,860 locomotives.

The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremberg in 1351.

The greatest depth of the Atlantic ocean is 27,366 feet.

Iron pavements were first laid in London in the year 1817.

The first steam laundry in America, 1872; in England, 1880.

Covered carriages were first used in England in the year 1580.

The first steam saw mill was erected in 1819 in Pennsylvania.

The first American paper money was made in the year 1740.

Advertisements in newspapers made their first appearance in 1652.

The first self-propelling steam fire engine was shown in New York in 1873.

It is very hard to convince a pretty girl that it is necessary for her to know anything.

A woman never knows what she wants until she finds out what other women have.

The first theater to be lighted throughout with electricity was the Gaiety in London in 1878.

The first stock quotations by cable from Paris to London were sent across the channel in 1851.

The origin of football is unknown, but the first mention of the game is in the reign of Edward III. (1349.)

It used to be customary for the "upper circles" of great Britain to eat four meals a day, while now they eat five.

When a woman says she doesn't love you but she likes you it means she'll jump into the river if you don't marry her.

The kilt is said to be almost extinct among the Scotch peasantry, who have adopted the less picturesque English style of dress.

The first wheat raised in the new world was sown on the island of Isabella in January, 1493, and on March 30 the crop was gathered.

A woman clerk can match a sample which has to be seen through a microscope, but a horrid man clerk wants a piece a yard long.

The poetry of love fills volumes, and the poetry of married life would fill a book or two if it were not for cook stoves, dishwashing and grocery bills.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of $100,000 a year, but the expenses of the post are so great that only a rich man can afford to fill it.

The Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he is obliged to carry his bed with him, as he cannot find one at any hotel long enough to hold all of him.

Juan N. Contreras, the weather and earthquake prophet of Guanajuato, has issued his warnings of another series of big shakes throughout Southern Mexico.

The redingote is coming into fashion again. As it is long enough to keep a woman warm enough without coal, its name might be changed to Reading coat.

How can materialists account for the fact that the spider has eight eyes? The spider came into existence before woman, but its creator knew that woman was coming.

Mme. Bertha de Colonne, the famous poet and author, is both blind and deaf. She is a young and beautiful woman and is happily married to an architect of European fame.

A pound of coal will produce enough coloring matter to dye 3,000 yards of cloth, and an equal amount of coal tar will yield enough antipyrine and other drugs to kill or cure a regiment.

Cremation, which was the regular mode of disposing of the dead among the ancient Romans, has had a revival in popular favor in modern Italy, where there are now 22 crematories.

James S. McGarry, of Franklin, Pa., was chosen supreme president of the Supreme council of the Catholic Mutual Benevolent association which concluded its session in Montreal last night.

Should a wife know her husband's income, is a question which a lot of disputationists are wasting time over. It does not matter a particle whether she should or shouldn't—she will.

The new sub-Treasury building at San Francisco has an electric burglar alarm installed between the rows of bricks, so that any interference with the bricks or cement will cause an alarm sound.

A woman's tombstone is the only one in England upon which the epitaph is written in shorthand. If a woman wrote the epitaph it probably had to be put in shorthand to get it all on the tombstone.

The Royal Geographical society of England has only granted its medal to two women—Lady Franklin and Mrs. Mary Somerville. It should now prepare another badge of honor to Mrs. Peary. She merits it.

The late census report on homicide shows that in those states which have abolished capital punishment—Wisconsin, Michigan, and Rhode Island—the ratio of murders is less than the average of the Northern States.

G. Vere Tyler, author of the remarkable novel, "A Prodigal Daughter," is not, as is generally supposed, a man, but a very charming young woman, of the same sort as Amelie Rives, and a daughter-in-law of Ex-President Tyler.

The first lighthouse built on this continent was built at St. Augustine, Fla. Its chief use was a lookout whence the Spanish people of the town could see vessels approaching from Spain or get notice of the coming of foes in time to run away.

Emperor William, after spending the greater portion of the day deer shooting around Vienna, departed for Dresden last evening. Emperor Francis Joseph escorted him to the railway station where the two monarchs exchanged affectionate farewells.

The condition of Prince Pedro, of Coburg, grandson of the late Dom Pedro, of Brazil, who became insane and was placed in the Doebling asylum, Austria, October 4, is unchanged. The prince is raving violently and cannot recognize his friends.

Edward Terry is the most word-perfect actor in England. He seldom or never finds occasion to "gag." The same thing is true of Mrs. John Wood. They both have a good memory, and do not require much study in order to perfect their respective parts.

One of the most significant curios in New York is a copper globe of the Lenox library. It is only 4½ inches in diameter, but it is believed to be the earliest globe to lay down the new discoveries by Columbus. It dates back to the first decade of the sixteenth century.

To-day

Hoods Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in prosperity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

JAPAN.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF IT?

Probably Very Little—The Blade Proposes to Tell You a Vast Deal of Interest About This Strange Country.

Mr. Robinson Locke, the editor of The Blade, has started for Japan, as we have already announced he would do. The party is made up of himself and wife, his mother, Mrs. D. R. Locke, and his brother, Mr. Charles Locke. He takes with him letters from the State department at Washington, which will secure for himself and party a cordial welcome in the highest official and social circles of the Japanese Empire.

The trip is undertaken for the express purpose of giving to the readers of The Blade accurate and interesting information concerning this wonderful country, its strange and interesting people. We believe the series of letters he will furnish will alone be worth to every reader far more than the cost of The Blade. If gathered into a book, illustrations and all, it would sell for at least twice the subscription price of the paper. This series will be illustrated by engravings made from

Photographs Taken on the Spot.

showing not merely those things with which you have been made familiar, but illustrating the life, the homes, the costumes and the habits of the people, both rich and poor, both the dwellers in the city and the dwellers in the country. Among the interesting features we will mention a few:

Japanese farming—their crops, mode of cultivating the ground, farm implements, animals, etc.—telling especially those points in which they differ in method from ourselves, with engravings of Japanese farms and farm life.

Japanese homes—the houses they dwell in, how they furnish them, how they dress, how the Japanese women conduct the household, their social customs, etc. Every lady reader of The Blade will be interested especially in this.

The Japanese shops and stores, their odd methods of traffic, the kind of goods they buy, their money and financial methods—much of which is entirely unknown to the masses of the American people.

These are but a few of the many points that will be treated in these letters, and all that we have room to mention this week. Further announcements will be made from week to week in these columns. The series will be called

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN,"

And they will form a special feature of The Blade for next year—a feature, too, which can be obtained only in its columns, as they are written exclusively for it and its patrons. Don't fail to renew your subscriptions in time. We cannot say how soon the series will begin. It requires about twenty days to travel from Toledo to Yokohama—the party going over the Canadian Pacific railway to Vancouver, British Columbia, thence by steamer across the Pacific ocean to Yokohama. As soon as the first letter and its photographs arrive, the latter will be at once engraved, and the publication of the series will begin.

Publishers' Desk.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

REID'S LETTER

Accepting the Republican Nomination for the Vice Presidency—A Clear and Able Document.

New York, Oct. 19.—Hon. Whitelaw Reid's letter accepting the Republican nomination for the Vice Presidency has been given to the public. It is as follows:

Hon. W. T. Durbin, Anderson, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—When the nomination with which the national convention had honored me was formally announced by your committee, I accepted it at once. In doing so, I accepted also the principles set forth in the resolutions adopted by the convention as the basis of its appeal to the popular suffrage.

To do other, or less than this, is to any honorable man, an impossibility. A political party is an association of citizens seeking to have the government conducted in accordance with its views, and presenting candidates whom it strives to elect for that purpose. To accept its nomination without intending to carry out its principles would be as dishonorable and as criminal as to procure goods under false pretenses.

There will be no misunderstanding as to the purposes of the Republican party in this contest and no doubt as to the attitude of its candidates. What it intends it has set forth in language that cannot be mistaken; and they will strive, by all the lawful means in their power to enforce its plainly expressed will. Since my interview with your committee, further reflection and careful attention to the arguments on both sides in the current public discussion have confirmed my belief in the wisdom of the Republican declarations, as well as in the lucid candor with which they have been presented.

Party Platforms.

The party platforms—so-called—are more important this year than usual. Both the leading candidates have once commanded the approval of the American people in its highest form of expression. Attention is therefore concentrated less on the men themselves and more on the principles each is put forward to represent, and would, in case of election, be required to carry out.

The declaration of our opponents demands a still closer scrutiny, since their victory now would give them the first opportunity they have had since 1859, to put in practice their policy. Never, since that date, have they had control at once both in the executive and legislative departments of the government. This year the election of a President clearly carries with it majorities in both houses of Congress.

It is obvious that, in the common judgment of the people in all parts of the country, the really vital issues which this year divide parties, and demand a popular decision, are those relating to the tariff and the currency. Fortunately both sides have stated their positions on these subjects with directness, simplicity and frankness. The issue thus made between the rival candidates for the popular suffrage are specially sharp and distinct. We favor a protective tariff, and when in full power, made the present one. Our opponents favor a tariff for revenue only and promise the repeal of the present one.

The Republican Position.

We maintain that the tariff should cover the difference in the cost of the home and foreign product, caused by the difference in the home and foreign wages for the labor employed upon it. Our opponents distinctly repudiated the proposition that American wages should be considered in the matter, and declared instead that a tariff levied for anything but revenue only was unconstitutional. As the London Times of September 28 very naturally remarked: "This policy, if fairly and logically carried out, is not to be distinguished from free trade, in the practical form in which we are familiar with it. If protective duties are unconstitutional, as was asserted at Chicago, no financial legerdemain can produce any other 'readjustment' than that which would naturally follow the removal of all imposts tending to bolster up particular branches of industry and commerce."

Should the American people now choose the Republican candidates, the present tariff would stand or, when amended, would only be so changed as to insure a closer conformity in practice to the principles on which it was made. If our opponents should be chosen, their Congress is pledged to the repeal of the present tariff and to the adoption of one arranged for revenue only, and their executive is pledged to the doctrine that a tariff having regard also for American wages is unconstitutional, so that the only new one that could escape the Presidential veto must be of the kind which the London Times considers equivalent to free trade.

The Present Tariff.

We maintain that the present tariff has worked well; that it has developed American manufactures, steadied and increased American wages and promoted the general prosperity. Our opponents deny that there has been any increase of prosperity under the present tariff, declare that wages have been reduced, and denounce Republican policy which, as they say, fosters no other industry so much as that of the sheriff.

We favor the system by which, when we think the country ready for the reduction or abolition of duties, we insist upon getting corresponding and reciprocal advantages from foreign countries as the condition of their enjoying these advantages in our own markets. Our opponents denounce this reciprocity as a sham; and therefore inferentially pledge themselves to its repeal.

The sharp issues thus presented for the decision of the American people, cover more comprehensively and more specifically than ever before the whole range of considerations relating to a protective tariff; its constitutionality, its expediency, its relation to wages, its practical workings and the question whether as it is from time to time reduced, we should throw away the advantages thus extended to foreign nations, or should get something in return for them.

Been Established.

The constitutionality of a protective tariff has heretofore been thought established. A tariff bill, avowedly for "the encouragement and protection of manufactures," was carried through the First Congress by James Madison, and was signed by George Washington. A third of a century later Andrew Jackson, in a message to Congress (December 7, 1830), maintaining the constitutionality of the protective system, said: "In this conclusion I am confirmed as well by the opinions of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, who have each repeatedly commended the exercise of this right under the constitution, as by the uniform practice of Congress, the continued acquiescence of the states and the general understanding of the people."

To this testimony from the men who made the constitution, and from the father of the modern Democratic party, may be added that of the latest high authority of that party on constitutional law, the Hon. George Ticknor Curtis, who recently said: "In common with many other Democrats, I can not subscribe to the doctrine that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. In drafting and voting for this resolution the members either showed dense ignorance of American political history, or they manifested a purpose to win votes by deceiving the voters. I can not, at the bidding of these gentlemen, unlearn the lessons of my whole life. If I can not claim to be an authority on such subjects, I can point out to others the true sources from which to derive interpretations of the constitution. They are to be found in the interpretations given by the First Congress, by Washington's administration, and by the succeeding administrations of Jefferson, Madison, John Quincy Adams and Jackson."

Been Vindicated.

The expediency of a protective tariff has been vindicated by the experience of the last 30 years—the most wonderful period of financial success over unheard-of difficulties in the record of modern civilization. Under it and by its aid the Republican management of our finances has resulted in the largest payment of a national debt in the shortest time known to history, and in the simultaneous development of the industries of the country and the prosperity of the people on a scale without a parallel.

Eight years ago, in a masterly public paper James G. Blaine called attention to the revelations of the United States census as to the net results of the labor and savings of the American people under the system of a protective tariff. The "true value" of all the property in the United States, excluding slaves, was set down in the census of 1860 at fourteen thousand millions of dollars—that being what there was to show for the toil of 250 years. With the success of the Republican party that year, the Republican protective policy, which has since prevailed, was introduced. In the census of 1880 the true value of the property in the United States was set down at forty-four thousand millions, or over double the entire growth in the previous 250 years.

We are now able to carry the comparison ten years further, through the disclosures of another decennial census. It appears that the property of the United States has been still further increased in the last ten years by fourteen thousand millions of dollars—making a total increase in the 30 years of Republican rule and a Republican protective tariff, of forty thousand millions of dollars, against the fourteen thousand millions earned in the previous 250 years.

The Issue Joined.

Our opponents join issue with us directly and positively on the effects of the present tariff. They deny that there has been any increase of prosperity under it, declare that wages have been reduced, and denounce our policy, saying, with a sneer, it fosters no industry so much as that of the sheriff. It has been a fortunate circumstance for an impartial public, which desires, above all, to ascertain the exact facts concerning such an assertion, that in the regular course of their official duty a number of Democratic officers have since been required to report the statistics in their several departments bearing upon the subject.

Such reports have been made, successively by the commissioner of Labor Statistics, the bank commissioner and the board of equalization of the state of New York, by the chairman of the Savings Bank commission and the chief of the bureau of labor statistics of Massachusetts, by the commissioner of the bureau of statistics of New Jersey, and by others. All these reports tend to show an increase during the year 1891 under the present tariff in wages, in the value of products, in the deposits in savings banks, or in building and loan associations, and in the value of real and personal property as fixed for purposes, not of speculation, but of taxation. In the state of New York alone these Democratic reports, all presented since the adoption of the Democratic platform, show the following results:

Net increase of wages, $6,377,925.09. Net increase of production, $31,315,130.68. Increase of savings bank deposits, $13,755,448.27. Net sum invested during the year in buildings and loan associations, $18,789,720. Increase in the valuation of the real and personal property of the state, $152,374,753.

Their Doctrine Refuted.

These official Democratic refutations of the Democratic denial that the country is prosperous are confirmed by the personal experience and observation of the people at large. They know that their own regions are not suffering from general calamities and in their communities other industries are more prosperous than that of the sheriff; and they may be left to form their own opinions of the degree of trust and power they should now give to a party thus eager to calumniate the country.

The market of the United States is the largest and best in the world, because our people, in proportion to their means and numbers, are the largest purchasers. The reciprocity policy so far adopted by the Republican party simply provides that where we now take off duties and give foreign products free access to this market we shall stipulate for corresponding advantages to our products on their markets. How an intelligent and candid American can object to this is incomprehensible, but the Democratic party has formally denounced it as a sham. At the close of the fiscal year June last, it has been in operation but a few months, and under all the disadvantages attending the opening of new lines of trade in foreign countries. Yet even then it had increased our trade with the foreign countries to which it had been applied nearly one-fourth. The exact increase was 23.78 per cent.

Still Greater Increase.

Since then there has been a still greater increase, amounting on September 1—the latest date to which the official statistics are yet available—to 27.6 per cent. The local value of our domestic exports to the countries with which we have reciprocity treaties since these have been in force down to August 31, 1892, amount to $104,406,516. The total value of our domestic exports to the same countries for the corresponding period of the year before these reciprocity treaties amounted to $81,837,232. The net value of the sham reciprocity therefore, to the United States, in this brief time, and during its infancy, was $22,569,284.

It is obvious that the new trade thus opened, particularly with our neighbors in Central and South America, is sure of a wide and far-reaching development. This trade lies at our doors and is with people naturally inclined to friendly commercial relations with us through kindred interest and political aspirations. It involves largely the exchange of products peculiar to each country and needed by the other; it opens new markets for our cereals, and vast fields for the use of our machinery and manufactures, and it must naturally bring with it also an annual increase of miscellaneous business between us and them, outside the articles directly affected by the treaties.

In short it reclaims American business which should belong to us but has heretofore crossed the Atlantic, and brings it to our ports. To abandon this system, which is absolutely equitable on both sides, which costs us nothing and which brings such results, would be madness; while to denounce it as a sham is as unpatriotic as it is untruthful. It is for the people, who are so generally benefited by it already, and who must see its promise of the future, to decide whether they should now intrust the care of it to the party which threatens the one and does the other.

Currency Issue.

Mr. Reid then defines the attitude of the two parties on the currency issue, paying especial attention to the wild-cat bank scheme of Democracy.

He speaks derisively of the Democratic attempt to sidetrack the real issues, on the Force bill switch, and advocates the revival of American shipping. In conclusion he says:

Not to enumerate further it may be fairly said that the present condition of the country and the general public confidence in the administration combine to form the strongest protest against subjecting the people to the shock and needless risk inevitable in such a change. A sudden reversal of policy is not what either the suggestions of ordinary business prudence or the obvious and general contentment of the people call for.

I believe your declaration of principles and your renomination of a prudent, spotless and successful President, will command the popular approval at the polls, and will, under God, inure to the continued benefit of our country.

Very respectfully yours,
WHITELAW REID.

Ophir Farm, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1892.

TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. CHAS. GATCHELL, of Chicago, in his "Treatment of Cholera," says: "As it is known that the cholera microbe does not flourish in acid solutions, it would be well to slightly acidulate the drinking water. This may be done by adding to each glass of water half a teaspoonful of Horsford's Acid Phosphate. This will not only render the water of an acid reaction, but also render boiled water more agreeable to to the taste. It may be sweetened if desired. The Acid Phosphate taken as recommended, will also tend to invigorate the system and correct debility, thus giving increased power of resistance to disease. It is the acid of the system, a product of the gastric functions, and hence, will not create that disturbance liable to follow the use of mineral acids."

Betting on Harrison.

New York Herald:—Mr. B. Mendham, of the Consolidated Exchange, has made a bet of $5,000 even with a fellow member of the Exchange that Harrison will be elected. Mr. Mendham has put up $5,000 more at the Exchange, which he is willing to wager on the same terms. As yet there are no other takers. He says he has made several smaller bets on Harrison.

A Physician's Duty.

Doctor A.—I certainly do not agree with those who say that we physicians allow too many of our patients to die.

Doctor B.—Neither do I, though, after all, it is not a physician's duty to prolong indefinitely the life of invalids.

Doctor A.—No. Quite the contrary.—European Exchange.

Corals of Various Kinds.

Corals of some kinds are found in all seas. Those stony formations popularly called corals are mostly produced within the tropics. Probably the variety best known is the red or pink coral, long esteemed for ornaments. This was found in the Mediterranean from a very early period. Now, however, it has become so rare as to be practically extinct.

Prices of Girls.

The latest market reports brought by travelers from Morocco quote girls from 10 to 13 years of age at $80 to $150. This is what they "fetch" in open market when the bidding is lively. The reports add that "slave merchants find the females most profitable from 10 to 20 years of age."

A New Way to Spend Vacation.

"When do you intend to take your vacation?"

"I am taking it now."

"But you are still in the city."

"Yes, but my wife and mother-in-law have gone to the country."—European Exchange.

A Business Transaction.

Notebroker—Let me see, dear; what is the date of the wedding?

His Fiance—October 7, sweet.

Notebroker—Ah, yes, and three days of grace will bring it to the 10th, love.—Judge.

A Good Barometer.

Pedler—Do you want to buy an excellent barometer, sir, very cheap?

"No, thanks, I've got a better barometer now than you can give me."

Pedler—Impossible, sir.

"Yes, I have, for I've corns on both feet."—European Exchange.

A Confession.

Clara—Have you always led such a fast life?

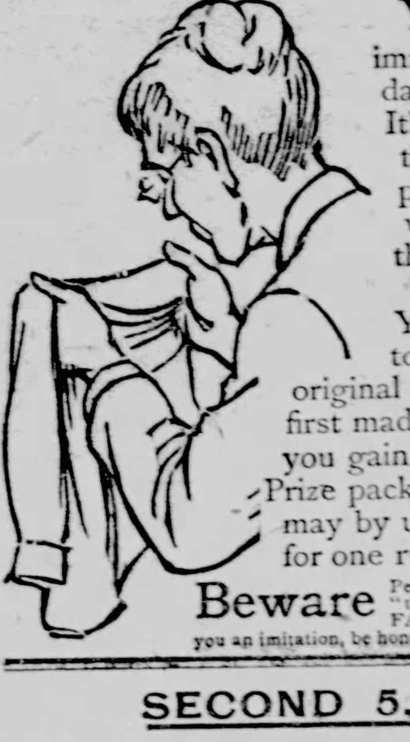
Charlie—No. I was once an A. D. T. boy.—N. Y. Herald.

EUREKA Butter Compound—An article for doubling the weight and bulk of butter without impairing its quality, but greatly cheapening it cost to consumers. We send post-paid for $1, a box of this compound, containing sufficient material to mix with fifty pounds of butter, with full directions for use. It preserves the quality of good butter, and improves the flavor of poor butter. Agents wanted on liberal commission. ECONOMY SUPPLY CO., La Crosse, Wis.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.

Contents—Dyspepsia and its causes. Experience of a sufferer. Liver complaint a twin disorder. Constipation a result of dyspepsia. Food to be taken. Food to be avoided. Mailed free to any address. JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass. Fourteen years City Treasurer.

GOLD-SILVER-NICKEL PLATING—A trade easily learned; costs little to start. I will furnish outfits and give work in part payment. Circulars Free. F. LOWEY, 191 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



You Needn't Look

immediately for the damage that dangerous washing compounds do. It's there, and it's going on all the time, but you won't see its effects, probably, for several months. It wouldn't do, you know, to have them too dangerous.

The best way is to take no risk. You needn't worry about damage to your clothes, if you keep to the original washing compound—Pearline; first made and fully proved. What can you gain by using the imitations of it? Prize packages, cheaper prices, or whatever may by urged for them, wouldn't pay you for one ruined garment.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 336 JAMES PYLE, New York.

SECOND 5,000 EDITION!

"NASBY IN EXILE."

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $3,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, using, however, a little lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage; and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—*except* that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of these chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can *only* be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50—as it contains exactly the same illustrations, the same reading matter (except that referring to Irish politics), and exactly the same as originally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Departure—"Shuffle Board"—The Betting Young Man from Chicago—"Dear, Sea-sickness is Only a Feminine Weakness—Lemuel Tibbitts, from Oshkosh, Writes a Letter—Every Sin I Had Committed Came Before Me—Off for London—Public Buildings, London—The Indian Policy—The Emetic Policy—A London Street Scene—A London Steak—"And is the Them Shanghai?"—Sol. Carpenter and the Race—Leaving for the Derby—By the Roadside—English Negro Minstrelsy—The Roadside Repast—The Betting Ring—"D—n the Swindling Scoundrel."

Egyptian Room, British Museum—A Bold Briton Trying the American Custom—A London Gin Drinking Woman—The Poor Man is Sick—"That Nigger is Mine"—St. Thomas Hospital—Interior of a Variety Hall—The Magic Purse—The Man Who Was Music Proof—Madam Tussaud—Wax Figures of Americans—"Digging Corpses is all Wrong"—Improved Process of Burke and Hare—Isle of Wight—The London Lawyer—The Old English Way of Procuring a Loan—"Beware of Fraudulent Imitations"—The Old Temple Bar—The Sidewalk Shoe Store—"Sheap Clodiak"—"Dake Dot Ring"—A Lane in Camberwell.

The Tower of London—The Jewel Tower—Sir Magnus' Men—Horse Armory—St. John's Chapel—St. Thomas' Tower—General View of the Tower—The Bloody Tower—Drowning of Clarence in a Butt of Wine—The Byward Tower from the East—The Beauchamp Tower—The Overworked Headsman—The Persuasive Rack—The Byward Tower from the West—The Middle Tower—The Beef Eater—The Flint Tower—The Traitor's Gate—What Shall We Do with Sir Thomas?

The Easiest Way—The Suits Come Home—The Candle Episode—The Little Bill—Getting Ready to Leave a Hotel—The Last Straw—The Cabman Tipped—The Universal Demand—The Lord Mayor's Show—A Second-Hand Debauch—The Anniversary Ceremonies—In the Harbor—Isle of Wight—The Unfinished Entries in the Diary.

Westminster Abbey—Exterior of the Abbey—Entrance to the Abbey—The Poet's Corner—Henry the VII.'s Chapel—Chapel of Edward—Effigy Room—The Abbey in Queen Anne's Time—"If She Ever Miscalculates She's Gone."—The Death of the Trainer—The Gorgeous Funeral Procession—Monument to the Trainer—The Side Show Zulu—The Lost Finger—On the Thames—Sandwiches at New Haven.

Off Dieppe—Four A. M.—"Have You Tobacco or Spirits?"—Fisher Folk, Dieppe—Fisher Woman, Dieppe—Fisher Boy and Child—The Boys of Rouen—Rouen—The Professor Stood Before It—Cathedral of Notre Dame—House of Jean d' Arc—Harbor of Rouen—St. Ouen, Rouen—The Showman in Paris—Bloss's Great Moral Spectacle—Tower of St. Pierre—Old Houses, Rouen—The Professor's Spectacles.

Old Paris—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—New Paris—The Louvre—A Boulevard Cafe—A Costume by Worth—A Magazine on the Boulevard—Mr. Thompson's Art Purchases—The American Party Outside a Cafe—The Avenue de L'Opera—Cafe Concerts—The Faro Bankeress—French Soldiers—Parisian Bread Carriers.

Queer, to Frenchmen—The Porte St. Martin—A Very Polite Frenchman—"Merci, Monsieur!"—Paris Underground—Interior of the Paris Bourse—The Arc du Carrousel—"How Long Must I Endure This?"—Tail Piece—The Mother of the Gamin as She Was—The Mother of the Gamin in the Sere and Yellow Leaf—The Aged Stump Gatherer—A Talk with a Gamin.

The Mabille at Night—A Mabille Divinity—Professionals in a Quadrille—A Male Dancer—The Grisette—Meeting of Tibbitts and the Professor—The Cafe Swell—Tail Piece—Beauvais Cathedral—Struggle for the Kingship—Of the Commune—Tibbitts and Faro Bankeress.

Palais Royal—Vision of the Commune—Mother and Bonne—The Youthful Bonne—The Aged Bonne—"Who Put that Ribbon In Your Cap?"—Corrective Used by Mr. Tibbitts—The Coco Seller—In Any of the Parks—The No-Legged Beggar Woman—How the French Sport Kills Game—Fishing in the Seine—Inside a Paris Omnibus—The Showman Shown the Door—The Tell Catastrophe—Zoological Room.

"Interior French Car—They Were Lively Children—Geneva—"Your Hotel Is a Swindle, Sir."—Group of Swiss Girls—The Sweat of Other Men's Brows—The Alpine Guide—A Non-Professional Lady Tourist—Young Man With Inopportune Remarks—"Would You Oblige Me?"—"See Me Unmask This Jew."—Swiss Timber Village—The Slender Bridge—A Bit of Climbing—Where the Maiden Leaped From—The Chamois—Taking the Cattle to the Mountains.

Outside the Chalet—Inside the Chalet—An Alpine Homestead—"I Should Wake Them Cheerily"—On the Road to Chamonix—The Presumed Chamois Hunter—The Fate of Two Englishmen—A Frequent Accident—The Mer De Glace—A Slip Toward the Edge—Crevasses—The Moraine—The Dilemma—Rocks Polished by Old Glaciers—The Path to the Village.

Mt. Blanc and Valley of Chamonix—The Conscientious Barber—The Jungfrau—Wood Carving—Home of the Carver—Female Costumes—Our Party at the Giessbach—Peasants of East Switzerland—Near Brienz—Lion of Lucerne—End of Pontius Pilate—Lucerne Rigi-Rail—Ditto from Kaltbad—Old Way of Ascending Rigi—Night Ascent of Rigi—Railway up the Rigi—Rigi Railway—Railway up the Mountain.

Tell's Chapel—Tibbitts in Concert Hall—Entrance Strasburg Cathedral—Pig Market, Strasburg—The Great Hall—Tibbitts Making Plain the Point—Front of the Kursaal—The Swimming Bath—The Donkey Enjoyed It—The Lichtenthal—Promenade in Baden Baden—Charcoal Burners, Black Forest—Heidelberg Castle—Heidelberg Tun.

Tibbitts and the Students—Rhine Steamer—Mannheim—Tibbitts in the Cloak Room—Mayence—Ehrenbeim Tower—Roemer—Luther's Home—Street on the Roemerberg—The Jews' Street—"Der Hind Leg of a Heity Mule"—Cologne Cathedral—Death of Bishop Hatto—Legend of the Cathedral.

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HOME TALKS.

INFLUENCE OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

What Is Expected to Be Done There—Studying to Evolve a Costume to Combine Beauty, Grace and Utility—A Pledge to be Taken.

I think that I made the remark in an article of a week or two ago that I believed the Columbian Fair would mark an era in the progress of woman towards certain changes which leaders among women have been laboring long and multiplied years to bring about. It will work great revolutions of thought among many people, and arouse many others to thinking in certain lines which hitherto they have had no interest in following. Men will understand as never before upon what grounds equality in education, in wages and in law-making, is claimed by their mothers, wives and daughters; and women themselves, hitherto strangely indifferent, will perceive that this equality will give them a better place both in the home and in the business world than they have ever occupied before.

One of the especial directions in which I think there will be great strides forward is dress reform. The expression has been so travestied that I dislike to use it, and yet it is "reform" that I mean—it is reform that is needed. So important now has the matter become in the eyes of thoughtful and intelligent people that it has been, as we all know, made the subject of grave deliberation by a national council of women, and when it has reached that status, there is small danger of its dying out without further consideration.

The great trouble has been hitherto, of course, the ugliness of all the so-called hygienic improvements in dress, and the impossibility of persuading fashionable women or even the mass of business and professional women to become interested in making a change. In vain have the newspapers contained columns of ridicule of the curious phases which woman's dress has assumed at various times. Absurd or severe as they might be, women would read, smile, or perhaps be moved to anger, and then go serenely on, subservient to any style which emanated from the powers that rule in the fashionable world, no matter how unreasonable the mandate was. Theoretically we might all condemn; practically, every mother's daughter of us fell into procession.

In fact, talk about independence in that line as we may, it is not so easy to make exceptional guys of ourselves for the sake of personal comfort. Even if we can get over the unpleasant feeling of singularity, dressmakers are exceedingly averse to sending forth into the world a creation not in the line of fashion, and so prove themselves veritable tyrants. We may try to resist sternly, but in the end are quite likely to listen to a compromise, which usually turns out to be fully as bad as the original. This is the case with the present style of long dresses, which either sweep the streets or else demand a peculiar twist of the forearm in order to carry it out of the dirt in safety.

There is really, however, signs of the dawning of a brighter day. No longer is utility only to be considered; no longer is freedom the sine qua non to be obtained, but the beautiful is to enter into the count. Women of taste and intelligence are to study into possibilities, in order to answer what is rapidly coming to be an imperative demand for something suitable for street wear that shall combine grace and freedom. It must do away with the present distortions and abominations, and since so many have become interested in such an outcome, the desired end will surely be attained.

At the Columbian fair, it is rumored, the matter is to be practically entered into through a pledge binding all who sign it to adopt for the street a rational costume Should this be done, there will be little further difficulty. Let women whose artistic sense is well developed evolve a dress that will combine comfort and beauty, and the times are ripe for its adoption by women generally.

Convictions of the necessity for this change have been growing stronger year by year with the increased entrance of women into the business walks of life. Not that improvement there is more needed than in the home, where the hampered home-keeper often sinks under the burden of a false way of dressing, but the latter has not come to the consciousness of her needs as has the business woman.

Besides the influence to be actively exerted at the Columbian Fair to bring women more generally into line, there will, I am sure develop there a consciousness of need of improvement through the weariness of moving, hampered as they will be by their dress, through the throngs that will be surging everywhere upon the grounds. To the mental fatigue which continuous sight-seeing always brings will be added that of bodies worn by the effort of keeping skirts safe from trampling feet. Happy indeed will those women be who have independence enough to wear a costume at that time that will give comfort and freedom, even if it has not yet evolved into the absolutely beautiful.

In the symposium upon the subject of woman's dress in the September Arena, some good things are said, and among them the following by Mrs. Frances E. Russell, tells a story that means much: A young man sat silently studying the design for a "business woman's dress" given by Mrs. Miller, the skirt falling only a little below the knees. Presently he looked up with a start, exclaiming, "If women all wore dresses as short as that and a woman should go into the street with a long dress on, wouldn't she look like a gump!"

That tells the whole story. Custom would soon change the point of view and the short dress be quite as popular as the long one. Doubtless there would be those artistically made, and others without a single redeeming quality in the way of grace and beauty, but that is true of that now worn. In our gymnasiums, where the business of physical culture is carried on, long drapery and corsets are not allowed. If for the purpose of gaining health, strength and beauty they are discarded, why cannot women see that they should be left off permanently in order to preserve those qualities. The comment has often been made that there is a lack of self-consciousness upon the part of pupils who are practicing gymnastics in such a dress, even if in a public exhibition, that is found nowhere else. There is a good reason for this. No restriction being placed upon any part of the body, the attention is left to be fixed upon what is to be accomplished with that body. These girls feel absolutely free in such a costume, and freedom brings grace.

One writer says: "It will be realized that the pursuit of these ideals is no holiday task, and is not likely to be followed by immediate, triumphant success."

That is very true. Only a union of thought and effort will bring about what will do so much for the future of American mothers, wives and daughters. It will have to be "a long pull, a steady pull, and a pull all together" among those who have become earnest in this matter. "We believe," writes Frances M. Steele, "these truths of eternal beauty, the majesty of these eternal laws, will come to be recognized and obeyed. We believe it, in the exercise of a severe faith in the inevitable course of that evolution which is slowly bringing woman to a higher plane of condition and duty. If women, always and everywhere, desire to be beautiful, that desire is a God-given endowment, pure and right, not necessarily misleading and evil. If we have a reverent attitude toward natural beauty in grateful recognition of its Creator, the study of it is at once lifted above egotism and ignoble vanity."

This is well put. Dress considered in any aspect is not an unimportant matter. It is only that we are not to make it the emphasis of our lives as a ministrant to vanity. Rather it should become a harmonious part of ourselves, adapted to our needs in a way to conduce to growth in right directions, and this it never can do under present conditions.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 7.

"Must I take everything that is passed to me at a dinner, and if not, how can I refuse it properly, and how shall I manage in regard to wines? My family are all temperance people, and as I expect this winter to visit where wine is always used at dinner, I do not know what to do, and how shall I ever know how to 'behave well' at the table in the city, I am so unaccustomed to anything but the very plainest living?"—Eleanore.

In the very first place, Eleanore, you must not think that you are going to fail in anything. By observing, quietly, how others do, you will very soon learn all you need, and if in the home of friends you are to visit there is anything on the table, or elsewhere, that you do not know the use of, take the first opportunity you have to ask some member of the family about it, it will be better for you and pleasanter for them, that you should do so than that you should expose your ignorance before others. You need not take anything that you do not wish at the table, but if the meal is served in courses, and a plate is placed before you with soup, or anything else on it, you should let it remain there until the others have finished that course. When asked if you have a choice of meats, or of any part of a fowl, you should express your choice, if you have any, at once, and not hesitate and delay the servant. You can be excused from taking wine, indeed very few ladies do take it with their meals now, compared with the number who formerly made it a practice, and you need not fear being considered "odd" if you refuse it. Just try and do as you would at home, and be the lady that you doubtless are, and you will soon become accustomed to the little fashions of your friend's table.

A reader of The Blade writes thus: Is it proper for the bridesmaid and groomsman to enter the parlor with the bride and groom, or should they take their places first? Second, which should first congratulate the newly-wedded pair, the maid or the man? Third, should the groom and his attendant be dressed alike, should they wear gloves, and if so, of what color? Fourth, at the dinner table should the bridesmaid sit at the left of the bride, and the groomsman at the right of the groom, or do the attendants sit side by side?

Ans.—First, the attendants should precede the bride and groom into the room, and when they reach the place where the ceremony is to be performed, they should separate, the maid standing to the left and the best man to the right, leaving space between them for the bride and groom to stand before the clergyman. Second, the lady should be the first to offer congratulations to the groom and good wishes to the bride. Third, the dress of the groom and his best man should be very nearly the same, and they can do as they please about wearing gloves. Fourth, at the dinner table the groomsman should sit at the right hand of the bride and the bridesmaid at the right of the groom, the bride sitting at the left of the groom.

And "Gem," who is to be the only bridesmaid at her friend's wedding wishes to know "if the ladies should take the arms of the gentlemen on entering and leaving the church," and second, "is it proper to wear a watch with an evening dress when attending a ball?"

Ans.—If there are no attendants but you, you should walk alone, just preceding the bride and groom, if they enter together. If her father enters with her, the groom and his attendant will meet the party at the altar, and in leaving the church, the bridesmaid and groomsman follow the bride and groom, and you should then take his arm. Second, it is not at all improper for you to wear a watch with an evening ball dress, if you can find a place for a watch pocket on such a dress. It is not considered in good taste to have very much of a display of a watch or chain with such a toilet, but if you wish to wear a watch for convenience you can do so.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Cake Basket.—Take any pretty desirable china plate and fasten to it a handle which may be bought at any crockery store. Wind the handle with ribbon one inch in width. Use any color preferred. It will take two yards for the handle allowing one yard for the bows which are tied on each side of the handle. A pretty doily embroidered in colors to match the ribbon, can be placed on the plate, if desired.

Bread Doily.—A pretty doily for a bread plate is to have a design of pansies stamped in a circle on a fine piece of butcher's linen. Embroider the pansies in two shades of lavender silk with the long and short button-hole stitch. Put markings of yellow in the center. Cut out the linen around the pansies.

Olive Doily.—Use a glass dish for the olives. Have a piece of linen of the proper size to put under the dish stamped in a design of olives with leaves. Work these in two shades of gas-light green filo-silk. The leaves worked in the long and short stitch with the lightest green, and the olives worked in darning stitch with the other shade of the green.

Infant's Carriage Blanket.—Take 1 yard of white eider down flannel 1 yard square. Embroider a spray of wild roses a little to the right of the center; drooping towards the center of the blanket; the stems of the spray ending three or four inches from the top. Place a cluster of three buds to the left, and a single bud below to the right having the effect of falling from the spray. Embroider the flowers in long and short stitch with two shades of pink silk. The leaves to be embroidered in bronze green. Line with china silk matching one shade of the roses. Finish the edge by knotting pink and green worsted fringe matching the colors in the spray around it. A white silk band can be used to finish the edge if preferred.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Narrow, Knit Lace.—Cast on 9 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—tto—k 2 together—k 1—tto twice—n—k 1. 2d row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—tto—n—k 1. 3rd row—s 1—k 2—tto—n—k 5. 4th row—k 7—tto—n—k 1. 5th row—s 1—k 2—tto—n—k 1—tto twice—n—tto twice—n. 6th row—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 3—tto—n—k 1. 7th row—s 1—k 2—tto—n—k 7. 8th row—k 1—bind off 3—k 5—tto—n—k 1. One ounce of silk will make 4 1-2 yards of this pattern.—Estella M.

Lace for Edging Ruffles.—Cast on 3 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 1—tto twice—k 2. 2d row—k 2—k 1 loop—p 1 loop—k 1. 3rd row—k 5. 4th row—bind off 2—k 2. One spool of No. 50 thread will make 6 yards of this lace.—E. J. M.

Correspondence.

Seasonable hints for the Household.—If you sowed lettuce and radish seed the first of August you are enjoying them now. Before frost comes, take up a few roots of lettuce, put in rich earth in a box. You can pick off leaves for salad several times and then have some for Christmas. The kitchen will be most too warm for the lettuce in the day, but parsley will do well there all winter and the leaves grow rapidly for garnishing dishes. Before "Biddy" goes on a strike, get a soap box, or something of the kind, put in an inch deep layer of oats or bran, now place a layer of eggs standing on the small end, fill in and over with the packing and then more eggs, until full, being sure to have an inch of bran or oats on top. Place a board over the top, mark the number of dozen eggs and set in the cellar. Salt is the best for packing, but it is too often too damp or gets too hard.

Jack Frost will soon be here. Did you know you could pull some of those tomato plants and hang them in the cellar? They will mature a large share of the fruit that is on them. A sister of mine pulls about 50 bedding geraniums and hangs them in the cellar every year. The leaves fall and the stalks will look withered, but they will be all right.

Irene:—I have been told that inexperienced persons often have trouble with currant jelly. Currant mead is a nice, hot weather drink, and your syrup will can nicely for that. A glass of currant jelly is delicious in mince pies, and I am glad to see so many cooking school teachers are using it, instead of cider, wine or brandy; you could try some in that way.

Among the farmers the unexpected guest is quite common. I find one help in winter is ready-made pies, that is, if you have a vacant room where you can keep them frozen, bake three or four mince pies and set them away. In summer pie shells are convenient. Line a pie pan or plate with good crust, prick well with a fork, when done brush over with white of egg. These will keep three or four days. Fill with cream, chocolate cream or apple meringue. Several recipes for cream pie have been given.

"Bride" could learn to divide her recipes and use her left-overs. These last are found in every family, as one can not always cook just enough.

If "Jessie" will use one-fourth, or one-half sweet apples with the quinces she will secure the desired shade, they take the best color if gathered in October and kept as long as possible.—Mollie.

Plans for Visiting the World's Fair.—In regard to women of limited means, trying to earn or save money to go to the World's Fair, perhaps I might suggest an idea by which a few dollars could be added to the slender purse.

I think most every woman has a taste for fancy work, so why not make up little inexpensive articles, such as pin-balls, or rolls, hand paintings, some pieces of crocheted edging, in fact, anything that would make a pretty Christmas gift, and two or three weeks before Christmas start out, either in their own town, or neighboring towns, to house, or put them in the stores for sale. Every person has a dollar or more, earned to buy something for loved ones at Christmas, and these articles would be in the reach of every one.

And then for another plan, I have a friend in the city who makes cottage cheese into small balls, and sells them at ten cents a dozen; any one who can get plenty of sour milk to use, could find a ready sale for these, and not have to go to the city either.

This being my first knock at the door of the Household, I earnestly hope I will be admitted, not to the waste basket, but to a space in those interesting columns of the Household. Hoping to hear plans from other members, I will close.—L. M. W.

What Shall Bessie Read?

We should be glad to have every mother who reads The Blade, send her views on this very important question:

"What books shall 15-year-old Bessie read?"

It is a matter of anxious thought with every intelligent Christian mother as to what she shall allow her daughters, just budding into young womanhood, to peruse. We think the matter very important. We shall be glad to receive the views of mothers, expressed briefly, with lists of books.

We should be glad also to have some of the "Bessies" themselves give their views as to what they prefer. Let us hear from you, girls!

Make your letters as brief as you consistently can. Give your name and postoffice address, in every case. We wish to use the material all at once—not to have a discussion strung along each week for a month or two. All letters must in our hands by Monday, November 7. Please write promptly, that we may have all by that date. Address your letter, "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope write the word "Household."

Correspondence Clippings.

Laura:—I was much interested in your letter, because of the mother-love and unselfish devotion it expresses. I, too, have a baby I love to "cuddle," and I never thought of doing it harm thus; and as my little one is as fat and healthy as any year-old baby need be, I am sure there is no cause for anxiety from it. I do think, however, that children should not sleep with older people, but are healthier to have a bed to themselves; but as to rocking to sleep in mother's arms, it never yet made a baby sickly, is my opinion.

A Reader:—One way to make milk-weed balls: Gather the pods when ripe, and place them in warm water until thoroughly soaked. Open carefully and take the wet silk in small bunches, one or two seed-strings at a time, carefully straightening them with the seeds at one end. When you have a large enough bunch, tie carefully at the smaller end—the end opposite the seeds—and hold over a hot stove until it dries and fluffs up. Then draw the end through a pretty shell-bead, and you have your tassel. It requires some skill and patience to get them just right, but they are very pretty when made. They may be colored by using colored ink or Diamond dyes in small quantities, diluted to suit, and drying as usual.

Jean Hunt Sends Advice to "Iowan" and "Bessie."—Iowan, make a pretty little dress and a Mother Hubbard cloak with a cape out of your cashmere for baby, and make a hood of the same material. You can cut out a lining and fit it to her head, before you cut the goods. Put a full white ruche around the face.

If you are handy, you can make lovely little mittens out of the cashmere.

In order to protect the little dress, make some little white aprons. Use two widths of white goods if it is quite narrow. Hem the bottom and gather the top to a strip of insertion. Put straps to go over the arms. The cut will give you an idea of what I mean. I used to crochet little shoes for my babies, just as toilet slippers are made. The soles I cut from crinoline and covered with flannel. These are then placed upon a piece of felt (an old hat), and stitched near the edge upon the machine. The felt was then cut out around the flannel-covered soles. The crocheted tops were sewed to the soles, over and over. The little dress and cloak will be very pretty if feather-stitched with white or gold silk. The coat cape is made from a long straight strip of the goods, shirred to fit the neck, leaving a little heading. White fur or astrachan would be lovely to trim the cloak and cape.

If "Perplexed Cook" will notice after the flour and baking powder are put in that she stirs her cake only one way, I think it will raise evenly. Still there may be some other cause.—Golden Rod.

There is considerable talk nowadays, in the papers, about cooking schools and other schools, or studies in schools for teaching girls how to become good housekeepers. Now, it is my opinion that all the schools and studies that can be suggested or thought of will accomplish but very little, as a rule, in fulfiling this mission. There is no doubt but that a great deal of good will be accomplished, through what has been suggested, and is actually being done in that way now. I see in many places they have introduced cooking as a part of the studies in the public schools, particularly in Boston, as it is now a part of every girl's education at the "Hub." But the first class in cooking should be at home, if such could be the case. In ten or fifteen years from this time a very large part of the difficulty now being experienced by almost every housekeeper in the land, in obtaining good house help, would be obviated, by the education of girls at home, in all the duties pertaining to good housekeeping, or such as their mothers did, at any rate. Mothers, I beg of you to give this matter your serious consideration; and I think some of you will agree with me and adopt my suggestions, and educate your daughters to commence at once (if they are not now doing some of it); to learn to do all kinds of cooking and general housework; then, as they grow up, and the lady of the kitchen thinks she is abused, because you don't wash the dishes, or help her to, so that she "can get off early to go to the circus," you can assert your independence, and give her to understand that you pay for her services, and expect service according to contract. Further, girls that know how to do all kinds of housework are much better prepared to make good wives for any man, be he rich or poor. I am an old man; have raised two boys and two girls to manhood and womanhood, and have seen both sides—the good and the evil—of this little bit of advice to mothers.—Mac.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me how to press flowers and leaves so they will keep their natural color?—Nan Gowdy.

Will some one inform me of a preparation for bleaching hair, without injury to the skin, and oblige M. D.

Will some one tell me what is the cause of my geranium leaves dying? As soon as it commenced to bloom, the leaves began to die.—Flower's Lover.

Will some one send me plain directions for crocheting a fascinator and shoulder cape?—N. C.

Will some one tell me how to make sugar-cured meat, such as we buy?—M. K., No. 2.

Can any one send the words of a song called "Raising a House?" It compares the United States to the building of a house, and tells about the many thousands that shall come to dwell under its roof.—J. W. Benton.

First—I have about a half pint of pokeberry juice which I should like to convert into ink; can any one tell me what ingredients to mix with it and the quantities? Second—I have a tan-colored, Jersey cloth coat, very handsomely braided with black broadcloth, outlined with soutache braid. It is of old-fashioned cut, flat topped sleeves, and very short. I have also a black plush sacque answering the same description that I would like to utilize in fixing it, and have also several nice sized pieces of heavy black broadcloth. I intended dyeing the coat black; can any one tell me how to fix it? I cannot afford to spend much on it, as I only want it for common wear.—A. E. Freese.

Answers to Inquiries.

Ella B. S.—Thanks for your communication; your former article has in some unaccountable manner been mislaid, but will be used as soon as possible. Are you certain that you sent all of the "Missionary Salad?" the first page seems to be missing.—Ed.

Lillie E. W.—I regret that I cannot give you the information you desire. The sample of dress goods you enclosed will be very appropriate for the use you mentioned. After all, it depends less upon what you wear, than the manner in which you wear it. A quiet, lady-like woman can wear any ordinary dress without attracting unpleasant attention.—Ed.

S. K.—To prepare autumn leaves for decoration, gather them while still on the limbs; then get your irons hot, rub one over with beeswax and iron on both sides of the leaves until dry. You can lay them away until you want them without their being pressed. Varnish them if you wish, but they are nice without. They are nice for a bouquet; or for a border around a room if the walls are white.

If Housekeeper will keep her cookies in a stone jar they will not get hard or dry.—Maggie Fogleman.

To "Anxious."—Make a navy blue serge dress for a girl 15 years of age with a gathered waist, that is at the neck and waist, and sew on a belt. For the collar a lay-down collar would be best. The sleeves could be made most any way. For the skirt I should make a gored, or bell skirt, with two or three folds across the front. The waist and skirt may be sewed together or not, as you choose. Girls of that age wear white aprons to school. I am a girl 14 years of age, and am making me a dress something like this, and I wear white aprons to school.—"Fidget."

Country Woman.—When gathering beans for seed, dry well, put in glass bottles, insert a small bunch of cotton and cork tightly.—M. K., No. 2.

A nice present for a gentleman for his birthday, would be a toilet case with shaving mug, brush, and razor in it. I think it would be both useful and beautiful.—C. B. Jordan.

Evangeline.—The following is said, by an eminent physician, to be a sure cure for granulated eyelids: A portion of blue vitriol, the size of a grain of wheat, dissolve in one tablespoonful of strained rain water, placed in a bottle and kept corked tight; at night drop one drop in each eye, and wait then for a couple of nights and repeat until cured.—"Adelia."

I have forgotten the name of the lady who sent names for my little twins, but would like to thank her, although the names came too late, my little ones were in heaven. They were named Florence and Fleta.—Anxious Mother.

Recipes.

Apple Pies.—Pare and slice quick-cooking, tart apples. Line a tin with crust, cover the bottom with sugar, then fill with apples, season and sprinkle with sugar. Put upper crust on closely and bake in a quick oven.

To Bake Apples.—Pare the apples, slice them and pack closely in a buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the top plentifully with small pieces of butter, and slightly with white sugar, pouring over all a large cupful of water. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for an hour; then remove the cover and brown.

Fried, Green Tomatoes.—Slice full-grown, green tomatoes, let them lie in cold salted water for half an hour, drain, dip each piece in cracker crumbs and fry in boiling lard. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve very hot.

To Quickly Remove Stains—From the hands after blacking a stove—rub them first with kerosene, then wash well with soap and warm water. If they are rough, rub them while damp with corn-meal, or equal parts of glycerine and lemon juice, mixed.—Cynthia J.

To Clean Silver.—Rub with a woolen cloth, and a preparation of powdered chalk and alcohol. As much chalk as the alcohol will dissolve. This cleans the silver, when blackened, without giving it the appearance of having been scoured. After using the preparation, wash in hot suds, rinse with very hot water, and dry by rubbing with a linen towel.—Amanda McA.

Apple Jelly.—Pare and core good tart apples; place in a little water over moderate fire. When thoroughly soft, drain off the juice; then add sugar "pound for pound." Boil until it will thicken when cold. If the apple parings are a bright red, a few boiled with the apples impart a delicate pink tint to jelly.—Ella Bartlett Simmons.

Cure for Fever and Ague.—1-2 oz. spirits of nitre, 1-2 oz. tincture of pepper, 35 grs. of quinine, 1 pt. of brandy. Take a wineglassful three times a day, 1-2 hour before meals. If for a child, give only half the quantity.—A. J. M.

Marion Harland's Mustard (for Frances).—4 tablespoonfuls of mustard, 2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls white sugar, 1 teaspoonful pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls melted butter; vinegar to mix to a smooth paste. Put the mustard in a bowl, wet with the butter, rubbing with a silver spoon, wet with vinegar to a stiff paste, add salt, pepper and sugar; work together thoroughly, wetting with vinegar by degrees. Beat 5 minutes very hard. Put into wide-mouthed bottles and keep in a cool place. It will be mellow and fit for use in two days.—Ada.

Cooking Clams (Fried).—Take the clams out of the shells and place them in a dish with about half of the liquid that the shells contain. To that add enough flour to make a thick batter; then drop into a skillet that contains enough hot grease to fry them, and turn them until both sides are a nice brown, and serve while hot.

Baked Clams.—Select the smaller ones and put them in a pan, and place them in a hot oven and let them remain until the shells will all open nicely; then serve as warm as possible.

Stewed Clams.—Place the clams in a stove pot, without any water, and cover them with a good-sized wet cloth. Place over a hot fire. Let them remain on the stove until the shells on top open; then serve while hot. All three ways the clams will have to be served according to taste.—A Bachelor Reader.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money—Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

There are many who do not have the time necessary for a successful window garden of plants, for it does require a great deal of time to keep them looking well. To such, a nice selection of bulbs will give more satisfaction, as they require less attention, they may be planted in pots or boxes, and any good garden soil will suit them. The principal thing to be considered is perfect drainage, for if the water is allowed to remain on the top of the ground for any length of time, the bulbs will be apt to rot. A sandy soil that has been enriched the previous season is best, but fertilizers may be used freely, and at time of flowering plenty of water should be given.

Where but little room can be spared for flowers perhaps the best results may be obtained by planting the varieties of bulbs in a box, which may be made as ornamental as you please, or if left perfectly plain no one will look at it when once the blossoms come.

Fill the box with sandy soil mixed with coarse moss broken in small pieces. This assists in preventing the soil from becoming hard. Plant your bulbs in this, keep it in a cool room where it will not freeze. As the plants come into bloom, they can be easily transplanted to pots or glasses, and placed in the living room. The flowers will be more perfect and last longer in proportion as the atmosphere surrounding them is cool and moist. They also blossom sooner for such treatment. A hyacinth bulb, kept in a cool, moist place until January, and then exposed to the light and warmth, will blossom in four to six weeks, while the same bulb planted in November and kept in a higher temperature will not produce flowers for several months. A bulb should be planted so that one-half of its surface shall be above the ground, and when placed in glasses, the surface of the water should be kept just below the bottom of the bulb. As soon as the flower buds start, it is safe to sprinkle the buds and leaves frequently, the idea being to keep them always as cool and moist as possible. When a bulb is done blooming it should be removed from the earth with all of the new growth, the leaves cut off and the bulbs, when dry, placed in a paper bag and hung in a dry cellar until the next season. If the bulb has been grown in a glass, when it is done blooming, it should be placed in a pot of earth to gain strength. In this way it will do for outdoor blooms another year, but never in water two years. Among the most commonly known bulbs is the hyacinth, and it is so beautiful with its great spikes of white, blue, rich, deep red and royal purple, giving out such condensed sweetness that one really needs nothing else. Most of the varieties do not bloom until April, excepting the white Roman variety, which if planted in September will give us flowers for Christmas time.

Tulips can also be grown in the house. The Duc Van Thol makes an exceedingly brilliant display with its white, yellow, scarlet and crimson flowers nodding so proudly above the leaves which grow but about six inches high. Vick, that veteran authority on flowers, recommends the "Tournesal" with double flowers as being very desirable, not only for their beauty, but from the fact that they last so long. The crocus is a favorite flower, as the blossoms come sooner after planting the bulb than those of nearly any other plant, and its yellow flowers brighten up a room wonderfully. For flowering in pots, the narcissus, better known as the daffodil and jonquil, has no superior, and the delicate snow-drop, so pure and dainty, which most of us know only as the first flower of the spring time, in our gardens, may be planted a dozen or more bulbs in a medium sized pot and will blossom in the house even earlier than out of doors. For those who covet the fashionable and difficult to be obtained orchids, there are some varieties of the iris, or common flowering flag, that will bloom in the house and rival in beauty these, their aristocratic relations. The "Suriana Major" bears a flower that measures five inches across and is very rich in its coloring. The "Pavonia" is smaller, and most beautifully marked, bearing a striking resemblance to a butterfly. The "Fresia" is also a very popular plant for house culture, as it will bloom by Christmas, and the cut flowers will keep for a long time. A variety of narcissus that is new to many of us, is the "Bulbocodium, or Hoop Petticoat." This is a large, showy flower of a dark yellow color, which in shape bears a striking resemblance to the monstrous hooped petticoats that were in vogue some years ago. Another new bulb is the chinodoxa, or "Glory of the Snow." The flowers from this are six-petaled, quite large and with a pure white center shading to light cream at the outer edge. It is a profuse bloomer, and as it is perfectly hardy, it may be left out of doors, with a covering of leaves, and will blossom at about the same time as the snow drop. The plant that will probably be the favorite with those who desire the least care and the quickest and best return for that care, is Vick's dwarf calla lily. It takes up much less room than the taller varieties and if potted in September continues to bloom all winter. Its large, white flowers against the background of rich, green leaves make a thing of beauty that will be a joy to all who see it.

We receive many letters asking the price of plants and where they may be obtained. We cannot, in this column, advertise any especial florist, but it is very difficult for any one to miss seeing the advertisements of first-class dealers, as they are to be found in nearly every newspaper, and their circulars and price-lists may be had for the asking. The prices of plants and bulbs vary according to the season, but one can usually obtain bulbs of the common varieties of hyacinth, tulip, etc., for 20 cents each; the rarer or newer varieties are higher priced, say 50 or 55 cents each. A reduction in these prices is usually made when ordering by the dozen. Plants vary from 10 cents to $1.50, some plants selling for $10 each when in full bloom. A good way is for several persons to club together to buy their plants, and thus they will obtain them at a very reasonable price.

Mrs. Edith M., Montana: The flora of your state will be shown at the horticultural exhibit at Chicago next year. Very many of the other states will make a similar display, while a most interesting representation of Australian vegetation and flora will be sent from New South Wales. This will consist in part of tree ferns, birds'-nest ferns, gigantic lilies, rock-lilies, grass trees, etc., and will be of great interest to flower lovers.

A Country Boy in Town.

Come, be your happy self, you little rogue;
You can not hide your honest country birth,
Nor seem a city gamin for a day.
The hard, stone pavement is not yielding sod,
And your uncertain, shuffling gait tells tales
Of rambles over pasture fields. That coat
Shows less of tailor's art than mother's care—
Stout homespun liberally cut, with room
For healthy growth, and hard-sewn, knotted seams
That would defy the hottest, heaviest goose
To tame them to your form. Those sunburned cheeks,
Those sturdy arms, those ever-wondering eyes,
And stoutest, strangest, rarest proof of all,
Those rough-cut locks, that wake a dream of shears,
Of tears, rebellion and protesting howls,
Proclaim you rustic every inch.
That wide, full window of dyspeptic sweets I know
Has won your heart. Come, turn your pockets out,
And with long hoarded pennies buy a feast
To dream and talk of till you come again.
Heed neither smiles nor jeers, but munch at ease
And many a wealthy, careworn, busy slave
Will envy you your simple, full delight.
—P. McArthur, in Youth's Companion.

For Blade Young Folks.

"A CABBAGE SURPRISE."

L. A. F.

An air of mystery had pervaded the Lewis household since the middle of October. There were whispered consultations in dark corners, and guarded winks and nods and pass-words that were "plain as print" to Rob and Bessie, but which Grandma found rather perplexing, not to say aggravating.

Auntie was in it of course, and every child in the neighborhood, and finally Bessie whispered confidentially, "It's a cabbage surprise, on Annie Holman, for Hallowe'en; it's her birthday," and the secret was out.

On the 31st the grocer's boy brought two dozen immense cabbages to Mr. Lewis's.

"Kraut, I reckon!" he said, grinning; but he was mistaken.

One dozen of the largest heads were set aside, and the rest had their large leaves stripped off; then one dozen paper bags, all of one size, were produced. Three were filled with pop corn, three with fruit, three with cracked nuts, and three with candy, until they bulged out round and plump, and were tied securely at the top.

This much the children did themselves, but following this came some artistic finishing that Auntie volunteered to do.

Every bag was covered with the large cabbage leaves, fastened one above the other, in such a natural manner that when the dozen bogus cabbages were laid beside the others, one needed sharp eyes to see the difference.

The children met at Mr. Lewis's at 6:30 and put on the masks Aunt Thusy had ready for them. She had cut out a round of cloth as large as the top of each child's head, and to it she had sewed two big cabbage leaves; one in front, the other behind, so that their edges overlapped at the ears; eye holes were cut in the front leaf, and when the masks were adjusted and the children's hats put on over them, they were as perfect a collection of "cabbage heads" as one could wish to see.

Grandma herself had to smile as the droll procession set out for Mr. Holman's house, every one of them carrying a great, green cabbage under each arm.

There was plenty of giggling in the ranks until they reached the house, then a solemn silence fell on them all, as they tip-toed up the walk, and formed in single file, while the leader gave the door-bell a tremendous pull.

As they had hoped, Annie opened the door, and the foremost "cabbage-head" made her an elaborate bow and presented her with his cabbages and "the compliments of the season."

The second followed close at his heels and repeated this performance, and before the last of the line had come in, poor Annie was almost hidden behind the stack of cabbages.

The next number on the programme was "the march of the cabbage-heads," which continued until Annie had recognized each by some peculiarity of their gait or action or dress; then the masks came off, and the real fun of the evening commenced.

Rob had been excused from carrying a cabbage, as he had charge of a basket, from which he now produced three quart bottles. These he placed on the floor in a row, about two feet apart, and announced that any one who wanted to know how many times they would be married might jump over those bottles, after the other, without stopping, each bottle that fell signifying a "partner."

The trial showed that most of the boys were to be bachelors, for they cleared the bottles easily; but the girls, though they lifted their skirts daintily and hopped twice as high as the boys did, were sure to bring down two or more bottles before they finished.

When this important question had been settled, Rob brought out three saucers, and with Annie's help, filled one with clean water, the second with dirty water, leaving the third empty.

Then each member of the party was blindfolded, led up to the table, where the saucers stood, turned three times around, and told to stick his finger into one of the three saucers, the clean water signifying a young wife (or husband) the dirty a widow or widower, and the empty saucer no one at all!

His next move was to bring out a dozen rosy apples, each tied to a long string. These strings were slipped over the curtain pole in the doorway, and having tied the children's hands behind their backs, he instructed them to see who should be married first; the honor to be claimed by the one who ate up the most apples in the next ten minutes.

That was a dance that would have set Carmencita herself wild with envy. Such a bobbing and swinging of apples; such a ducking and tossing of heads, and such a flying around generally! No wonder they were ready to sit down and rest. When the ten minutes were up, and Annie was found to have eaten nearly half her apple—one or two others about a quarter—and the majority had not had more than a bite or two!

"Now for a quiet game," Rob said, taking a glass from the basket, which he asked Annie to partly fill with water while he borrowed Bessie's ring and tied it to a long thread. This he handed to one of the girls, telling her to hold it so that the ring was under water, while she recited the alphabet slowly, aloud. "When you say the initial of the fellow you are going to marry the ring will strike the glass," he said, confidently; and they all watched with breathless interest, as one after another put their fate to the test.

Having learned the initial letter, the children were not slow in fitting them to the names of their friends, and soon half a dozen pairs of chestnuts were put down in front of the grate-fire to prove, by the way they behaved themselves, what kind of a married life the children whose names they bore, would have.

This brought Rob's list of amusements to a close, and he proposed, since the refreshment committee had failed to report, that they attack the pile of cabbages that had lain unnoticed at the corner all this time.

Accordingly, each one picked up a cabbage, and Rob, turning his, handed it up to Annie.

"Miss Holman," Rob began, "I feel sure you cannot have examined this beautiful fruit as closely as you should. Behold the lovely shades of green in these petals; behold the symmetery with which they are folded around its calyx; behold the new and modern improvement, a ring in its stump, by which it may be extracted; behold its heart!"

As he finished, he pulled out the end of the stump, which had been hollowed out, and Annie saw a small parcel inside that she lost no time in examining, and which proved to be a pearl-handled knife, "with love from Rob and Bessie."

The next in order presented his cabbage with a smiling speech, and though it turned out to be a "soft head," the popped corn it was filled with was very acceptable a few minutes later, when all the bags had been emptied into large dishes, and the children gathered around the dining table to devour their contents.

Each of the "truly" cabbages had been treated like the first, and a small, inexpensive present for their hostess put into it. A pencil sharpener from one little friend, a bright ribbon from another, a pair of "stick-pins" from another, and so on.

After the refreshments had disappeared, Rob insisted on every one "except Annie, of course," helping to pick up the cabbage leaves that were scattered about, and put things to rights generally before they went home.

While they were doing this, there was a tremendous thump against the front door. Mr. Holman opened it, and came back laughing, with the "very father of all cabbages" in his hand.

Deep slits had been made in its solid sides, and in them were stuck folded papers, bearing a message to each boy and girl from the patron saint of Hallow-e'en.

One girl was to cut a hard boiled egg in two, take out the yolk, fill the white with salt, eat it without speaking, and go to bed. She was promised, if she would faithfully follow these instructions, that her future husband would bring her a drink of water during the night.

Another one was to write the letters of the alphabet on separate bits of paper, and put them—letter side down—in a saucer half full of water. This was to be set under the southwesterly corner of his bed, and in the morning he might expect to see the two initials of his future lady love floating on the surface, face upward.

When the notes had been read and laughed over, the children agreed to do as they were bid, and report results next morning, and the party broke up with three cheers for Rob Lewis and his aunt Thusy, who had planned this successful "Cabbage Surprise."

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We generally make our nests in a grassy meadow, an artless structure of a few dry stalks and leaves, with a lining of finer grass. We display the same instinct with many other birds—that of seeking to lead intruders away from our nests, by pretending great anxiety about some other part of the field. During the breeding season, the papa birds are very musical, singing mostly in the air, in which they seem to rise and fall in successive jerks. Our song is very pleasing, and is emitted with a volubility bordering on the burlesque. On account of our beauty and powers of song, many of us are caught, caged, and sold in New York and other markets. We are very numerous in the Atlantic states, and many names are given to us by the people of the different sections. The true name we wish you to guess.

2.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; a contest; to bereave; a man's name; a substance from pine; gained; a consonant.

ADA GUTHRIE.

3.—GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

(Cape on the coast of Massachusetts) (capital of one of the Southern states) was learning to (strait between two islands), but was in great (cape on the coast of the United States) lest she should (capital of a republic) her hand with the (country of Europe) in which she was frying cakes. Just as she had finished, her friend (city in Northern Italy) came to get her to go to the (lake in Southern Canada) with her. Her mother said she might go, and gave each of the girls an (river in Southern Africa). They found a great many (cape on the coast of New Jersey) flowers, and had a nice time, only (cape on the coast of Massachusetts) lost her (river in Mississippi) ring, and they had to look for it a long time. When they were coming home, they saw a big black (tributary of the Columbia river), but a tributary of the Amazon river) boy came and killed it. They gave him a young (country in Europe), and bidding him (cape on the coast of Greenland), went home.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Shrinks. 2. Plants with bulbous roots. 3. A girl's name. 4. To make thin. 5. To make fond. 6. A messenger. First and fourth letters form the name of something interesting to a great many young people. MOGG MEGONE.

5.—WORD CHANGES.

(Make but four changes, one letter at a time, and each change must form a complete word.)

1. Change fire to part of a bird.
2. Change a boat to a mineral.
3. Change a barn to what it may contain.
4. Change a cart to a bee.
5. Change a bard to a musical instrument.
6. Change a lash to part of the head.

SID.

6.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

Arnec is a bird with long legs.
Lieapne is a bird which sheds its crest similar to the casting of a deer's horns.
Figaresf, an animal found on the plains of Central Africa.
Elhecse, a kind of worm sometimes used as a barometer.
Elqrlesus, animals found in trees, and very fond of nuts.
Loirose, a bird noted for its voice and plumage.
Vaebrse, animals having flattened tails, which they use as sculls in locomotion.

M. ELIZABETH GUTHRIE.

7.—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

M—o—c—o—k—a—n—t—c.—A lake in one of the Eastern states.

MOGG MEGONE.

Answers to Puzzles.

1. Tailor Bird.
2. Peonies.
3.

C A M E O
A L O N G
M O I S H
E N S U E
O G E E S

4. Hemans, Stowe, Alden, Hughes, Roe, Moore.
5.

A
A N D
A M A I N
A N A G R A M
D I R T Y
N A Y
M

6. A fault concealed is a fault doubled.

FOR TIRED BRAIN
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. O. C. Stout, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

No Immediate Danger.

Among the latest discoveries of astronomical science is the fact that Sirius, the dog star, is approaching the earth at the rate of seven miles a second. That is a pretty fast pace. It breaks any record made by Zimmerman or Nancy Hanks. But as it takes light, which travels at the rate of about 200,000 miles a second, sixteen years to get from Sirius to the earth, a collision between the two astral bodies is not scheduled to take place for some time yet.—Boston Record.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Concerning Voles.

The Vole is a genus of rodent quadrupeds, characterized by a thicker and shorter form than that of the true rats and mice. There are water voles and land voles—commonly called water rats and field mice. The field vole is very prolific and very destructive, sometimes destroying the roots of trees and devouring their bark.

The Glory of Woman

Is a fine set of teeth as well as a fine head of hair. How the enamel glistens after a good brushing with fragrant SOZODONT! Nothing destructive to the teeth can exist on the surface or at the roots, if this vegetable antidote to corrosion is duly applied.

A Novel Duel.

First Student—Have you heard that those two vegetarians Lehman and Mehr have fought a duel.

Second Student—Nonsense! Why, its against their principles to shed blood.

First Student—That may be, but still they fought a duel, and their weapons were baked apples.—European Exchange.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Not to Her Taste.

"I have a family tree," he plead,
"To aid me in my suit."
"Perhaps you have," the maiden said;
"But I don't like its fruit."
—Puck.

Nothing makes home so bright, comfortable and healthful as a "Garland" Stove or Range.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . *DOES PERFECT WORK.*

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the Blade Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the Weekly Blade one year, and ship by freight one of those elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the Weekly Blade inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

COLUMBIAN DAY.

The Commemoration of the Event that Occurred Oct. 21, 1492—The Programme in the City of Chicago.

Chicago, Oct. 21.—The quadricentennial anniversary day of America's discovery was ushered in with the booming of cannons, with the raising of flags, and with all the ceremony due the great day. It is the second of Chicago's public holidays, and the climax of its week's festivities. Never in the history of the Garden City has so great a throng been within its boundaries, and never has it sheltered so vast a host of prominent men, representing every state in the Union, the nation and every civilized country on the face of the globe. The civic parade of yesterday pales into insignificance beside the great pageant which is moving through the great thoroughfares of the World's Fair buildings.

Military Parade.

The military procession formed near the Auditorium on Michigan avenue, and proceeded as follows:

Joint Committee on Ceremonies of the World's Columbian Commission and the World's Columbian Exposition.
The Director-General of the World's Columbian Exposition and the President of the Centennial Commission of 1876, at Philadelphia, and the Director-General thereof.
The Vice-President of the United States, the President of the World's Columbian Commission, and the President of the World's Columbian Exposition.
The Vice-President of the World's Columbian Commission and the Vice-President of the World's Columbian Exposition.
The Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, and the Attorney-General of the United States.
The Postmaster-General and the Secretary of the Navy.
The Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture.
The Diplomatic Corps.
The Supreme Court of the United States.
Speaker of the House of Representatives and the Mayor of Chicago.
Ex-President Hayes; escort John Sherman and Lyman J. Gage, ex-President of the World's Columbian Exposition.
Thomas F. Bayard and W. T. Baker, ex-President of the World's Columbian Exposition.
The Senate of the United States, headed by the President pro tem.
The House of Representatives.
The Army of the United States.
The Navy of the United States.
The Governors and their Staff of the States and Territories of the United States.
Ex-Cabinet Officers.
The Orators and Chaplains
Commissioners of Foreign Governments to the World's Columbian Exposition.
Consuls from Foreign Governments.
The World's Columbian Commissioners, headed by the second, third, fourth and fifth Vice-Presidents thereof.
The Board of Lady Managers, headed by the President thereof.
One woman to represent each one of the thirteen original states.
Board of Directors of the World's Columbian Exposition, headed by the Second Vice-President thereof and the Director of Works.
Board of Management of the United States Government Exhibits; the Department Chiefs.
The Staff Officers of the Director of Works.
The City Council of Chicago.

The following programme took place at the Manufactures building. At 12:30 o'clock in the afternoon in this building the dedicatory exercises were conducted under the direction of the director general as master of ceremonies.

Programme.

The "Columbian March," composed by Prof. John K. Paine, of Massachusetts, was beautifully rendered by the orchestra. This was followed by prayer by Bishop Fowler, of California.

Director General Davis then made the introduction address as follows:

AIMS OF THE EXPOSITION.

Splendid Address by Director General Davis.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—By virtue of my official position it is my pleasurable duty to present the noted personages who, at this hour, in their several functions, are to contribute to the exercises with which we here dedicate the grounds and buildings of the World's Columbian Exposition.

In a presence so vast, on an occasion so pre-eminent in the progress of universal affairs, I am moved by emotions that can sweep a human heart but once in life. Awe overmasters inspiration, and both are lost in gratitude that I am permitted to inaugurate these ceremonies.

The citizens of our common country may be pardoned the pride and satisfaction with which we study the historic steps by which our people have been led to their present exalted position.

Nature has given us a virgin soil of incomparable richness and variety. Our climate is so diversified that all the fruits of tree and vine ripen under our autumnal skies.

The great seas that form our boundaries, and with their ebb and flow bathe our shores, are rich with all the treasures of the deep.

The granite vaults of our mountain-chains are stored with untold mineral wealth.

In the prodigality of nature, bountiful provision has been made for our multiplying people, and in times of emergency, from our great abundance we may succor and comfort the distressed and afflicted of other lands.

A single century has placed this people side by side with the oldest and most advanced nations of the world; nations with a history of a thousand years.

But in the midst of our rejoicing no American citizen should forget our national starting point, and the quality of the manhood on which was laid the very foundation of our government. Our fathers were born under foreign flags. The very best brain, and nerve, and muscle, and conscience of the older governments found their way to this Western Continent. Our ancestors had the map of the world before them; what wonder they chose this land for their descendants!

The World's Columbian Exposition is the natural outgrowth of this nation's place in history. Our continent, discovered by Christopher Columbus, whose spirits were revived as his cause was espoused by the generous-hearted queen of Spain, has, throughout all the years from that time to this, been a haven to all who saw here the promise of requited toil, of liberty and of peace.

The ceaseless, resistless march of civilization westward, ever westward, has reached and passed the great lakes of North America, and has founded on their farthest shore the greatest city of modern times. Chicago, the peerless, has been selected for the great celebration which to-day gives new fire to progress, and sheds its light upon ages yet to come. Established in the heart of this continent, her pulse throbs with the quickening current of our national life. And that this city was selected as the scene of this great commemorative festival was the natural outgrowth of predestined events. Here all nations are to meet in peaceful, laudable emulation on the fields of art, science and industry, on the fields of research, invention and scholarship, and to learn the universal value of the discovery we commemorate; to learn, as could be learned in no other way, the nearness of man to man, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of the human race.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the exalted purpose of the World's Columbian Exposition. May it be fruitful of its aim, and of peace forever to all the nations of the earth.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY

Tendered by Mayor Hempstead Washburne.

The address of welcome to Chicago was made by Mayor Washburne and was as follows:

Mr. President, Representatives of Foreign Governments, Ladies and Gentlemen:—This day is dedicated by the American people to one whose name is indissolubly linked with that of our continent. This day shall add new glories to him whose prophetic vision beheld in the stars which guided his audacious voyage a new world and a new hope for the peoples of the earth.

The four centuries passing in review have witnessed the settlement of a newly discovered continent, the founding of many nations, and the establishment in this country of more than sixty millions of people whose wonderful material prosperity, high intelligence, political institutions, and glorious history have excited the interest and compelled the admiration of the civilized world.

You, sirs, who are the chosen representatives of our people—you into whose keeping we entrust our property and our rights—you whose every act becomes a link in that long chain of history which spans 400 years without a break and whose every link signifies a struggle and victory for man—you who represent that last and most perfect experiment of human government have by your official acts honored this young city with your choice as the most fitting place to mark this country's dawn.

She accepts the sacred trust with rivalry towards none and fellowship for all. She stands ready to fulfill the pledges she has made. She needs no orator to speak her merits, no poet to sing her glories. She typifies the civilization of this continent and this age; she has no hoary locks; no crumbling ruins; the gray-haired sire who saw her birth to-day holds on high his prattling grandchild to see the nations of the earth within her gates.

Over the very spot whereon we stand, within the memory of men still young, the wild fowl winged their migratory flight.

Less than a century ago the site of this young city was unknown; to-day a million and a-half people support her honor, enterprise and thrift. Her annual commerce of one billion and a-half tells the eloquent story of her material greatness.

This sirs, is the American city of your choice; her gates are open, her people at your service. To you, and those you represent we offer greeting, hospitality and love.

Welcome to you men of older civilizations to this young city whose most ancient landmark was built within the span of a present life. Our hospitalities and our welcome we now extend without reserve, without regard to nationality, creed or race.

PRESIDENT PALMER'S SPEECH.

Aims and Purposes of Dedication Ceremonies.

President Palmer, of the Commission, then presented the buildings to the Vice President of the United States:

When a structure designed for a beneficent purpose has reached completion and is about to be devoted to its object, it is deemed fitting, in accordance with a custom which sprung from the aspirations of man, and which has received the sanction of successive generations, that its intent and aim shall be declared amid imposing ceremonies, and the good will of the present and the blessing of the future invoked upon it.

If this occasion shall have as one of its results the inauguration of another festal day to enlarge the too meagre calandar of our people, the world will be richer thereby, and a name which has hitherto been held in vague and careless remembrance will be made a vital and elevating force to mankind.

Anniversaries are the punctuations of history. They are the emphases given to events, not by the song of the poet, or the pen of the rhetorician, but by the common acclaim of mankind. They are the monuments of the heroes and the saviors of the race. They are the Memnons which fill the heart with promise, the eye with gladness, and the ear with song.

The teacher of Socrates, when dying, was asked what he wished for a monument. He answered: "Give the boys a holiday."

It was a happy thought to have linked with the achievements of Columbus and Pinzon, which doubled the area of the habitable globe, an undertaking whereby we hope to illustrate the fact that they also made possible more than a duplication of blessings to mankind.

As these great men died ignorant of the magnitude of their work, may we not hope that this exposition will accomplish a greater good than will be revealed to us to-day, be its outcome never so brilliant? May we not hope that lessons here learned, transmitted to the future, will be potent forces long after the multitudes which will throng these aisles shall have measuered their span and passed away?

Cry of "Land."

Four hundred years ago to-day, Rodrigo de Triana, from the prow of the Pinta, cried "Land." That cry marked the commencement of an era wherein has been condensed more of good import to the race than any other. To-day, at the flood-tide of that era, we are reminded of what that cry involved, and of how much there is yet to do to give it its fullest significance.

There are no more continents to discover, but there is much to do to make both hemispheres the home of intelligence, virtue, and consequent happiness. To that end no one material thing can contribute more than expositions to which are invited in a fraternal spirit, all nations, tribes, and peoples, where each shall give and receive according to their respective capacities.

The foundations of civilization have been laid. Universal enlightenment, now acknowledged as the safe substructure of every state, receives an added impulse from the commingling of peoples and the fraternization of races, such as are ushered in by the pageants of to-day.

The national commission will, in due time, take appropriate action touching the formal acceptance of the buildings provided under their direction by the World's Columbian Exposition company for this national and international fair, and to you, Mr. President, as the highest representative of the nation, is assigned the honor of dedicating them to the purposes determined and declared by the Congress of the United States.

In behalf of the men and women who have devoted themselves to this great work, of the rich who have given of their abundance and the poor who have given of their necessities; in behalf of the architects who have given to their ideals a local habitation and a name, and the artists who have brought hither the three graces of modern life, form, color and melody, to decorate and inspire; of the workmen who have prepared the grounds and reared the walls; in behalf of the chiefs who have organized the work of the exhibitors; in behalf of the city of Chicago, which has munificently voted aid, of the Congress which has generously given of the national moneys; in behalf of the World's Columbian commission, the World's Columbian Exposition company, and the board of Lady Managers, I ask you to dedicate these buildings and grounds to humanity, to the end that all men and women of every clime may feel that the evidence of material progress which may here meet the eye is good only so far as it may promote that higher life which is the true aim of civilization—that the evidences of wealth here exhibited and the stimulus herein given to industry are good only so far as they may extend the area of human happiness.

The buildings were then dedicated by Vice President Morton.

THE DEDICATORY ADDRESS.

Hon. Henry Watterson's Eloquent and Logical Speech.

Following the Vice President's speech, the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the "Messiah," was rendered.

The dedicatory address was delivered by Hon. Henry Watterson, as follows:

Among the wonders of creative and constructive genius in course of preparation for this Festival of the Nations, whose formal and official inauguration has brought us together, will presently be witnessed upon the margin of the inter-ocean, which gives to this noble and beautiful city the character and rank of a maratime metropolis, a Spectatorium, wherein the Columbian epic will be told with realistic effects surpassing the most splendid and impressive achievements of the modern stage. No one, who has had the good fortune to see the models of this extraordinary work of art, can have failed to be moved by the union, which it embodies, of the antique in history and the current in life and thought, as, beginning with the weird mendicant fainting upon the hillside of Santa Rabida, it traces the strange adventures of the Genoese seer from the royal camp of Santa Fe to the sunny coasts of the Isles of Inde; through the weary watches of the endless night, whose sentinel stars seemed set to mock but not to guide; through the trackless and shoreless wastes of the mystic sea, spread day by day to bear upon every rise and fall of its heaving bosom the death of fair, fond hopes, the birth of fantastic fears; the peerless and thrilling revelation, and all that has followed to the very moment that beholds us here, citizens, freemen, equal shareholders in the miracle of American civilization and development. Is there one among us who does not thank his Maker that he has lived to join in this universal celebration, this jubilee of mankind?

We look before and after, and we see through the half-drawn folds of Time as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought, golden days has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread upon one another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

HENRI WATTERSON.

But even as simple justice was denied Columbus was lasting tenure denied the Spaniard.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the old-world struggle between the French and English transferred to the new, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both, to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay, but dauntless cavaliers, to the Southward, join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And lo, down from the green-walled hills of New England out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come, faintly to the ear like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the Revolution; the tramp of the minute-men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof-beats of Sumter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit-battle; the gleam of Marion's watch-fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there in serried, saint-like ranks on fame's eternal camping-ground, stand—

—"The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,
Yielding not,"

as, amid the singing of angels in heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young Republic; and the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration and the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting-shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to a second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty and honor, and, praise God, our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall marvel at what we see to-day; this land filled with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes, to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man, out of disaster comes the glory of the State!

The Occasion.

We are met this day to honor the memory of Christopher Columbus, to celebrate the four-hundredth annual return of the year of his transcendent achievement, and, with fitting rites, to dedicate to America and the universe a concrete exposition of the world's progress between 1492 and 1892. No twenty centuries can be compared with those four centuries, either in importance or interest, as no previous ceremonial can be compared with this in its wide significance and reach; because, since the advent of the Son of God, no event has had so great an influence upon human affairs as the discovery of the Western hemisphere. Each of the centuries that have intervened marks many revolutions, the merest catalogue would crowd a thousand pages. The story of the least of the nations would fill a volume. In what I have to say upon this occasion, therefore, I shall confine myself to our own; and, in speaking of the United States of America, I propose rather to dwell upon our character as a people, and our reciprocal obligations and duties as an aggregation of communities, held together by a fixed constitution, and charged with the custody of a union upon whose preservation in its original spirit and purpose the future of free, popular government depends, than to enter into a dissertation upon abstract principles, or to undertake an historic essay. We are a plain, practical people. We are a race of inventors and workers, not of poets and artists. We have led the world's movement, not its thought. Our deeds are to be found not upon frescoed walls, or in ample libraries, but in the machine shop, where the spindles sing and the looms thunder; on the open plain, where the steam-plow, the reaper and the mower contend with one another in friendly war against the obduracies of nature; in the magic of electricity as it penetrates the darkest caverns with its irresistible power and light. Let us consider ourselves and our conditions, as far as we are able, with a candor untinged by cynicism, and a confidence having no air of assurance.

The True American Polity.

A better opportunity could not be desired for a study of our peculiarities than is furnished by the present moment.

We are in the midst of the quadriennial period established for the selection of a chief magistrate. Each citizen has his right of choice, each has his right to vote and to have his vote freely cast and fairly counted. Wherever this right is assailed for any cause wrong is done and evil must follow, first to the whole country, which has an interest in all its parts, but most to the community immediately involved, which must actually drink of the cup that has contained the poison, and can not escape its infection.

The abridgement of the right of suffrage, however, is very nearly proportioned to the ignorance or indifference of the parties concerned by it, and, there is good reason to hope that, with the expanding intelligence of the masses and the growing enlightenment of the times, this particular form of corruption in elections will be reduced below the danger line.

To that end, as to all other good ends, the moderation of public sentiment must ever be our chief reliance; for when men are forced by the general desire for truth, and the light which our modern vehicles of information throw upon truth, to discuss public questions for truth's sake, when it becomes the plain interest of public men, as it is their plain duty, to do this, and when, above all, friends and neighbors cease to love one another less because of individual differences of opinion about public affairs, the struggle for unfair advantage will be relegated to those who have either no character to lose, or none to seek.

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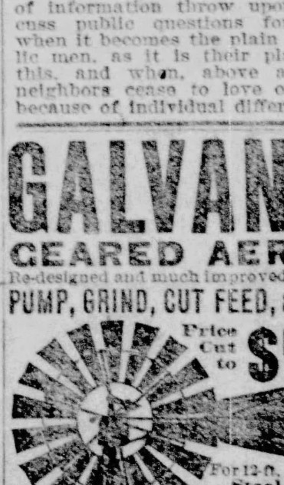

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It is admitted on all sides that the current Presidential campaign is freer from excitement and tumult than was ever known before, and it is argued from this circumstance that we are traversing the epoch of the commonplace. If this be so, thank God for it! We have had full enough of the dramatic and sensational, and need a season of mediocrity and repose. But may we not ascribe the rational way in which the people are going about their business to larger knowledge and experience, and a fairer spirit than have hitherto marked our party contentions?

Parties are as essential to free government as oxygen to the atmosphere, or sunshine to vegetation. And party spirit is inseparable from party organism. To the extent that it is tempered by good sense and good feeling, by love of country and integrity of purpose, it is a supreme virtue; and there should be no gag short of a decent regard for the sensibilities of others put upon its freedom and plainness of utterance. Otherwise, the limpid pool of Democracy would stagnate, and we should have a Republic only in name. But we should never cease to be admonished by the warning words of the Father of his Country against the excess of party spirit, re-enforced as they are by the experience of a century of party warfare; a warfare happily culminating in the complete triumph of American principles, but brought many times dangerously near to the annihilation of all that was great and noble in the national life.

Lift Up Your Hearts.

Sursum Corda. We have in our own time seen the Republic survive an irrepressible conflict, sown in the blood and marrow of the social order. We have seen the Federal Union, not too strongly put together in the first place, come out of a great war of sections, stronger than when in went into it, its faith renewed, its credit rehabilitated, and its flag saluted with love and homage by sixty millions of God-fearing men and women, thoroughly reconciled and homogeneous. We have seen the Federal Constitution outlast the strain, not merely of a Reconstructory ordeal and a Presidential impeachment, but a disputed count of the Electoral vote, a Congressional dead-lock, and an extra constitutional tribunal, yet standing firm against the assaults of its enemies, whilst yielding itself with admirable flexibility to the needs of the country and the time. And, finally, we saw the gigantic fabric of the Federal government transferred from hands that had held it a quarter of a century to other hands, without a protest, although so close was the poll in the final count that a single blanket might have covered both contestants for the chief magisterial office. With such a record behind us, who shall be afraid of the future?

The young manhood of the country may take this lesson from those of us who lived through times that did, indeed, try men's souls—when, pressed down from day to day by awful responsibilities and suspense, each night brought a terror with every thought of the morrow, and, when, look where we would, there were light and hope nowhere—that God reigns and wills, and that this fair land is, and has always been, in His own keeping.

The curse of slavery is gone. It was a joint heritage of woe, to be wiped out and expiated in blood and flame. The mirage of the Confederacy has vanished. It was essentially bucolic, a vision of Arcadie, the dream of a most attractive economic fallacy. The Constitution is no longer a rope of sand. The exact relation of the states to the Federal government, left open to double construction by the authors of our organic being, because they could not agree among themselves, and union was the paramount object, has been clearly and definitely fixed by the three last amendments to the original chart, which constitute the real treaty of peace between the North and the South, and seal our bonds as a nation forever.

The republis represents at last the letter and spirit of the sublime declaration. The fetters that bound her to the earth are burst asunder. The rags that degraded her beauty are cast aside. Like the enchanted princess in the legend, clad in spotless raiment, and wearing a crown of living light, she steps in the perfection of her maturity upon the scene of this, the latest and proudest of her victories to bid a welcome to the wirld.

The Meaning Of It.

Need I pursue the theme? This vast assemblage speaks with a resonance and meaning which words can never reach. It speaks from the fields that are blessed from the never-failing waters of the Kennebec and from the farms that sprinkle the valleys of the Connecticut with mimic principalities more potent and lasting than the real; it speaks in the whirr of the mills of Pennsylvania and in the ring of the wood-cutter's ax from the forests of the lake peninsulas; it speaks from the great plantations of the South and West, teeming with staples that insure us wealth and power, and stability, yea, and from the mines and forests and quarries of Michigan and Wisconsin, of Alabama and Georgia, of Tennessee and Kentucky, far away to the regions of silver and gold, that have linked the Colorado and Rio Grande in close embrace, and annihilated time and space between the Atlantic and the Pacific; it speaks in one word from the hearthstone in Iowa and Illinois, from the home in Mississippi and Arkansas, from the hearts of seventy millions of fearless, free-born men and women, and that one word is "Union!"

There is no geography in American manhood. There are no sections to American fraternity. It needs but six weeks to change a Vermonter into a Texan, and there never has been a time when upon the battle-field or the frontier, Puritan and Cavalier were not convertible terms, having in the beginning a common origin, and so diffused and diluted on American soil as no longer to possess a local habitation, or a nativity, except in the national unit.

The men who planted the signals of American civilization upon that sacred Rock by Plymouth Bay were Englishmen, and so were the men who struck the coast a little lower down, calling their haven of rest after the great Republican Commoner, and founding by Hampton Roads a race of heroes and statesmen, the mention of whose names brings a thrill to every heart. The South claims Lincoln, the immortal, for its own; the North has no right to reject Stonewall Jackson, the one typical Puritan soldier of the war, for its own! Nor will it! The time is coming, is almost here, when hanging above many a mantel-board in fair New England—glorifying many a cottage in the Sunny South—shall be seen bound together, in everlasting love and honor, two cross-swords carried to battle respectively by the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

The Children and the Flag.

At this moment in every part of the American union, the children are taking up the wonderful tale of the discovery, and from Boston to Galveston, from the little log schoolhouse in the wilderness to the towering academy in the city and the town, may be witnessed the unprecedented spectacle of a powerful nation captured by an army of Lilliputians, of embryo men and women, of topling boys and girls, and tiny elves scarce big enough to lisp the numbers of the national anthem; scarce strong enough to lift the miniature flags that make of arid street and autumn wood an emblematic garden, to gladden the sight and to glorify the red, white and blue. See

"Our young barbarians all at play,"

for better than these we have nothing to exhibit. They, indeed, are our crown jewels; the truest, though the inevitable, offsprings of our civilization and development; the representatives of a manhood vitalized and invigorated by toil and care, of a womanhood elevated and inspired by liberty and education. God bless the children and their mothers! God bless our country's flag! And God be with us now and ever, God in the roof-tree's shade and God on the highway, God in the winds and waves, and God in all our hearts!

"Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia" were then given with full orchestral accompaniment.

DEPEW'S GREAT ORATION.

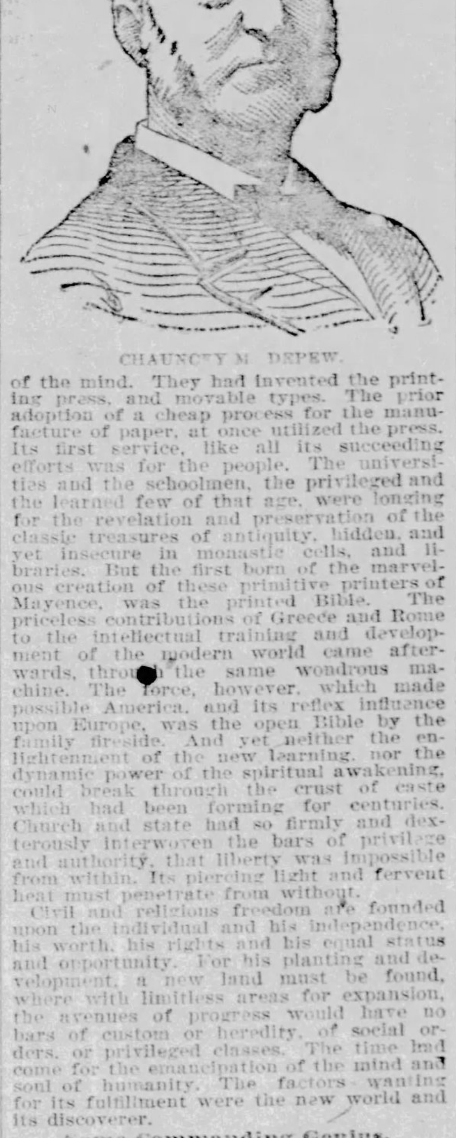
The Day Belongs to the World Not to America.

The Columbian oration was delivered next, by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew:

This day belongs not to America but to the world. The results of the event it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries, the realization was the revelation of one. The cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first, Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second there would have been no place for the planting, the nurture and the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Ancient history is a dreary record of unstable civilizations. Each reached its zenith of material splendor, and perished. The Assyrian, Persian, Egyptian, Grecian and Roman empires were proofs of the possibilities and limitations of man for conquest and intellectual development. Their destruction involved a sum of misery and relapse which made their creation rather a curse than a blessing. Force was the factor in the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the sovereign when Columbus sailed from Palos. The Wise Men traveled from the East toward the West under the guidance of the Star of Bethlehem. The spirit of the equality of all men before God and the law moved westward from Calvary with its revolutionary influence upon old institutions, to the Atlantic Ocean. Columbus carried it westward across the seas. The emigrants from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, from Germany and Holland, from Sweden and Denmark, from France and Italy, have under its guidance and inspiration moved west, and again west, building states and founding cities until the Pacific limited their march. The exhibition of arts and industries and of educational and social progress, which the exposition will present to the world, is the fruit of that gospel: and there followed the dawn of the brightest era, the pulsing of the most fruitful century, in the history of the race. The right of kings stamped out the faintest glimmer of revolt against tyranny; and the problems of science, whether of the skies or of the earth, whether of astronomy or geography, were solved or submerged by ecclesiastical decrees. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system, or the navigator who would prove the sphericity of the earth. An English Gladstone, or a French Gambetta, or a German Bismarck, or an Italian Garibaldi, or a Spanish Castelar, would have been thought monsters, and their deaths at the stake, or on the scaffold, and under the anathemas of the church, would have received the praise and approval of kings and nobles, of priests and peoples. Reason had no seat in spiritual or temporal realms. Punishment was the incentive to patriotism, and piety was held possible by torture. Confessions of faith extorted from the writhing victim on the rack, were believed efficacious in saving his soul from fires eternal beyond the grave. For all that humanity to-day cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts there was neither thought nor hope.

The Hammer Forged.

Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Gutenberg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition, and open the prison doors of the mind. They had invented the printing press, and movable types. The prior adoption of a cheap process for the manufacture of paper, at once utilized the press. Its first service, like all its succeeding efforts was for the people. The universities and the schoolmen, the privileged and the learned few of that age, were longing for the revelation and preservation of the classic treasures of antiquity, hidden, and yet insecure in monastic cells, and libraries. But the first born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence, was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterwards, through the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America, and its reflex influence upon Europe, was the open Bible by the family fireside. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning, nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening, could break through the crust of caste which had been forming for centuries. Church and state had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority, that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

Civil and religious freedom are founded upon the individual and his independence, his worth, his rights and his equal status and opportunity. For his planting and development, a new land must be found, where with limitless areas for expansion, the avenues of progress would have no bars of custom or heredity, of social orders, or privileged classes. The time had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfillment were the new world and its discoverer.

Some Commanding Genius.

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders are less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Caesar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand, and Luther, and William the Conqueror, and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

Neither realism nor romance, furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the struggles of our period. Forty-four authentic portraits of him have descended to us, and no two of them are the counterfeits of the same person. Each represents a character as distinct as its canvas. Strength and weakness, intellectuality and stupidity, high moral purpose and brutal ferocity, purity and licentiousness, the dreamer and the miser, the pirate and the puritan, are the types from which we may select our hero. We dismiss the painter, and piercing with the clarified vision of the dawn of the twentieth century, the veil of four hundred years, we construct our Columbus.

The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skillful navigator and intrepid mariner. They had given him a glimpse of the possibilities of the unknown, beyond the highways of travel, which roused an unquenchable thirst for adventure and research. The study of the narratives of previous explorers, and diligent questionings of the daring spirits who had ventured far towards the fabled West, gradually evolved a theory, which became in his mind so fixed a fact, that he could inspire others with his own passionate beliefs. The words, "that is a lie," written by him on the margin of nearly every page of a volume of the travels of Marco Polo, which is still to be found in a Genoese library, illustrate the scepticism of his beginning, and the first vision of the New World the fulfillment of his faith.

Securing the Means.

To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations, this poor and unknown dreamer, must win the support of the kings and overcome the hostility of the church. He never doubted his ability to do both, though he knew of no man living who was so great in power, or lineage, or learning that he could accomplish either. Unaided and alone he succeeded in arousing the jealousies of sovereigns, and dividing the councils of the ecclesiastics. "I will command your fleet and discover for you new realms, but only on condition that you confer on me hereditary nobility, the Admiralty of the Ocean, and the Vice Royalty and one-tenth the revenues of the New World," were his haughty terms to King John, of Portugal. After ten years of disappointment and poverty, subsisting most of the time upon the charity of the enlightened monk of the convent of Ribida, who was his unfaltering friend, he stood before the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, and rising to imperial dignity in his rags, embodied the same royal conditions in his petition. The capture of Granada, the expulsion of Islam from Europe, and the triumph of the cross, aroused the admiration and devotion of Christendom.

But this proud beggar, holding in his grasp the potential promise, and dominion of El Dorado and Cathay, divided with the Moslem surrender, the attention of sovereigns and bishops. France and England indicated a desire to hear his theories, and see his maps, while he was still a suppliant at the gates of the camp of Castile and Aragon, the sport of its courtiers, and the scoff of its confessors. His unshakable faith, that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from heaven, both by his name and by Divine command to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse, and a contemptuous court that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune, or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the state, to venture upon that unknown ocean, which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter the Hermit, the chivalric courage of the Cid, and the imagination of Dante. Columbus belonged to that high order of cranks, who confidently walk where "angels fear to tread," and often become the benefactors of their country, or their kind.

A Happy Omen.

It was a happy omen of the position which woman was to hold in America, that the only person who comprehended the majestic scope of his plans, and the invincible quality of his genius, was the able and gracious queen of Castile. Isabella alone of all the dignitaries of that age, shares with Columbus the honors of his great achievement. She arrayed her kingdom and her private fortune behind the enthusiasm of this mystic mariner, and posterity pays homage to her wisdom and faith.

Expansion of Empire.

The rulers of the Old World began with partitioning the New. To them the discovery was expansion of empire, and grandeur to the throne. Vast territories, whose properties and possibilities were little understood, and whose extent was greater than the kingdoms of the sovereigns, were the gifts to court favorites, and the prizes of royal approval. But individual intelligence and independent conscience found here haven and refuge. They were the passengers upon the caravels of Columbus, and he was unconsciously making for the port of civil and religious liberty. Thinkers, who believed men capable of higher destinies and larger responsibilities, and pious people who preferred the Bible to that of union of church and state, where each serves the other for the temporal benefit of both, fled to these distant and hospitable lands from intoleration and hopeless oppression at home. It required three hundred years for the people thus happily situated, to understand their own power and resources, and to break bonds which were still reverenced or loved, no matter how deeply they wounded, or how hard they galled.

Making the Divisions.

The northern continent was divided between England, France and Spain, and the southern between Spain and Portugal. France wanting the capacity for colonization, which still characterizes her, gave up her western possessions and left the English, who have the genius of universal empire, masters of North America. The development of the experiment in the English domain makes this day memorable. It is due to the wisdom and courage, the faith and virtue of the inhabitants of this territory that government of the people, for the people and by the people was inaugurated, and has become a triumphant success. The Puritan settled in New England and the cavalier in the South. They representell the opposites of spiritual and temporal life and opinions. The processes of liberty liberalized the one and elevated the other. Washington and Adams were the new types. Their union in a common cause gave the world a republic both stable and free. It possessed conservatism without bigotry, and liberty strong enough to resist revolution and elastic enough for indefinite extension to meet the requirements in government of ever enlarging areas of population, and the needs of progress and growth.

The Mayflower, with the Pilgrims and a Dutch ship laden with African slaves, were on the ocean at the same time, the one sailing for Massachusetts and the other for Virginia. This company of saints and first cargo of slaves, represented the forces which were to peril and rescue free government. The slaver was the product of the commercial spirit of Great Britain, and the greed of the times to stimulate production in the colonies. The men who wrote in the cabin of the Mayflower the first charter of freedom, a government of just and equal laws, were a little band of protestants against every form of injustice and tyranny. The leaven of their principles made possible the Declaration of Independence, liberated the slaves, and founded the free commonwealths which form the republic of the United States.

It was Magna Charta, and the Petition of Rights planted in the virgin soil of the American wilderness, and bearing richer and riper fruit. Under its vitalizing influence upon the individual, the farmer left his plow in the furrow, the lawyer his books and briefs, the merchant his shop, and the workman his bench, to enlist in the patriot army. They were fighting for themselves and their children. They embodied the idea in their constitution, in the immortal words with which that great instrument of liberty and order began: "We, the people of the United States, do ordain."

The Idea of Freedom.

The scope and limitations of this idea of freedom have neither been misinterpreted or misunderstood. The laws of nature in their application to the rise and recognition of men according to their mental, moral, spiritual and physical endowments are left undisturbed. But the accident of birth gives no rank and confers no privilege. Equal rights and common opportunity for all have been the spurs of ambition, and the motors of progress. They have established the common schools, and built the public libraries. A sovereign people have learned and and enforced the lesson of free education. The practice of government is itself a liberal education. People who make their own laws, need no law-givers. After a century of successful trial, the system has passed the period of experiment, and its demonstrated permanency and power are revolutionizing the governments of the world. It has raised the largest armies of modern times for self preservation, and at the successful termination of the war returned the soldiers to the pursuits of peace. It has so adjusted itself to the pride and patriotism of the defeated, that they vie with the victors in their support and enthusiasm for the old flag and our common country. Imported anarchists have preached their baleful doctrines, but have made no converts. They have tried to inaugurate a reign of terror under the banner of the violent seizure and distribution of property only to be defeated, imprisoned and executed by the law made by the people and enforced by juries selected from the people, and judges and prosecuting officers elected by the people. Socialism finds disciples only among those who were its votaries before they were forced to fly from their native land, but it does not take root upon American soil. The state neither supports nor permits taxation to maintain the church. The citizen can worship God according to his belief and conscience, or he may neither reverence nor recognize the Almighty. And yet religion has flourished, churches abound, the ministry is sustained, and millions of dollars are contributed annually for the evangelization of the world. The United States is a Christian country and a living and practical Christianity is the characteristic of its people.

Crowded With Romance.

From the first century to the fifteenth counts for little in the history of progress, but in the period between the fifteenth and the twentieth is crowded the romance and reality of human development. Life has been prolonged, and its enjoyment intensified. The powers of the air and the water, the resistless forces of the elements, which in the time of the discoverer were the visible terrors of the wrath of God, have been subdued to the service of man. Art and luxuries which could be possessed and enjoyed only by the rich and noble, the works of genius which were read and understood only by the learned few, domestic comforts and surroundings beyond the reach of lord or bishop, now adorn and illumine the homes of our citizens. Serfs are sovereigns and the people are kings. The trophies and splendors of their reign are commonwealths, rich in every attribute of great states, and united in a republic whose power and prosperity, and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero and apostle. We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by his adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

Prayer was then offered by His Eminence Cardinal James Gibbons.

PRAYER MADE BY COLUMBUS.

Florida Man Discovers the Original in a Spanish Cathedral.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 22.—A special from St. Augustine to the Times-Union says: At the opening of the school ceremonies for Columbus day, Prof. Knibble read the following prayer, said to be the original words offered up by Columbus, when he landed on the island of San Salvador. This prayer the Spanish kings ordered to be used by Balboa, Cortez and Pizarro when making new discoveries. It is said to be the first translation ever known to the American tongue, and was sent from the old cathedral at Seville, Spain, by Miss A. M. Brooks, who is now engaged in compiling a Spanish history of America:

"Lord God, Eternal and Omnipotent, by Thy sacred word Thou hast created the heavens and the earth and sea. Thy name be blessed and glorified. May Thy name be praised, known and proclaimed in this other part of the world."

The first shipment of iron ore from the Meseba range, reached Detroit October 18. It came from the Mountain iron mine, and is of a very rich quality.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

FOR THE HAREMS.

Young Girls Forcibly Abducted and Doomed to a Fate Worse Than Death—The Band Finally Captured.

Vienna, Oct. 19.—Much has been said and written regarding the sale of girls to the harems of the nobility, but it has not been generally believed that any such custom obtained in Europe.

Considerable of a sensation has been occasioned by the discovery that there has existed for a long time in Austrian Galicia, a regularly organized gang of kidnapers, who have made it their business to supply the demand for fresh human flesh for the harems of wealthy Turks in Constantinople. This gang, composed of men and women, were making large sums of money through their traffic in young girls.

They would visit the various towns in Galicia and make the acquaintance of the prettiest and most shapely young girls. Then they would hold out to them in glowing colors the money and fine clothes to be had, the lives of leisure to be led, if they would go to Constantinople, where rich men were awaiting a chance to marry them. How many of the girls fall into the trap will probably never be known, but it is certain that the number is large, for since the workings of the gang have become known, sixty of the victims have been released from various harems in Constantinople through the efforts of the Austrian embassy there.

In some cases where the girls were particularly attractive, and refused to listen to the proposals made to them, the gang did not hesitate to forcibly abduct them. Then they would be drugged, and when they gained full possession of their senses they found themselves immured within harem walls, doomed to a fate worse than death. Their language was not understood, and their appeals for relief fell on deaf ears. Some of the stories told by the released girls regarding their treatment by their masters, are horrible.

As soon as the facts became known to the authorities they began the search for the members of the gang, and before long they had 27 persons in custody. They are now awaiting trial at Lemberg, the capital of Austrian Galicia, and it is expected that many of their victims will testify against them.

GREAT FREE TRADE STRIKE.

The Pauper Workers in English Cotton Mills Won't Take Less Wages.

London, Oct. 24.—What promises to be one of the greatest strikes in all history, growing out of the Lancashire cotton trade troubles, is now apparently inevitable. On November 8, 60,000 operatives will leave their looms and sixteen or seventeen million spindles will become silent.

The issue has been described, but it can be re-stated in a word. The manufacturers insist on a 5 per cent reduction in wages. The operatives admit that the market is so unfavorable that their employers are in some difficulties and that the offer to submit to some reduction in hours and a sufficient reduction in pay is sufficient on their part. They will not accept less money for their present services. Efforts to reach an agreement have been long continued, but they are now abandoned.

Carefully Prepared For.

Never was a labor battle so carefully prepared for, and with both sides so thoroughly equipped and organized. The operatives have the strongest and wealthiest organization in the world. Their resources are so great that they can remain idle for several weeks without actual suffering. For the first time in England, the employers are also in a compact and well-disciplined body, holding control of half the spindles in the whole cotton trade. They will really gain strength from a certain term of non-production, so the struggle, from the present outlook, has no terrors for them. A few mills in the combination will probably pay the fine which the rules of the Master Cotton Spinners' federation imposes on its members and delay the enforcement of the reduction for some little time after November 8.

The battle will probably be a bloodless one, for a long time at least. The operatives are intelligent, and they have shown no bitterness in the dispute thus far. In most of the cities and towns which are affected the cotton mills furnish almost the sole local industry. There will, therefore, be a clear field for a great, well-balanced campaign, which cannot fail to command the attention and interest of all the world.

Daily Meetings.

The threatening cry of the unemployed in London has sounded loud above the diminished roar of trade this week. The crisis already indicated in this correspondence is fast becoming a paramount evil. Meetings are now held daily at Tower Hill, which is the popular forum until Mr. Asquith's decision gives back Trafalgar square for that purpose next month. Very violent language marks the gatherings of the idle. The leaders declare that there are 90,000 in enforced idleness in the East End alone. The speakers announce that they are "now determined to fight," and that the starving poor are about to rise.

Children Hungry.

Some of their meetings are not without violence. On Thursday a speaker denounced a man in the crowd as a spy who had betrayed the Walsall anarchists. There was a rush for the fellow, and cries of "knife him." He would hardly have escaped with his life had it not been for the presence of many policemen in plain clothes, who hustled the victim out of the way. Resolutions passed by these meetings demand that the county council shall furnish work. There will be a partial response to this demand, if possible. The police have been directed to make a thorough canvass of employers throughout London to learn who there are who will be able to give work, temporary or permanent, during the winter. Another pitiful form of appeal is that the city shall supply food to the 40,000 children who go hungry to school every morning.

NEARLY HALF A MILLION MEN.

The New German Army Bill and Its Provisions.

Berlin, Oct. 24.—Official details of the new army bill were published to-day. The peace force effective from October 1, 1893, to March 31, 1899, is fixed at 492,068. The service of the infantry is generally reduced to two years.

The adoption of this measure is necessary, because the former military preponderance of Germany has gone. The war strength of France is placed at 4,051,600 men, and that of Russia at 4,556,000. When the reorganization under the bill is completed, the German army will have attained a strength of 4,400,000, whereas France will not be able to exceed her present strength.

They're on to Grover.

London, Oct. 20.—In commenting upon Mr. Cleveland's graceful act in foregoing his expected visit to Chicago on account of the illness of Mrs. Harrison, the Chronicle says: "Although generally intensely practical, there is a broad and almost dangerous streak of sentiment in the Yankee character; and sympathy with the watching husband may mean votes in November."

Russia's Demand Rejected.

Constantinople, Oct. 19.—The porte, in a brief note in reply to one of the Bulgarian questions received from the Russian government some time ago, virtually rejects Russia's demand that the sultan of Turkey shall not give audience to M. Stambuloff, the Bulgarian premier.

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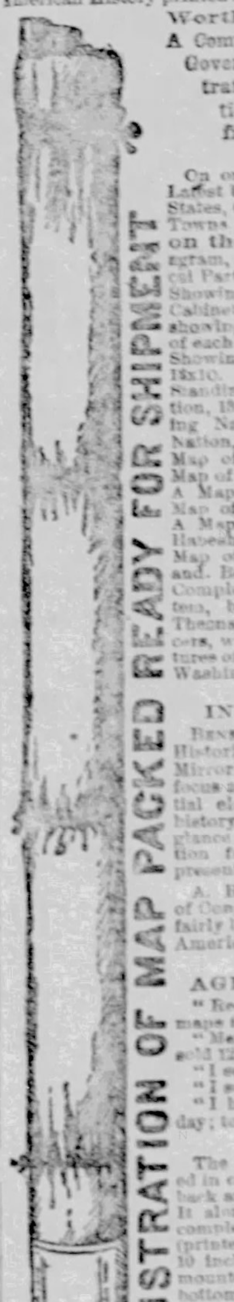

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CANADIAN CORN SHIPPERS

Object to New York Inspection of Their Corn.

Montreal, Oct. 19.—The Montreal Corn association, at a special meeting held to consider the proposed inspection of Canadian grain at New York, has resolved:

"That this association views with alarm the efforts that are now being made by the United States trunk lines centering in New York, and the produce exchange of that city, proposing the placing under control of the produce exchange of New York the inspection of all Canadian grain billed for Europe, via that port, and that this board, believing that such a course would be a great injury to the grain trade of Canada, instructs the representatives of this association appointed to confer with other delegates in New York to strongly oppose the inspection by the New York produce exchange of Canadian grain for export, and recommend the delegates of this association to advocate the inspection of Canadian grains for export via United States ports prior to its crossing the frontier into American territory."

The association appointed delegates to attend the conference at New York.

Mexico Will Accept.

City of Mexico, Oct. 22.—The government received, on last Wednesday, an invitation to send representatives to the international monetary conference at Brussels. The invitation was accepted to-day, and delegates will be appointed next week.

"DO NOT FORGET HIM."

Gen. Sickles' Advice to His Fellow Soldiers.

New York, Oct. 22.—Gen. Daniel E. Sickles spoke last night in Harlem, in explanation of his speech at Washington which was construed to mean that he would bolt the Democratic nomination, and support Harrison. He said in part:

"I said to my soldiers at Washington—and this is the foundation for all the talk—the night President Harrison returned with his sick wife—the men were disappointed because the President could not receive them, as they had expected, because Mrs. Harrison was ill, I said: 'Comrades, you have been disappointed to-day, and I am sorry. You expected to be received by the President, but he is at the bedside of his sick wife. He has not forgotten you, and you must not forget him.'

"That is what I said," continued the speaker. "Harrison was a brave soldier, for I saw him lead his men on to victory at Resaca, and I say it now; and I asked my men to direct their secretary and chairman to go up to the White House the next day and shake hands with the President, and extend their sympathy to him in his trouble. If that makes a Harrison man of me, so be it. Harrison as a comrade is one thing, and as a leader of a political party is another thing."

ELECTION LAW TO BE IGNORED.

Arkansas Ordered to Vote Under the Old Law.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—A special from Little Rock says: Judge McClure, chief of the United States election supervisors, issued instructions to the precinct supervisors, in which he directed them to ignore the new election law of Arkansas.

The instructions have produced a sensation, and are the sole topic of conversation. The present election law under which the farce of a state election was held in August, places the entire direction and control of polling booths and counting in the hands of the governor, secretary of state and state auditor. Voters are required to prepare and cast their ballots inside of five minutes after entering the booth, and but one voter can be in a booth at a time.

WASHINGTON.

THE GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

Schofield Submits His Report to the Secretary of War.

Washington, Oct. 20.—Domestic violence in some of the states has rendered necessary the use of military force in support of the civil authorities, says Gen. Schofield in his report. In the case of the young state of Idaho the militia organization had not yet reached the strength necessary to cope with a very formidable insurrection which had involved much destruction of life and property in the Coeur D'Alena mining region.

The report shows that in Wyoming it has also been necessary to employ troops to prevent conflict between armed parties of citizens. Other special services of less importance were rendered by the troops in various parts of the country involving, especially on the Mexican border, much labor, exposure and hardship. In regard to small arms and field artillery, the report states that when the troops are furnished with the magazines small arms, selected by a board, they will be as well equipped as any troops in the world.

Gen. Schofield earnestly recommends that no time be lost in providing a full supply of these arms for the regular troops and organized militia of the several states, and also a considerable reserve supply for issue to volunteers whenever the latter may be called into service. He also urges that the necessary appropriation be made for a full supply of the most approved breech-loading rifled field guns for the light batteries of both the regular and volunteer troops.

MANUFACTURING STATISTICS.

Important Census Bulletin Issued Recently.

Washington, Oct. 19.—The Census bureau has issued additional bulletins, giving statistics of manufactures. The following are given as the percentages of increase for Memphis, Tenn.: Number of establishments reported, 104.35; capital invested, 233.99; number of hands employed, 128.09; wages paid, 215.23; cost of materials used, 140.21; value of product at works, 153.61.

The following are given as the percentages of increase for Minneapolis, Minn.: Number of establishments reported, 397.26; number of hands employed, 354.60; wages paid, 425.17; cost of materials used, 99.49; value of product at works, 141.51.

The following percentages are given for San Francisco: Number of establishments reported, 21.68; capital invested, 84.20; number of hands employed, 58.55; wages paid, 94.80; cost of materials used, 58.02; value of product at works, 146.51.

Following are percentages of increase for Oakland, Cal.: Capital invested, 206.42; number of hands employed, 107.54; wages paid, 195.06; cost of materials used, 100.86; value of product at works, 133.12.

AN AMERICAN ILL-TREATED.

Capt. White of the Concord Will Investigate.

Washington, Oct. 20.—At least one American was ill-treated in the recent shaking up in Venezuela. Geo. F. Underhill, formerly United States consul at Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela, is the complainant. Mr. Underhill is the owner of a small ship repairing plant at Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco river. He makes a good livelihood by repairing vessels plying the Orinoco river.

While engaged in this pursuit he complains that he was arrested, thrown into prison, and otherwise roughly treated, for no other reason, apparently, than to prevent his lending aid, through the medium of his repair shop, to the revolutionists. He was arrested by the representatives of the old government. Mr. Underhill's claim will be investigated, and if the facts are found to be as reported a demand for proper redress will be made upon the new government.

Capt. White, of the Concord, will make the investigation. Orders were sent to him at Colon to proceed at once to the town named, if it is possible to make the voyage to that point.

THE CRUISE OF THE BEAR

Capt. Healy Says Whalers Are Going Farther North.

Washington, Oct. 19.—Capt. M. A. Healy, U. S. R. M., in a long report to the secretary of the Treasury, dated Ounalaska, September 25, of the cruise of the steamer Bear in the north Arctic waters, says that the steamer established the station projected by the Interior department at Port Clarence, and started with 177 deer, and with great promise of success the work of introducing reindeer into Alaska.

In giving a detailed account of the cruise of the revenue steamer Bear, Capt. Healy says that the annual visit of the vessel to northern Alaska has now become the time for the adjustment of the differences of all kinds, the starting of new enterprises and the correction of various abuses.

Capt. Healy says his efforts to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquor into Alaska were unusually successful despite the great extent of territory to be patrolled, and is of the opinion that he has driven the liquor traffic out of the country. The Bear will assist the United States Steamer Adams in guarding the seal islands until December 1.

THE HOP CROP OF EUROPE.

Half of the German Product Is of a High Grade.

Washington, Oct. 20.—The department of state has received from Consul General Mason, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a report dated October 5, which gives the latest statistics covering the German and English hop crops of 1892.

The latest estimate of the German hop crop places it at 48,300,000 pounds. Fully one-half of the entire German product is of a high and excellent grade. As late as September 15 the English hop crop was estimated at 48,000,000 pounds, but the close of the harvest showed a total product of from 40 to 42,000,000 pounds, and this deficit has brought to Germany a swarm of English buyers, who are purchasing heavily the inferior grades of the new German crop.

GENERAL NEWS.

DENNIS HANKS AND LINCOLN.

How the President Was Seen in War Times.

Paris, Ill., Oct. 22.—Dennis T. Hanks, the early tutor and lifelong friend of the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, died at 1 o'clock at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Nancy Hoff, in this city, aged 93 years. He was born three miles southeast of Hodginsville, in Hardin county, Kentucky, May 15, 1799. His parents were natives of Virginia and were among the first settlers in Kentucky. It was in the same neighborhood in Hardin county, Kentucky, that Abraham Lincoln was born, he and Mr. Hanks being boys together.

In 1864 occurred the riots at Charleston, in Coles county, Illinois, known in that locality as the Charleston rebellion, in which Dr. York, a prominent citizen of that city was killed. A number of the rioters were arrested and thrown into prison. Dennis Hanks was sent to Washington to intercede with President Lincoln in their behalf. Arriving at Washington he went immediately to the White House. He was informed that he could not see him, as that was not the day for the President to see visitors. "Yes, but I must see him," said Mr. Hanks to the usher. "Show me the door of his room." This was done and Mr. Hanks walked into the President's room and exclaimed, "How are you, Abe." The President left his desk, and walking towards him exclaimed, "Why, Dennis, what brought you here?" and threw his arms around the old man and embraced him. Mr. Hanks soon made known his errand, secured the release of the men in whose behalf he came and started for home the next day.

Long Distance Telephone Message.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 22.—The first long-distance telephone message ever sent from Chicago to a daily newspaper was received by the Standard-Union. Not only were the words of the correspondent distinctly heard, but his voice was as clearly recognizable as if he stood in the office when the message was received.

A LETTER TO MR. PATRICK EGAN.

Written by Wayne McVeagh of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—Wayne McVeagh has written a letter to Patrick Egan, American minister to Chile, in which he says: "I am glad to see you intend at last, even after nine years, to reply to the attacks upon your character, but I am sorry to see that you persist in calling them my attacks, and this falsehood leads me to fear that you may repeat the other falsehood that my statement that your appointment was an insult to Chile, was intended as a reflection upon you because you were born in Ireland.

"Now, if you will abandon these two sheer and absolute falsehoods, I will give you the fullest liberty to abuse me to any extent, or say anything about me you choose, for what you say of me cannot possibly do me the least harm, and would really be, to my mind, a kind of eulogy of me."

Proceeding, Mr. McVeagh asserts that his charges were based upon attacks made by the Tribune upon Mr. Egan, and, considering Mr. Egan's appearance at White Plains a practical confession of the truth of the statements, he felt at liberty to give utterance to the views contained in his Cooper Union speech.

THE WISCONSIN LEGISLATURE.

Stormy Time Expected To-day at Madison.

Madison, Wis., Oct. 25.—The special session of the Wisconsin legislature has not yet accomplished anything. An apportionment bill is a much more uncertain thing than it was a week ago. The sub-committee, composed of four Democrats and three Republicans, of the regular appointment committee of 21, agreed early last week on all assembly districts, but the Republican members objected to the senate districts, as laid out in the bill.

At last night's session three Republicans voted for the senate apportionment. This so surprised the Democrats that three of them thought that something must be wrong, and they refused to live up to the contract. Assemblyman Dodge (Dem.) called a halt, saying that the action of his brethren was mere child's play, and casting his vote with the Republicans. The report of the sub-committee, as adopted, was then referred to the regular committee, which refused to accept it, and a general disagreement is on, a caucus of the Democratic members of both houses being held until a late hour. A stormy time is expected at the meeting to-day.

MR. POWDERLY'S ATTITUDE.

he K. of L. Indignant at the Democratic Managers.

New York, Oct. 24.—(Special.)—There is a good deal of excitement in political circles to-day over the action of the Knights of Labor in denouncing Chairman Harrity, Governor Flower and Governor Pattison, regarding their attitude in the case of John Hughes, member of the Knights of Labor who was arrested in Philadelphia in 1891, returned to New York on a requisition, and convicted on a charge of extortion, under most peculiar and suspicious circumstances.

Knights are indignant at the treatment received from Governor Flower when they appealed to him; also the treatment from Harrity and Pattison, and declare that the organization is in politics this year to defeat the Democrats.

Powderly publicly and privately urges all Knights to vote against the Democratic party, and adds: "I don't see how any workingman can vote for its candidates." This action, it is believed, will have a tremendous influence, and is alone sufficient to place New York in the Republican column.

OLD SOL HID HIS FACE.

Eclipse Friday Lasted Nearly Four Hours.

New York, Oct. 21.—Engineer Nature has achieved a reputation since the days of Galileo for running on schedule time, and the eclipse due to arrive, was exactly on time, much to the gratification of a crowd of people and venders of smoked glass who were watching to see Luna's arrival at Phoebus's station. Not a cloud hampered observation from the time the moon cut a segment from the golden disc until it passed from its face.

At Washington Prof. Eastman made a very satisfactory observation, the atmosphere being in excellent condition. The shadow was observed to cross the sun from the top downward and with what might be called a westerly movement. The eclipse lasted three hours and thirty seconds, and covered almost three-fifths of the sun's surface.

While the phenomenon was of no particular astronomical importance, it was watched at all observations.

START CRISP IN BUSINESS.

A Saginaw Man Makes An Offer to the Georgian.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 25.—A special dispatch from Saginaw, Mich., says that Hon. Arthur Hill, a prominent lumber manufacturer of that city, has offered $200,000 to Speaker Charles F. Crisp to establish a hat factory, and also a woolen goods factory in that city, one-half of the sum to be applied to each.

Mr. Hill does this on the showing made by Speaker Crisp in speeches delivered in Saginaw and Detroit, of great profits made in the manufacture of woolen goods and hats because of the present tariff. This proposition is to stand for thirty days. Hill has deposited a certified check for $10,000 payable to Crisp's order as a forfeit.

ENORMOUS TIN PLATE PLANT.

American Brains and Welsh Capital to Combine.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Articles of incorporation have been filed here by the Swansea Steel & Tin-plate Co., capital stock $200,000. The incorporators are Walter R. Howard, L. L. Shirley and Jesse E. Roberts. The company is organized for the manufacture of American tin-plate, and the principal stockholders are Welsh capitalists. The plant, which will consist of four mills, will be located at St. Paul Park, a suburb of St. Paul, Minn.

The mills will employ not less than 300 men. Work on the buildings will be begun early in January, and the mills will be in operation by June 1.

THE BRAZILIAN MAIL STEAMER

Seguranca Will Likely be Subsidized by Uncle Sam.

New York, Oct. 22.—The United States and Brazil mail steamship Seguranca went out to sea for the purpose of demonstrating to the naval board of inspection her fitness for a government subsidy under the requirements of the new postal regulations. The steam trial of the big ship took place off the New Jersey coast. The gait she struck was so much in excess of the requirements that the four hours' run to the northward was dispensed with, as the inspecting board was satisfied that she could easily maintain a speed greater than was demanded.

Upon the favorable report of the board she will obtain a mail subsidy of 66 2-3 cents for every mile traversed on her outward trips from the United States.

GOVERNOR M'KINLEY STONED.

The Miscreant Escaped in the Darkness.

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 19.—An attempt to injure Gov. McKinley was made at Hurricane, a station between Charleston and Huntington, this state, last night. The train was just pulling out when a huge rock crashed through the window of the private car in which the governor was riding.

Fortunately no one was hurt. Five other stones were thrown. The person who did the work could not be found in the darkness.

Simpson Has Given it Up.

Topeka, Kan., Oct. 24.—It is said that Jerry Simpson has practically abandoned the campaign for Congress in the Seventh district, and is devoting his entire attention to his candidacy for United States Senator to succeed Senator Perkins. Republicans claim that Simpson's defeat for Congress is certain and that he has discovered that his election is impossible. For nearly two weeks he has been outside of his district, and his campaign is receiving little or no attention at the hands of his Congressional committee.

MRS. HARRISON DEAD.

The End Like the Closing of a Summer Day—The President Heart-Broken—Biography of the Deceased.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The anguish of suspense is ended. The blow has fallen. The first lady of the land is no more.

At 1:40 o'clock this morning the death angel stole silently into the Executive Mansion, and by a single stroke put an end to the suffering of the woman who has with stoic fortitude and Christian patience calmly waited for the summons, and battled so heroically with death.

The event was expected. For hours the faithful husband, the loving children, the kind friends and the skillful physician had waited about the bedside of the sick woman, watching for the end.

Each pulsation was noted, every movement of the emaciated form, every glance of the eyes, whose light was soon to go out forever, were observed by the watchers at the bedside. Prayers had been offered to the Most High that the end might be peaceful and free from pain. They seem to have been answered.

Death came unattended by horror. Like the passing of a day in summer, when the fields are gay with flowers, and the woods green with verdure, like the setting of a sun and the beginning of a twilight, Mrs. Harrison passed to her last rest. The sad, sweet smile on her face had scarcely died away, ere her soul was transported to the world beyond. The transition from earth to heaven, from pain to rest, was but the work of an instant.

When the doctor, removing his fingers from the pulse of the dying woman, announced the end, the President placed his hand on the forehead of her who

was so dear to him, and with the other shading his eyes, gave way to a great burst of emotion. He was heart-broken, and seemed oblivious to the fact that his weeping children were about him.

In that hour of extremity what thoughts surged through the brain of the President, none can tell, nor even surmise. Early ambition and plans for political preferment were not thought of. All were lost in the great sorrow, which had come to him, and which will cast a pall over the land and a gloom over those who knew Mrs. Harrison best, and could therefore best appreciate her sterling worth and estimate most correctly the loss that has been sustained.

The President Retired.

After the end had come this morning the President retired to his own room adjoining that in which Mrs. Harrison died, and lay upon his bed. He passed the early hours of the morning in strict seclusion and shortly after 7 o'clock, as is his custom, he arose and descended to the breakfast room, where he joined the other members of the family at 8 o'clock.

The meal was soon over, and the President and the family at once returned to the private part of the mansion. Soon after breakfast the President was joined by the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, pastor of the church of the Covenant, who spent some time with him.

Attorney General Miller was early at the executive mansion, and saw the President. Secretary Tracy called a little later, and also spent a few moments with the President. The secretary never recovered from the affliction he suffered in the tragic death of his wife, and he knew well the feelings of the grief-stricken man to whom he came to tender his condolences, as the President and Mrs. Harrison had done to him so tenderly and thoughtfully in his own great bereavement. The President is bearing up remarkably well in his deep affliction.

The traces of his great sorrow are plain and unmistakable, but apparently he has nerved himself to face the affliction with fortitude. He and the other members of the family are bravely enduring the strain on them and their grief, though painfully evident, is well controlled. Those who saw the President found his eyes red with weeping and his voice broken with emotion, but he constantly endeavored to repress its influence.

Postmaster-General Wanamaker and Secretary Noble, who with the attorney-general and Secretary Tracy, the only members of the Cabinet in the city, also called this morning, and each passed about half an hour with the President. Secretaries John W., and Charles Foster will reach the city to-morrow. It is not known whether Secretary Rusk will be able to reach Washington in time for the ceremonies, nor when Secretary Elkins will arrive.

It was the expressed wish of the President to the members of the Cabinet when called this morning, that the affairs of government be proceeded with as usual, and in deference to this request the heads of the several executive departments were at their desks during the greater part of the day, and the departments remained open as usual. It is expected that such members of the Cabinet as can safely leave their official duties, will accompany the funeral party to Indianapolis in the capacity of honorary pall-bearers.

The President's grandchildren were given their breakfast after the other members of the family, and then in charge of their nurses they were taken out for their usual morning walk in the White House grounds.

FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS.

The Party Will Leave for Indianapolis Thursday Noon.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The guard of special officers detailed immediately on the death of Mrs. Harrison, to prevent the entrance of intruders into the White House or its grounds was maintained this morning, and no one admitted without special reason. At an early hour Undertaker Speare was sent for, and Robert A. Parke, the south-eastern passenger agent of the Pennsylvania railroad, was also summoned to await information of the wishes of the President and his family in regard to arrangements for the transportation of the dead and the funeral party to Indianapolis.

Funeral services in Washington will not be held early Wednesday morning, as intended last night, but will take place Thursday morning. It is the especial wish of the family that the services shall be as private as possible. The funeral will be a personal and not a public one. As far as the official position of the President will possibly permit, the services will be the same as those customary in the case of a member of a private family. Invitations will be strictly limited in number, and no persons will be allowed to be present without them.

In the East Room.

The funeral services will undoubtedly be held in the East room. This is the largest room in the building, and, in fact, the only one at all adapted to the holding of services even as private as those which the family desire. They will be conducted according to the Presbyterian forms by the Rev. Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, pastor of the church of the Covenant, on Connecticut avenue, of which the President and Mrs. Harrison have been regular attendants. The body will not lie in state. After the services here, the funeral party will leave Washington Thursday at noon, or soon thereafter, for Indianapolis, where services of a more public character will take place.

It is probable that the funeral train will reach Indianapolis early Friday morning, and at about 10 o'clock the church services will begin. They will take place in the First Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, on the corner of New York and Pennsylvania avenues. The Rev. Dr. M. L. Haines, pastor of that church, will officiate. The body will then be taken to Crown Hill cemetery and interred, after which the President will return to Washington.

The President has no plot in the cemetery, but the telegraph has been called into use, and by its means a selection of a last resting place for the loved wife will be made.

Postponement Necessary.

The postponement of the services here until Thursday has been necessitated by the delay involved in making these arrangements at a long distance. Private Secretary Halford, who is in charge of these arrangements, emphasizes the statement that the services in the White House will be strictly and absolutely private. It is the earnest wish of the President and family, and there is reason to believe that it was also the wish of the dead woman herself, who in life was averse to public ceremonies.

Only the kinsmen of the President and his late wife, probably the members of the Cabinet and their families, and a very few intimate friends will be bidden to the funeral services here. It was thought that the postponement of the services might have been due to the absence of Mrs. Harrison's brother, John Scott, who is on his way, but this is not the fact. It is not believed that it will be possible for Mr. Scott to reach Indianapolis even by Friday morning. The President thought that it would be unduly hastening the ceremonies to have them take place to-morrow morning, and it was also found that the details for the proper conduct of the services could not be well arranged in a single day.

All night long telegrams of condolence with the President and his family in their affliction arrived, and for hours after dawn messenger boy after messenger boy passed through the gates carrying telegrams of this nature. Many of those which came last night were predicated on a premature report that death had taken place at 6 o'clock in the evening. The messages of condolence will not be given to the public for the present. The President had not, up to 11 o'clock, had an opportunity to examine them, and until he does it is certain that they will not be given to the public, and they may not be given out even then.

The President is averse to a parade of these messages before the public, and if they are furnished to the press at all, it will be with great reluctance on his part. It may be, however, that he will consent to forego his wish to keep all sympathetic expressions locked within the breasts of his family and himself far enough to agree that a few of them from specially distinguished people and from foreign governments shall be made public.

MODEL AMERICAN WOMAN.

Brief Sketch of Mrs. Carrie Scott-Harrison.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Oct. 1, 1832, the house of Rev. John D. Witherspoon Scott, a Presbyterian divine, president of the Oxford, Ohio, female college, was made happy by the birth of a daughter. At that time Andrew Jackson swayed the destinies of the country and Emily Donelson, wife of his private secretary and Sarah Yorke Jackson, wife of his foster son, divided the honors of the social administration of the executive mansion.

The infant daughter of the reverend professor received the name Carrie. Dr. Scott belonged to an old Pennsylvania family, his birth occurring in Bucks county, that state in the first year of the century. When he was a youth in Philadelphia, he met a young lady named Mary Neal. The young people became much attached to each other, but circumstances intervened to separate them. The young lady's father was a bank cashier in Philadelphia. About the time she was entering the most interesting age of maiden life he removed to Washington, Pa., taking his family with him, to found and manage a bank in the interest of Eastern capitalists.

Went to Oxford.

About the same time Mr. Scott, having completed his educational and theological studies went to Washington, Pa., as an instructor in the old Washington college, before it was united with its rival, Jefferson college, of Canonsburgh. The old acquaintances were renewed and soon after Mary Neal, the bank cashier's daughter, became the wife of John W. Scott, professor. Some 40 miles in a northwesterly direction from Cincinnati, O., is the rural town of Oxford. As early as 1826 it was made the seat of Miami University, founded under the patronage of the state. These important educational interests subsequently led to the establishment of the Oxford Female college and the Western Female seminary. Of the former Rev. John W. Scott had become president.

There was a student at Oxford at this time named Benjamin Harrison. He had passed from Farmers' college into the Miami university and graduated at the age of 18 years, a tribute in itself to his industry and mental capabilities. The young student, in the midst of his pursuit of learning, found himself overtaken in love, and Dr. Scott's daughter was the object of his affection. John Scott Harrison, the father of the student, was too warm-hearted and liberal to lay by much of earth's stores, or even to take a selfish care of what he received by inheritance.

The patrimonial estate had diminished in acres, and the family exchequer in cash under his management, which left Benjamin to make his own way, with a good education as his capital and the world as his field for investment. It was a trying situation to sever the tender ties which held him at Oxford for the unemotional experiences of a student at law in the office of Bellamy Storer and Abram G. Wynn, of Cincinnati. He finished his toilsome journey up the rugged highway of jurisdprudence, and the first thing thereafter wended his way back to Oxford.

Married Miss Scott.

On October 20, 1853, he there made Miss Carrie Scott his wife. The happiness of their lives commencing from that that date has known no diminution or change until death came to separate them. Their fondness for their home and the pleasure they took in the family circle and its joys filled their horizon and gave an example of conjugal affection that all the world is better for knowing about.

The prospects in life for the young couple were not bright, as the world goes, but the young people were full of hope. Their united fortunes in love made them contented, and with happy hearts and willing hands they crossed the threshold of life's duties together. Their honeymoon was passed under the paternal roof at North Bend, below Cincinnati. The estate impinged on the boundary line of Indiana. In the following March the young couple went to Indianapolis. In addition to the care bestowed upon her education, the young wife was trained in household duties.

The cash capital at the command of Benjamin Harrison when he began married life and the practice of his profession was $800, an advance on a lot in Cincinnati, inherited through his aunt, who married James Finlay, a soldier of the war of 1812. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison began their domestic responsibilities in rooms in an Indianapolis boarding house. In the summer of 1854, Mrs. Harrison paid a visit to her parents, at the old home at Oxford, and there, on August 12, Russell Harrison, their eldest child was born. After this event in the family circle, the young mother having returned in autumn to Indianapolis, the proud husband rented a small house and began life in earnest, his faithful wife doing her own household work, in a cottage of three rooms.

The steady gains in fame, practice and pecuniary rewards in two years found Mrs. Harrison presiding over a larger and more pretentious house. Here the second and last child, Mary Scott Harrison, was born. The couple steadily grew in the estimation of their neighbors, and Mr. Harrison achieved fame in politics.

In 1881 Gen. Harrison entered the Senate of the United States, and Mrs. Harrison became a member of that distinguished circle, the wives of Senators. In her Washington residence of six years Mrs. Harrison extended her sphere of usefulness. Her name was associated with noble charities and church work. The Garfield hospital owes its present success in a large degree to her active interest as one of its first directors.

Dr. Scott Went With Them.

When the family came to the White House Dr. Scott, who had resided here with his widowed daughter, Mrs. Russell Lord, went to live with them, and, resigning his position in the pension office, gave up all active duties to enjoy the first leisure of a busy life under the White House roof. From that day until stricken down with her fatal illness, he was the object of the tenderest care and solicitude on the part of Mrs. Harrison, and, in deed, of the entire household.

The first break in the united circle was the death of Mrs. Lord, which occurred December 10, 1889, after the family had again returned to town, after their summer and autumn travels. Mrs. Lord's serious illness began at Nantucket, where she was staying with her daughter, and where Mrs. Harrison visited also for a time. After being carried to New York, where the latter followed her, and stayed almost to the last, she was brought to this city, and died a day or two later. Mrs. Harrison and the family were present at the last sad scenes. Mrs. Harrison was a long time recovering from the blow. The sisters were greatly attached and were always together as much as possible.

Taken With the Grip.

At the beginning of the grip epidemic Mrs. Harrison shared the fate of her entire household save the President. Before she was taken down, however, she nursed all the rest, even her little grandchildren, who were extremely ill. Several times afterward she suffered again from all the painful symptoms of the first attack, and especially so last spring a year ago, upon her return from California, when she brought back with her a troublesome cough. Although she had another bad spell while at Cape May last summer, she returned in the autumn with her general health so much improved, that she no longer allowed her family to look on her as a semi-invalid. Throughout the winter she went about her usual duties with her old time vigor, and it was but seldom that she did not appear at the social functions of the mansion.

Coming on the spring, her extreme pallor showed that she was not feeling as well as usual, but she did not give up until the day came when she was not able to rise from her bed. During the Lenten days last spring there was such a pressure of callers upon her, that she set aside certain afternoons in each week to see visitors. She was generally present, but if not was represented by the other ladies of the houshold.

At the very latest date, however, of this series, Wednesday, April 6, she was in the blue parlor, and held a brilliant reception from 5 to 6. The afternoon was excessively warm, and all the doors and windows were opened. She coughed nearly every time she spoke, and seemed to be suffering considerably. That evening she was very hoarse and her physician was summoned.

Her Last Illness.

Her last illness began that night, and but few of her friends have seen her since. For weeks the invalid was not conscious of anything going on outside her own room, and as will be remembered she knew nothing at all of the events of the Minneapolis convention nor of Mr. Blaine's resignation until the renomination of Mr. Harrison was an assured fact. After that, to again arouse her interest, and to keep her mind from dwelling too much on her own condition, the doctor advised that the daily papers be read to her, and in fact all the ordinary news of the day be discussed in her presence.

Toward the last of her stay in this city, there were many days when she was able to go out riding. She was always carried down stairs by Sergeant Kenney, of Arctic fame, one of the doorkeepers for whom she had a special liking, to her carriage that waited near the south portico. When she returned from these short drives she was carried upstairs again. The day she left town for Loon Lake, there were few who saw her who ever supposed that she would return alive.

Type of Matronly Beauty.

In appearance Mrs. Harrison was a type of matronly beauty. In figure she showed the generosity of nature and in mind, nature's equal beneficence, expanded by training in the acquirements of a liberal education drawn from the broadest opportunities. A lavish growth of hair, silvered with the threads of a little over a half century of life, and floating in curly waves over a well shaped head and ending in a graceful coil, her regular features and dark expressive eyes formed a picture of ripened womanhood. She had a voice softened by the instincts of a gentle nature and a gift of conversation which, while animated, was thoughtful.

The tastes of Mrs. Harrison were in the direction of art. Her works in water colors are the evidences of her gifts and application to her favorite recreation. Mrs. Harrison was by nature strongly domestic and shrank from notoriety. These traits were little if at all modified by her residence in the White House, and her proud position as the first lady in the land. For her friends she had always a generous welcome, but she did not relish the scrutiny of the critical and coldly curious, although much of this she was perforce from her position obliged to endure. She was always equal to every social demand, and by her winning manner and sympathetic utterances succeeded in making and retaining an unusually large number of warm friendships.

But the calls of society were with her second in importance to demands and duties of a wife, mother and daughter, and it was in the domestic sphere that she shone with the brightest light. She wished everybody around her to be happy and to that end she gave her best efforts. She desired to earn and keep the love of her family and personal friends, so her goodness, sympathy and strong home instincts were dominant characteristics.

The Evening Star, of Washington, in an article written by a lady who was well acquainted with Mrs. Harrison, speaks as follows of her personal character:

Her Evenness of Temper.

The greatest charm in Mrs. Harrison's disposition was her strong common sense, her evenness of temper, her willingness to oblige and the kindly thought for everybody else which dominated every act. She cultivated the faculty of saying a happy thing of everybody and repressed the strong inclination to say the witty things which always came so easy to her, for fear she might unwittingly offend a sensitive person. Her high position did not change her in the slightest degree unless it were to make her feel more than ever willing to give up her private inclinations to do that which was expected from her by the public.

In fact the people who knew Mrs. Harrison when her husband was in the Senate could find no change in her when she came to the White House, save that the passing years had silvered her soft brown hair. Mrs. Harrison was just the same—kind and thoughtful for everybody great and small, and the friends of her early days in Washington were her friends to the last.

She was probably one of the most industrious mistresses the White House has ever had. Her own method of life was so simple that it gave her more time than ordinarily comes to persons in high places to devote to things she liked best. She was a constant reader of the best literature and devoted to her brush. She has been a diligent pupil in the studio of a china painter, and her talent was often displayed in the gifts she made her friends at the holiday period.

As Mistress of the White House.

In carrying out the hospitalities of the White House she has never been excelled. She presided with easy dignity and grace upon these occasions and omitted no detail that would add to the pleasure of those attending them. She carried out to the letter the written and unwritten laws of the house, and did as much more as it was possible to do within the time limits of each session.

Speaking of her yesterday, a lady who has known her for many years, said: "The Harrisons have always been noted for their hospitality. They had always a house full of company at their Indianapolis home, and it was currently said they really entertained beyond their means. They kept up the practice here. It was not their fault if any of their old-time Indiana friends left Washington without enjoying a family meal at the White House, or a drive, or some other courtesy. Dr. Scott's old friends here, pupils or associates in his college president days, were always shown the greatest attention, and practically Mrs. Harrison rarely sat down to a meal without some extra company."

DEATHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

It Has Been Invaded Six Times by the Grim Monster.

Washington, Oct. 25.—The death in the White House of Mrs. Harrison makes the second case in the history of the executive mansion in which the wife of a President died there. A little more than half a century ago, on September 10, 1842, Letitia Christian Tyler, first wife of President John Tyler, died in the White House. She had entered it in delicate health, unable to perform the social duties of the place, but her death nevertheless came as a surprise and a shock to the country. The tolling of the church bells the following day announced her death. The funeral ceremonies took place in the east room.

Two Presidents also have died in the White House. William Henry Harrison, the President's grandfather, ended his days there just one month after his inauguration. Zachary Taylor, the old Mexican war hero, also died in the White House in July of the second year after his inauguration. There have been a few other deaths in the historic building, of which deaths two were members of the President's family circle. Lincoln's little boy "Tad" died there, and so did Mr. Frederick Dent, Mrs. Grant's father.

During President Arthur's administration the call of death interrupted one of his New Year's day receptions. While the reception was in progress the Hawaiian minister suddenly fell and died in a very short time.

BLAINE'S PAPER.

Cleveland Made the Platform on Which He Is Now Before the People—Harrison's Letter Clear and Exhaustive.

New York, Oct. 24.—Mr. Blaine's long-promised utterance in the Presidential election of 1892, appears in the November number of the North American Review, which will be published to-morrow. It occupies thirteen pages of the Review. Mr. Blaine notes the lack of excitement attending the present elections, contrasting it with the turmoil of interest that characterized the campaign of the elder Harrison. This change in the public interest in such contests, he suggests, may be accounted for by the growth in population and the consequent absorption in vast commercial and financial operations, and it may possibly indicate a subsidence in the future of extreme partisanship.

Mr. Blaine gives special attention to the letters of the Presidential candidates. Of President Harrison's letter he says, among other things, that "perhaps none of his predecessors has made so exhaustive, and none a more clear presentation of the questions involved."

Cleveland's Letter.

Mr. Cleveland's letter is subjected to searching criticism. Blaine finds that in a greater measure than Mr. Harrison's it departs from the platform of his party, in fact that "Mr. Cleveland has made the platform upon which he is now before the people," and that "Mr. Cleveland's departures from the positions of his party's platform on the question of free trade, confirms the impression which has been general, that a large proportion of the Democratic party believe in protection in some form."

Mr. Blaine makes caustic comment upon Mr. Cleveland's utterances on the currency and the state banks. He upholds the Republican policy of granting liberal pensions to the veterans of the war. On this point he says: "The amount we contribute for pensions is larger than the amount paid by any of the European nations for a standing army. Surely the binding up of wounds of a past war is a more merciful and preferable work than preparing the country for a new one."

The Force Bill.

The most remarkable thing in the Presidential canvass of 1892, Mr. Blaine regards as "the manner in which in some sections of the country all other issues have been put out of sight, and the Force bill alone brought into prominence." The representation made as to the purpose and the effect of the Force bill, however, he declares to be inconsistent with the spirit of President Harrison's letter.

Mr. Blaine is full and explicit in his treatment of the subject of reciprocity, claiming that a material increase has been caused in the United States trade by reciprocal treaties with the islands and countries of America, and particularly by the treaties made with European countries. Mr. Blaine quotes interesting figures in relation to the increase of trade with the Leeward and Windward islands and Cuba, and he predicts in relation to Cuba that we shall conquer by commerce far better than by force of armies, and cordially establish such mutual interests between Cuba and this country that commercially the two countries will be one."

Would Surprise Jefferson.

Mr. Blaine, dealing with the claim of the Democratic party to be the Jeffersonian party, says: "It would surprise Jefferson, if he could once more appear in the flesh, to learn that he is held as indorser of all the principles and measures advocated by the Democratic party of to-day. It is perhaps not worth while to enter into any elaborate argument on the subject, but the Democracy owes no little of its success to the persistence with which its adherents have made their disciples believe this pretension through all the mutations of their party. It was equally true, it must be supposed, when Mr. Buchanan, a confirmed Federalist, was the President-elect of the Democracy; though it is well known that the object of Mr. Jefferson's most intense dislike was the Federal party. In vain it is pointed out that the position of Jefferson on any subject was directly the reverse of the Democratic position; he is duly quoted at the next convention, and a new oath of allegiance is taken to his principles.

"In 1801, after a severe contest, Jefferson came to the Presidency as the founder and head of the Republican party. The prefix Democratic was sometimes, though seldom, used. The tenacity with which Jefferson held to the protective principle, was only proportioned to the necessities of the country. His action in 1807, when he declined to recommend the repeal or alteration of the revenue law, after a surplus of fourteen millions had been accumulated, puts him in the sharpest contrast to Mr. Cleveland, who, in his term of office, treated the surplus accumulated as the sum of all villainies."

A Substantial Agreement.

In conclusion Mr. Blaine calls attention to the essential agreement of the two parties on the great majority of issues. "It is interesting and suggestive," he says, "to look over the platforms of the two parties and see how much alike they are in several vital measures, after the real and divisive issues have been stated. If parties would aim to discover and define those subjects on which there is a vital difference of opinion, and would confine discussion to those issues, it would not only simplify the contest and be a welcome relief to the candidates, but would also greatly help in arriving at the truth, which is the ultimate object of popular discussion and popular election."

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Mrs. Lucy Whalen, a niece of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, died at Burlington, Iowa, aged 52 years.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the Chemical National bank of Chicago to conduct a branch of its banking business on the World's Fair grounds.

The trials of Col. Hawkins, Col. Streator and Surgeon Grim, of the 10th regiment, N. G. P., for aggravated assault on Private Iams during the Homestead trouble are set for next Wednesday.

Hon. John J. Ingalls, who has been seriously ill at his home at Atchison, Ks., is reported to be some better, but on the advice of his physician he has decided that he will not be able to go to Chicago.

A general meeting of the striking coal miners was held at Carmaux to-day, and it was agreed to submit the questions at issue between themselves and the mining company to arbitration.

Six hundred French troops will be sent from Dakar to reinforce the French column under Col. Dodds, which is now operating against the Dahomeyians.

Finance and Trade.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

No Cloud in the Business Sky at this Time.

New York, Oct. 22.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: There is still no cloud in the business sky, unless the state of foreign trade be one. All home trade is of enormous volume, making aggregate of bank exchanges outside New York thus far in October never equaled in the same month of any previous year. Prices are low, but merchants are pressing for more business at the same rates. All domestic industries are crowded with orders, and works as a rule are fully employed, many being pushed to over time by the urgent demands resulting from an unprecedented distribution of goods. Money markets are fairly supplied, and there is reason to hope that some return of gold from Europe is not far distant.

Exports in September were but $62,949,526 in value, a great decline, due mainly to the fact that last year's movement was far beyond all precedent. Shipments of wheat were little more than half as large as last year's, and the average price, 80 3-4c. Cotton exports were 21,000,000 pounds less, and the average price 7.23c. Oil exports were 65,000,000 gallons, but the price was one cent lower. A good sign is that exports of minor products are on the whole nearly as large this year in September as they ever have been. Imports last month were $72,993,023 in value. Net exports of specie last month were $2,324,127 gold and $1,190,606 silver, which would have been increased had money not been so cheap abroad.

The money markets are nowhere stringent, notwithstanding the unusual delay of returns from the West and from Europe. In this market money has risen from 5 1-2 to 6 per cent on call, and there is a more active and firmer market at Chicago, but nothing like monetary pressure is reported from any quarter. Foreign exchange has declined from $4.86 1-4 to $4.86, and indications favor a further decline as the exports of products increase.

Royal Baking Powder.

Purest and Strongest.

Report of the Ohio State Chemist.

Prof. Weber, official chemist to the Ohio State Food and Dairy Commission, says:

"It gives me pleasure to state that for a number of years past I have from time to time analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and have uniformly found it to be high in leavening power and to be composed of pure ingredients.

"H. A. WEBER."

Prof. Chemistry Ohio State University, and State Chemist.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Toledo, O., Oct. 25, 1892.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Oct. 25.	Oct. 18.
U. S. 4's coupons	114¾	114¾
U. S. 4's registered	114¾	114¾
U. S. 2's registered	100½	100½
Pacific 6's '95	107½	107½

New York, Oct. 22.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$1,793,375
Loans, decrease	7,191,100
Specie, decrease	1,133,200
Legal tenders, increase	1,102,100
Deposits, decrease	7,297,900
Circulation, increase	39,700

The banks now hold $2,332,425 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

This forenoon Liverpool wheat was dull and unchanged. Corn steady, and 1-4d up. London wheat steady. The amount on passage shows 2,200,000 bushels increase. In all American markets wheat was weak, with a considerable quantity pressing for sale. Corn showed some strength.

At Toledo December wheat opened at 73 7-8c, fell to 73 1-2c, rose to 73 5-8c, then eased to 73 1-2c, 5-8c under yesterday's close; at Chicago it opened at 74c, and dropped to 73 3-8c, 7-8c lower, and at St. Louis it opened at 69 1-2c, fell to 69 7-8c, then noted 69c, 5-8c down.

December corn opened at Chicago at 41 3-4c, and rose to 42c, 1-4c under preceding day.

Close To-day.

This afternoon there was a poor demand for wheat at Liverpool, and prices were 1-2@3-4d lower. Corn, fair business, prices firm.

At Toledo December wheat closed 1-8c under highest point of the day, at 73 3-4c; at Chicago it was 1-8c under top price, at 73 7-8c, and at St. Louis it was 1-8c off, at 69 3-8c.

Corn for December delivery closed at Chicago at top figures, at 42c.

Estimates for wheat at Chicago to-morrow: 622 cars; corn, 575 cars; oats, 215 cars.

Bradstreet's shows: Increase, wheat, 4,303,000 bushels; corn, 653,000 bushels; oats, 1,096,000 bushels.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 260,000 bu. of which 160,000 bu were to the United Kingdom and 100,000 bu to the continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 920,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 were 24,000,000 bu, of which 14,700,000 bu were to the United Kingdom and 9,300,000 bu to the continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 35,520,000 bu. of which 15,260,000 bu were to the United Kingdom and 20,260,000 bu to the continent.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

The market for wheat at the local Exchange closed with a trifle better tone, yet the highest point of the day was not recovered. Trade was comparatively dull. Corn was fairly active. Prices steady but firm.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 72 1-4@72c, same as yesterday; No. 3 soft red, 64c D. & M. and 63 3-4c Wabash; No. 4 soft red, 58c; No. 2 mixed, 68 1-2c; No. 3 mixed, 62c; No. 2 white, 70c; No. 3 white, 64c; No. 2 hard, 68c.

December wheat, 73 7-8c, 73 3-8c, and finally, 73 3-4c, 3-8c better; May wheat, 80c, 79 1-2c, and to close, 79 3-4c, 3-8c decline.

Prices of October and December wheat, to-day:

Oct.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	72n
Chicago	72	72	71¼	71⅞
St. Louis	66½	66½	66⅜	66⅜
December—				
Toledo	73⅞	73⅞	73⅜	73¾
Chicago	74	74	73⅜	73⅞
St. Louis	69¼	69½	68⅞	69⅜-½

Corn—No. 2, 41 1-2c; No. 3, 40c; No. 4, 38c; No. 3 yellow, 41c; No. 2 May, 45 1-2c.

Oats—No. 2, 33c.

Rye—No. 2, about 56 1-2c.

Clover seed—Prime cash and October, $6.47 1-2; November, $6.50, then $6.45; December, $6.55; January, $6.60; No. 2 seed, $6.30.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market this morning presented but few new features. Butter was firm. Eggs sell well at firm prices. Poultry in demand. Vegetables steady. Fresh meats have a sale equal to supply, with hogs firm. Fruits are scarce, and bring outside figures for fair stock. Salt meats without special feature; held well at quotations.

Butter—Creamery, 27@28c; dairy, 21@23c; fair quality, 17@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 20c.

Poultry and game—Ruffed grouse, each, 25c; woodcock, each, 25c; rail, doz, 30c; chickens, live, lb, 9c; old fowls, 8c; turkeys, dressed, lb, 13@14c; ducks, live, 8c.

Cheese—Full skim, bl, 4½c; part skim, lb, 8c.

Vegetables—Onions, bu, 90c; celery, per bunch, 30@35c; lettuce, lb, 5c; squashes, doz, 50c@$1.50, latter for Hubbard; turnips, bu, 35@40c; tomatoes, bu, 75c; cauliflower, doz, 75c@$1.25; peppers, bu, 40c; spinach, bu, 25c; carrots, bu, 40c; beets, bu, 30c; endive, doz, 20c; potatoes, bu, 75c; cabbages, doz, 50@60c; parsnips, bu, 50c; sweet potatoes, bbl, $3.

Fruits—Apples, wind-falls, bu, 75c; best kinds, $1; grapes, lb, 3½c; cranberries, bu, $3; quinces, bu, $1.50; pears, bu, $1.50@1.75.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.75@7; mutton, lb, 6@7c; lambs, lb, 7@8c; beef, lb, 3½@5½c; calves, lb, 7@8c.

Salt meats—Mess pork, heavy, per bbl, $13; short mess, $14; clear mess, $14.50; short clear, $15. Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, 13½c; 15 lbs average, 14c; 12 lbs and under, 14½c; shoulders, lb, 10c; breakfast bacon, rib, 11c; breakfast bacon, clear, per lb, 12c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, lb, tierces and bbls, 9c; half bbls, 9¼c; 50-lb tins, 9¼c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb, 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, per lb, 3½c; calf, lb, 6c; kip, 6c; cured hides, heavy steers, lb, 6½c; light hides, lb, 4¼@4½c.

Wool—Washed, per lb, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Hay—Mixed, per ton, $7@9; timothy in bulk, $10@12.

Grain and Produce.

Cincinnati, Oct. 25.—Flour quiet. Wheat dull at 69@69½c. Corn easy at 43@44½c. Oats weak at 32c. Rye dull at 57c. Provisions quiet. Whisky firm; sales, 901 barrels.

Milwaukee, Oct. 25.—Barley quiet; state, 66c; sample, 45@63; rye easy; No. 1, 54c.

Buffalo, Oct. 25.—Wheat—No. 1 hard quiet; No. 1 Northern, 76¼c; No. 3 red, 76c. Corn—No offerings.

Detroit, Oct. 25.—Market more active. Wheat, No. 1 white, 72½c; No. 2 red cash, 72½c; December, 74¼c; May, 80¾c; No. 3 red, 64¼c. Corn, No. 2 cash, 43¼c. Oats, No. 2 white, 35c; No. 2 mixed, 32½c. Rye, No. 2 cash, 56¾c.

St. Louis, Oct. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,200 head; market stronger. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000 head; market stronger; heavy, $5.35@5.65; mixed, $5.20@5.60; Yorkers, $5.45@5.55. Sheep—Receipts, 1,100; market strong.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; no change of note; top prices for top native steers, $5@5.65. Hogs—Receipts, 19,000 head; market active and 10c higher; common, $5.50@5.65; mixed, $5.70@5.75; heavy, $5.80@5.90; light, $5.70@5.75. Sheep—Receipts, 10,000 head; market active and higher; top lambs, $5.75@5.90.

St. Louis, Oct. 25.—Closing—Wheat was lower; cash, 66⅝c; October, 66⅝c; November, 67¼c; December, 69⅛c; May, 76⅝c. Corn higher; cash, 37¼c; October, 38c; November, 38⅝c; December, 38c; year, 37⅝c; May, 41⅝c. Oats higher; cash and October, 28½c; November, 28⅝c; May, 33⅝c. Pork—Fair jobbing, $13. Lard was lower, at $8.40@8.50. Whisky steady at $1.10.

(Grain in England is sold by the "quarter" of 480 lbs., or 8 American bushels. Prices below are per quarter. A shilling is about 25c; a penny, 2c.)

London, Oct. 24.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: The prices of English wheat have slightly advanced in the provinces, but show no change in London. Foreign wheat has ceased to advance, owing to the quantity of North and South American en route for this counery. Best California is quoted at 34s, Oregon at 34s 6d, and Duluth at 35s. At to-day's market wheat and oats were dull. Corn was strong, owing to diminished supplies. Flour was slightly cheaper. Barley was neglected and prices were 3d lower.

New York, Oct. 25.—Flour quiet and easy. Wheat—Receipts, 368,700 bu; sales, 750,000 bu; market ⅝@¾c lower; dull and weak; December, 78 3-16c; May, 85¼c. Rye was quiet and weak; Western, 58@60c. Barley quiet; Western, 65@70c. Corn—Receipts, 278,300 bu; sales, 140,000 bu; market dull and lower, but weak; November, 50c; December, 51¼c; May, 51⅝c; No. 2, 49⅝@50⅜c. Oats—Receipts, 226,800 bu; sales, 65,000 bu; market quiet and easier; Western, 32½@46c. November, 34⅝c; December, 36¼c; May, 39⅛c. Beef dull and steady; extra mess, $6.25@6.75. Pork inactive and firm; new mess, $13.25@13.50; old mess, $12.25@12.50. Lard quiet and steady at $9.20. Butter—Receipts, 800 packages; market firm; Western dairy, 15@22c; do creamery, 19@28c. Cheese, 7¾@10¼c. Eggs quiet and steady; Western, 22½@23c. Sugar—Refined, fair demand and market firm; crushed, 5⅝c; granulated, 4 13-16c. Petroleum dull and steady; refined, $5.95@6. Spirits turpentine, fair demand at 31½@32c. Molasses quiet and steady; New Orleans, 25@35c. Freights, fair demand and firm; market dull and steady at $1.27½@1.32½, for resin. Tallow dull and firm. Hops dull and easy; Pacific coast, 18@25. Coffee—Rio firm and quiet; No. 7 on spot at 16¼@16⅜c.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Wheat opened ⅛c lower at 74c for December, and declined to 73⅝c. Corn opened ⅛c lower at 45⅝c for May. Pork opened unchanged at $13.35 for January, advanced to $13.55, and declined to $13.50. Lard opened 2½c higher at $7.65 for January, and reacted to $7.62½.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—11:30 a. m.—Wheat—December, 73¼@73⅜c; May, 78⅝@78⅞c. Corn—November, 42¼c; May, 45⅝@45⅞c. Oats—November, 29⅝c; May 34⅜c. Pork—November, $12.25; January, 13.50. Lard—November, $7.85; January, $7.57½. Ribs—October, $10; January, $6.92½.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Close—Wheat steady; cash and October, 71⅝c; December, 73⅝c; May, 79⅛c. Corn easier; cash and October, 41⅛c; November, 42¼c; December, 42c; May, 46¼c, sellers. Oats are steady; cash, 29½c; November, 29⅞c; December, 30⅝c; May, 34⅜c. Pork firm; cash, $12.35; November, $12.37½; January, $13.60. Lard firm; cash, $8.72½; November, $8; January, $7.65@7.67½. Short ribs firm; cash, $10.50; slow at 52¼c; barley steady at 62c; flax slow at 52¼c; barley steady at 62c; flax seed firm; timothy seed steady at $1.65. Butter and eggs firm. Whisky, $1.15.

Live Stock.

Cincinnati, Oct. 24.—Hogs—Good demand and market steady at $5@5.65. Cattle—Market firmer at $1.25@4.60. Sheep steady at $2.50@5. Lambs steady at $3@5.25.

Buffalo, Oct. 25.—Cattle—Receipts, none through and 12 on sale; market weaker for common grades; light steers, $3.25@3.60. Hogs—Receipts, 52 loads through and 6 on sale; market strong at yesterday's prices. Sheep—Receipts, 2 loads through 16 on sale; market steady; choice to fancy wethers, $4.50@4.85. Lambs, native, choice to fancy, $5.25@5.50.

Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 24.—Cattle were strong and 5@10c higher; dressed beef and shipping steers, $3.10@4.40; cows and heifers, $1.25@2.45; Texas and Indian steers, $1.70@2.75; stockers and feeders, $1.85@2.35. Hogs barely steady to 5c lower; prices ranged at $4.85@5.55; bulk of sales, $5.20@5.40. Sheep nominally strong for good, others weak.

Cleveland, Oct. 25.—(Exclusive to the Blade—Eirick Bros'. report.)—Cattle—Receipts light and market firm on all grades, with a good demand; trade not supplied; calves slow; good grades, $6@6.25. Hogs—Receipts, 18 cars; shipmnets, 900 head; market strong and higher; medium, $5.85@5.95; York weights, $5.75@5.85; pigs, $5.25@5.60; market closing firm and all [illegible]. Sheep and lambs—Receipts light; market strong with a good demand.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Noon—Money on call firm at 5@6 per cent. Sterling exchange easier, with actual business at $4.83½ for 60-day bills, and $4.86 for demand; posted rates, $4.84@4.86½; commercial bills, $4.82½@4.83½. The stock market ruled quiet for a time after 11 o'clock, and there was further slight reaction. At the time of writing the market is strong.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
A. C. O.	46½	47⅛	46½	47⅛
A. T.	40⅛	40⅜	39⅝	39⅝
A. S. R.	114	114¼	112⅞	113⅞
C. S.	58	....	....	58
C. G. T.	94⅞	94¾	93⅝	94¼
C. B. Q.	104⅞	104⅞	104	104
C. C. C.	65⅜	65⅝	65¼	65¼
D. L. W.	153½	....	....	153½
Erie	26⅜	26½	26⅜	26⅜
H. V.	30	....	....	30¼
C. S.	133	....	....	133
L. N.	69¾	70	69⅝	69⅞
Lead	47½	48¼	47½	48
Lead pfd.	97	....	....	97
M. P.	63½	63½	63	63½
N. E.	48½	49	46⅞	47⅞
N. Y. C.	110	....	....	110
N. P.	18¼	18⅜	18⅛	18⅜
N. P. pfd	50¼	50⅝	50⅛	50¼
L. S.	133	....	....	133
N. C. Co.	134¼	134¾	134¼	134¾
O. M.	53⅝	53⅝	53⅛	53⅝
P. M.	31⅝	....	....	31⅝
R. T.	8⅝	....	....	8⅝
R. G.	58⅛	58⅜	57½	58⅛
R. I.	84¼	84⅜	83⅞	83⅞
Silver	86⅜	....	....	87⅛
St. P.	81⅛	81⅜	80⅞	81
T. C. I.	38⅝	....	....	38⅜
U. P.	41⅛	41⅛	40⅝	40⅝
W. P.	27⅛	27⅜	27⅛	27⅛
W. U.	99⅜	99⅜	98⅞	99
D. C. F.	67	68⅝	66½	68⅝
Gen. Elec.	116⅞	117⅞	116¼	116⅞

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week has been fairly brisk, and in every direction the condition is reported satisfactory.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Oct. 24.—The market has been firm, but prices have undergone no change. The official quotations are:

BURLEY.

	Red.	Colory.
Trash	$7 00@ 8 00	$8 25@ 9 25
Common lugs	8 00@ 8 50	9 25@11 00
Medium lugs	8 50@ 9 00	11 00@13 00
Good lugs	9 00@10 00	13 00@16 00
Common leaf	10 00@12 50	15 00@16 00
Medium leaf	12 50@16 00	16 00@18 50
Good leaf	16 00@18 50	18 50@22 00
Fine leaf	18 50@20 00	22 00@25 00
Selections	20 00@22 00	25 00@32 50

DARK.

	Light.	Heavy.
Trash	$3 25@ 4 25	$3 25@ 4 25
Common lugs	4 25@ 4 75	4 25@ 4 75
Medium lugs	4 75@ 5 50	4 75@ 5 50
Good lugs	5 50@ 6 00	5 50@ 6 00
Common leaf	6 00@ 6 50	6 00@ 6 50
Medium leaf	6 50@ 7 00	6 50@ 7 50
Good leaf	7 00@ 8 00	7 50@ 9 00
Fine leaf	8 00@10 00	9 00@10 00

GREEN RIVER.

	Colory.	Brown.
Trash	$5 00@ 5 50	$4 50@ 5 50
Common lugs	5 50@ 6 25	5 50@ 6 25
Medium lugs	6 25@ 7 00	6 25@ 7 00
Good lugs	7 00@ 8 00	7 00@ 8 00
Common leaf	8 00@10 00	8 00@ 9 00
Medium leaf	10 00@12 00	9 00@10 00
Good leaf	12 00@14 00	10 00@12 00
Fine leaf	14 00@16 00	12 00@14 00

Unsound or otherwise defective tobacco, 1@3c lower.

Cotton Market.

New Orleans, La., Oct. 24.—Cotton was steady; middling, 7 13-16c; low middling, 7 5-16c; good ordinary, 6 13-16c.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 24.—Cotton steady; middling, 7 13-16c.

Cincinnati, Oct. 24.—Cotton—There was a good demand, and the market was steady.

St. Louis, Oct. 24.—Cotton steady; middling, 7 7-16c.

Wool Market.

St. Louis, Oct. 24.—Wool—Receipts, 46,000 pounds; shipments, 216,000 pounds. The market is steady at previous quotations. The demand is almost wholly for the best grades to meet the current needs of Western mills. Low grades are very dull.